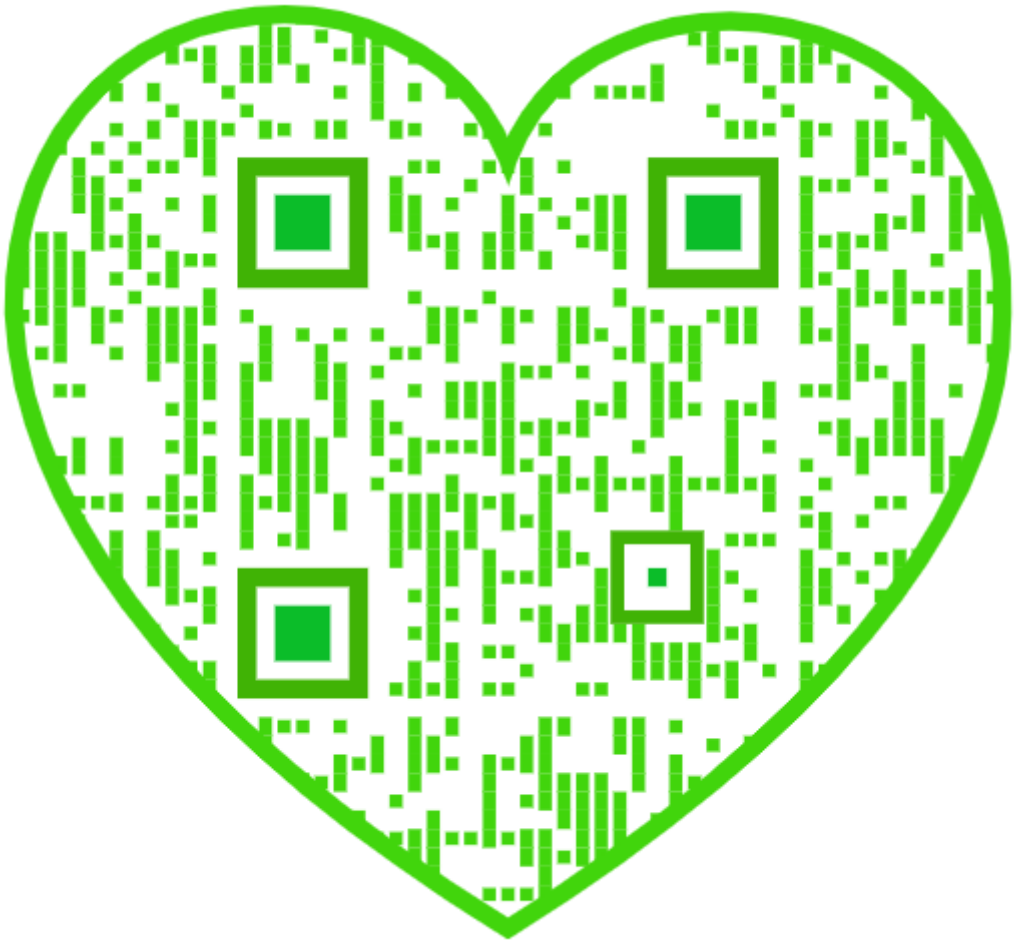

Frederick Keppel.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING

A SPECIALIST'S STORY ABOUT FINE PRINTS

BY

FREDERICK KEPPEL

"The Noble human labour of the Engraver" — JOHN RUSKIN

WITH 262 ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE ART FROM THE YEAR 1465 TO THE YEAR 1910

THIRD EDITION

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PREFACE

WHILE this book mainly consists of matter now published for the first time, it also contains reprints of the author's articles from Harper's Magazine, The Century, Scribner's, The Outlook, and other periodicals.

I desire to give my hearty thanks to the proprietors of these magazines for the kind permission which enables me to reprint articles which are their property and no longer mine.

A book which contains the collected writings of a lifetime — and nearly all on one subject — must of necessity comprise some repetitions. In defense of such repetitions I may justify myself by quoting a line from the veracious author of "Alice in Wonderland":

"What I tell you three times — is true!"

F. K.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

Chiefly Personal

THAT sturdy old British dogmatist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, used to maintain stoutly that no man in his senses ever read a book through from beginning to end. His own method was to glance rapidly through the pages, read only the parts that interested him, and "skip" all the rest.

Dr. Johnson's plan might be wisely followed in the case of this introductory chapter of mine, for it contains very little about Engravings and Etchings, and, I fear, far too much about the present writer.

But at the age of sixty-five an old campaigner like myself may be pardoned if he is, at times, a little garrulous, seeing that he began his campaigning at the age of thirteen; and so I feel somewhat like Oliver Goldsmith's old soldier, who "shouldered his crutch and showed how Fields were won," although I shall pass very gently over the occasions when some of my own "fields" were *lost*.

A kindly English cynic has said that before an old man actually falls into his dotage there intervenes a sort of mellow Indian Summer which may be called his *anec*-dotage, and this I take to be

my own position now. But having fairly warned the reader that this first chapter is of a rambling and scattered character, I add the promise that throughout the remainder of the book I shall stick closely to my subject.

As in the case of so many other men, the career which I had planned for myself proved to be very unlike that which my actual life-work has been. From early boyhood I had resolved to be a farmer. I loved the country and everything pertaining to it, — the domestic animals and birds, the wild creatures, the vegetation in all its forms. In the year 1862 my father and mother, with their eight children, were residing in Liverpool, England, and although he had a comfortable competence, my father deliberately came to the conclusion that North America was a better country than England for the future career of his boys and girls, and to America the whole family came. But my father, being a stanch British Tory, had a very poor opinion of these United States, and so we settled in Canada. There I worked very contentedly on a farm for about two years, and I would probably have remained a Canadian farmer to the present hour were it not that I sustained a hurt which nearly killed me and which put an end to every species of work which required physical strength and endurance.

It was haying time on the farm. My own work was to drive a team of horses to the meadow, where the hay was ready for housing in the barn, to build the load on the wagon and to drive the horses

home. The men who pitched the hay up to me were too lazy or too careless to carry their pitchforks to the barn, so they threw them up on the top of the high load. I started my horses, but an axle broke, the load toppled over, and I fell heavily on the prongs of a fork which pierced my lungs deeply. When the doctor saw me his opinion amounted to just this: "If he lives he'll live, and if he dies he'll die." Well, I lived — but my farming days were forever at an end.

Next after farming I think I loved books best, and so I made my way to New York and engaged in that most interesting business, a bookseller's.

To finish this brief account of my family in Canada, I will mention that when each one of my brothers attained the age when he could safely disobey parental authority he quit Canada and settled in the United States, and not long afterward the old couple joined us in New York, where they lived happily to the ages of seventy-six and eighty-four respectively. My old father soon became an enthusiastic American. He was especially proud of a letter which he received from the President of the United States, General Grant; and I well remember his pronouncement after he had read every word of the famous Beecher trial. He flung down his newspaper, and exclaimed (in allusion to the old British custom of starving a jury so as to compel them to agree on a verdict) "Well, if I were on that jury I'd *eat my shoes* before I'd convict that man!"

But how did I become a printseller, forty years

ago? I never sought such a career, and I had no knowledge of fine prints; but I was *pitchforked* into it (pitchforks again!) by a quaint and curious occurrence. Among my New York acquaintances was an elderly London printseller who had set up a shop in New York. During his frequent visits to me he wasted my time sadly by his incessant grumbling. Everything in New York was wrong. Day and night, summer and winter, were all wrong. The people of New York got on his nerves because some of them talked with a nasal twang, and it afflicted him that vehicles took the right side of the street instead of driving to the left "as they very properly do in London."

At length he could endure his annoyances no longer, so he clapped his entire stock into Leavitt's Rooms and had it sold at auction. The result of this sale was (this was forty years ago) that the inferior prints all sold at good prices, but in the course of the sale our old pessimist found it necessary to bid in some sixty-two of his finest prints so as not to have them sacrificed at the auction. Then he came to me, with the portfolio of his prints under his arm, and said: "These prints are the last tie that binds me to this hateful place, and there is a steamer sailing for England on Saturday. I believe I shall go mad if I have to stay in this abominable town for another week, and so I want you to make me an offer for these prints which I saved from slaughter at the auction. I assure you that they cost me, in London, well over a hundred pounds sterling."

For my part, I had no more use for his old prints than I would have had for the collection of *echoes* which Mark Twain's hero spent a fortune in purchasing, and so to "let him down easy" I said I would not pay more than a hundred dollars for them. But, to my dismay, he accepted my offer, and I found myself in a similar predicament to that of the old lady who had won an elephant at a raffle! However, the prints were mine, and I soon learned to hate the sight of them.

This brings me to mention a Philadelphia man who had, in several ways, a strong influence in making my life what it has been. He was George Gebbie, a Scotchman by birth, and one of the finest among the admirable men whom it has been my privilege to know. He had his faults, however, including a very irritable and pugnacious temper; but apart from that I have never known a more thoroughly manly man. Mr. Gebbie had a passionate love for fine literature, and, indeed, he himself could write very well both in prose and verse. It was he who first indoctrinated me into the love of the writings of Shakespeare and of Thackeray. I remember that when he recommended me to read Thackeray I asked him what was the main characteristic of that author's writings. His answer was so good that it ought to be preserved in print: "Well, *it's a kindly sneer at poor humanity.*" I do not think that Thackeray could be better characterized in one short phrase.

Mr. Gebbie was, at that time, a publisher and bookseller in Philadelphia and for years I had so much business to transact with him that I often went there. On one occasion I had to remain in Philadelphia for an entire week. Before leaving New York I wrote to my friend Gebbie, announcing my visit, and in my letter I made mention of the portfolio of prints which I had so foolishly bought from the grim old Londoner. I said in the letter: "You remember the story in the *Vicar of Wakefield* of Moses, the vicar's guileless son, who took a horse to sell at the fair, and instead of bringing back the much-needed money he brought home, in payment for the horse, a gross of green spectacles, which had been palmed off on him by a knave." I added that I myself, no wiser than young Moses, had bought a gross of green spectacles in the shape of a portfolio of ancient and dingy looking prints. My friend, in answering my letter, told me to bring my "gross of green spectacles" along with me when I came to Philadelphia, and he added, "You may not know it, but there are people who collect these smoky, poky old prints."

Arriving in Philadelphia with my hated portfolio, Mr. Gebbie gave me a letter of introduction to the late John S. Phillips, a wealthy old Philadelphian who had spent most of his life in collecting fine old engravings, and whose collection is now one of the chief treasures of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. I showed him my sixty-two prints and told him how they

came into my possession. Mr. Phillips looked them over and asked me what was their price. I answered that, like a fool, I had paid a hundred dollars for them and that all I asked was to get my money back if I could. The gracious old gentleman answered, "You say you know nothing as to the value of these prints. That being so, it would be a dishonest act on my part to buy the lot from you for a hundred dollars. I find six among them which are well worth that sum to me, and I will buy them from you."

Old Mr. Phillips, being full of his hobby and learning that I was to remain in Philadelphia for a week, undertook my first education in print-lore. He put some questions to me: "Can you translate from the French?" I answered "Yes." "Can you translate German?" "No." "Can you translate Italian?" "With the aid of what Latin I know, yes." Then he showed me rows and rows of books in his library and said to me: "These are all books of reference describing the works of various great engravers. They are mainly in the French language. You shall come here every day, take some of your prints, and identify them in my books." This was my first lesson in my specialty.

Mr. Phillips also marked the approximate value on each one of my prints and gave me letters of introduction to other Philadelphia collectors. Among these were the late John Huneker, father of Mr. James G. Huneker, of New York, the distinguished writer on art and on music. I was

also introduced to the greatest print-collector of his time, James L. Claghorn. During my long life it has been my privilege to have known many notable men and women, but a finer specimen of humanity, mentally and morally, than Mr. Claghorn I have never known. He was of a type which is very rare except in America; a strong, forceful man who would have been a master under nearly any circumstances, a great financier, a powerful man of affairs, but yet a genuine lover and collector of works of art. He was a huge man, weighing more than three hundred pounds, but he had a heart nearly as big as his own girth! The poorest and obscurest art student in Philadelphia was as welcome to examine and study his art treasures as was the greatest person in the community. Mr. Claghorn, at the suggestion of Mr. Phillips, bought a number of prints from my "gross of green spectacles," and I returned to New York with money enough to make me decide to become a printseller. To do this it was necessary for me to go to Europe to procure my stock, and to Europe I went. It did not take long for me to expend my little store of money, so I packed up my stock and engaged my passage to New York on a steamer which was to sail in a few days. The day following I learned that the greatest printseller in all Europe could be found at number 109, The Strand. I went there and read on the signboard the name of Noseda. I entered, inquired for Mr. Noseda, and learned that the head of the house was Mrs.

JAMES L. CLAGHORN
The eminent print collector of Philadelphia

MR. CLAGHORN'S PRINT ROOM, PHILADELPHIA

THE PRINT ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

Noseda, an elderly widow. I was introduced to her and found that in spite of her Italian name she was a good cockney who had been born to the prosy name of Jane Smith, and I perceived that when she spoke, the letter *h* was very uncertain in her vocabulary. I stated my business and said that I had spent all my money before I knew of her and her magnificent stock of rare prints. "It might be arranged," said Mrs. Noseda, "if you 'ave good London references." Well, I *had*, and next day I took to her three letters of which I was quite proud. "What are these?" said she. I answered that they were three letters from prominent London merchants, and that these letters spoke of me as being an honest and industrious young man. Mrs. Noseda tore up the three letters unopened, dropped them into the fire, and said to me: "Now you may take anything and everything you like of my stock, and when you return from New York next year you shall pay me for them."

This remarkable woman's confidence in a struggling "nobody" gave me my first real start as a printseller; and I may add that for long years afterwards I had the pleasure of paying her a good many thousands of pounds sterling.

Some competent person should have written Mrs. Noseda's biography. If ever there was a genuine "character" she was one. She was upright and downright, very aggressive and positive, she was endowed with "a fine, furious temper," and afraid of nothing in heaven above, or

on earth beneath. Like nearly all of the London shopkeepers (strange to say) she was a stanch Tory, and she was recognized throughout Europe as *the* authority on her difficult specialty. After her shop was shut in the evening I often joined her at supper, and this supper always consisted of bread and cheese and a glass of bitter ale. On these occasions it was sometimes my humor to set her to abusing Mr. Gladstone. She would willingly have pulled the rope which should hang him! At supper one evening we had the company of Mr. Addington, a gentleman who had made a notable collection of prints. In expounding her theories to him I remember that she brought down her fist on the table and shouted out: "Women are the *h*enemies of my business." It was true enough then, but (at least in America) all that is changed now, and to-day women are among the most enlightened and enthusiastic collectors of fine prints. After her death her son and successor very truly said to me: "My mother should have been a man." If she had been she would have been an exceptionally manly man. Her habitual epithet in speaking of a certain rival, a man who had nothing like her own knowledge and taste in works of art, was "that *old woman* in Garrick Street."

Although she was a genuinely womanly woman she had, superadded to that, the heart of a hero. I shall relate one of the most "manly" acts I ever knew of her: Her landlord was the late Mar-

quis of Salisbury, who was afterward the British prime minister. Any London shopkeeper is highly flattered if a nobleman takes the slightest notice of him, but in this incident his lordship found that in patronizing Mrs. Noseda he had got (as a patriotic Englishman said to Queen Elizabeth after her victory over the "invincible" Spanish Armada) "the wrong sow by the ear"! Lord Salisbury, who had long been a man of letters, was making a historical study of the speakers of the House of Commons during the reign of Charles the Second. Mrs. Noseda, knowing of this, selected from her great stock of prints a large number of portraits bearing on the subject, and along with them she sent memoranda about the chief British painters and engravers of that epoch. About this time the first co-operative stores had been established in London and, in consequence, all the retail shopkeepers were greatly alarmed for their own future. I was in the valiant old woman's shop when a grand carriage stopped at the door, a footman carried in a portfolio of prints, and the Marquis of Salisbury entered, carrying in his hand a large official looking card, which was signed, countersigned, and sealed. This was a certificate of life-membership in the Army and Navy co-operative stores, and was made out in the name of Mrs. Jane Noseda. His lordship said to her: "In lending me all these rare portraits, and sending me your memoranda about them, you have done me a service greater than you may suppose. I will

not offend you by offering to pay you for this, but I have brought you a little present which you will find useful." With that he handed her the card. She read it and then said to him: "What is this, my lord?" He told her what it was, but she laid it down before him on a table, and said: "I thank you, my lord, but I *cawn't* go against my own class." "Why, Mrs. Noseda," said he, "you will save ten or fifteen per cent in the purchasing of all your household supplies." "Let the shopkeepers make their profit out of me!" she shouted (by this time she was angry). "My lord," she went on, "you and the other great property owners are starving your own tenants, and if this goes on you will have whole rows of shops standing empty and idle. I won't accept your card!" The Marquis of Salisbury was little used to having such "faithful" talk addressed to him by one of his own tenants, so he stared at the angry old woman, put the offending card in his pocket, and exclaiming "God bless my soul!" strode away to his carriage.

In attending the many important auction sales in Paris, she had no mercy on her own health. She would quit London in the evening, travel all night to Paris (a wearisome journey), next morning she would examine the prints, then spend the whole afternoon in the auction room, and that same evening she would set out on her return to London.

In Paris "Madame" Noseda was almost as well known as were the two great towers of the cathe-

dral of Notre Dame. Indeed, any one seeing her in her street attire (which was the same at all seasons and for long years) was not likely to forget her. She generally wore a yellow gown; her hat was of the most outlandish and flamboyant British style, but it was her outer street garment which made her unforgetable. It was a satin shawl of scarlet and yellow, in broad alternate stripes, and it could be seen in the street as far as human eyesight could reach. Whenever some great collection of prints came to be sold at auction she was pretty sure to be the largest buyer; and yet her knowledge of the French language was of the slightest. She could say "*oui*" and "*non*" and "*bon jour*," but beyond that she knew little more except the numerals 1, 2, 3, etc., which were indispensable for her buying and selling; but, all the same, and by some "rule of thumb" of her own, she generally managed to puzzle out the meaning of auction catalogues and books of reference in the French and German languages. Once, I remember, she missed buying an important old Dutch print at a Paris auction. She had consulted the standard French authority on the prints by that master, and had read that in the middle distance, to the left, there stood a "*meule*." After she had missed getting possession of the coveted print, she said to me: "It's not the right one. The book describes a *mule* standing in the landscape. I could see no quadruped there, all I saw was a hayrick." She did not know that the French word "meule" *was* a hayrick!

How often it happens, in this "vale of tears," that a human life ends sadly enough. It was so in Mrs. Noseda's case. When she was nearly eighty I noticed, during my visits to London, that her strenuous day's work tired her greatly, and I used to exhort her to take a long and complete rest. Her answer generally was: "I *cawn't*. Who could take my place 'ere?" When I returned to London one year, my first visit was to the print-seller whom she used to call "that old woman." I said to him that I did not quite feel that I was in London because I had not yet seen Mrs. Noseda. This man, rubbing his hands gleefully, said to me: "We shall have no more trouble with *her*. She's in Bedlam" (Bedlam, the Bethlehem Hospital for the insane, was what he meant). I was shocked and grieved at the news he gave me, but I said to him: "I see that your most formidable rival has been disabled; but let me tell you that Mrs. Noseda had more brains than you and I and any other half dozen of us put together."

The valiant old woman lingered on in the asylum for about three years, and then she died.

Another, though a minor character, among the old-time London printsellers was Mr. Benoni White, of Brownlow Street, High Holborn. It was known that he was an expert who had accumulated a fine stock of good prints. But his wife inherited a legacy which was sufficient to maintain the old couple in comfort to the end of their lives, and the true spirit of the old man was able

to assert itself. Then it was found that he loved his prints far too well to think of parting with any of them. During the nine or ten years when I knew him he used to keep regular business hours. He would arrive in the morning, open his shop, carefully locking the front door from the inside, and then settle down to be happy until the evening hour for closing. Many a time have I stared through the windows at prints which I would have been very glad to buy; and having tried the locked door I would knock, the old man would look up, pleasantly enough, but would give me a decided shake of his head and then go on contemplating some of his particular pets, and leave me fretting and fuming on the sidewalk. After the legacy he never parted with a print to the day of his death.

When famous collections of old prints have come to be dispersed at public auction in Europe the operation of buying what one wants has its own adventures. One such I shall relate. At the sale in Berlin of a great collection, I bought, for 1400 marks, Rembrandt's large etching called "The Great Ecce Homo" representing Pontius Pilate presenting Christ to the people. After the print had been "knocked down" to me, a well-dressed but somehow suspicious looking man came and spoke to me in German, but quickly perceiving that I did not understand that language he at once dropped into excellent French. At the theater I have sometimes paid my money to witness an actor playing a part which was not so well acted

as this comedy which my interlocutor then proceeded to play for me.

He said, very politely, "Sir, I see that you are a stranger in Berlin. I myself was born here and I have some civic pride in my native city. I am sorry to tell you that you have been defrauded in paying the price which you did for that Rembrandt etching. There is an unfair combination here to compel strangers to pay an excessive price at auctions of works of art. I have often remonstrated with my fellow citizens and have told them that they were driving away such sales to the Paris and London auction houses." After he had ascertained that I was willing to buy a duplicate proof of the Ecce Homo, he said: "As a loyal citizen of Berlin, it is in my power to make restitution to you for the excessive price which they have made you pay just now" (I knew that I had *not* paid an excessive price). He went on: "I have in my own collection a much better proof of this same etching. If yours is worth fourteen hundred marks mine is certainly worth two thousand; but, so as to make restitution to you, I would sell it for one thousand." He conducted me to a handsome and well-furnished house and, producing his print, he laid it before me with the care which was due to so precious an object. I again asked him its price, and he answered: "Under the circumstances, and for you only, the price is one thousand marks." I looked him straight in the eye and told him that I would give him *five* marks for it! He gave me a quick,

sharp glance, saw that his imposture was detected and said to me, cheerfully enough, "Take it!" I bought it for five marks, so as to put it along with my original Rembrandt. This very deceiving counterfeit is the work of a pupil of Rembrandt's, Solomon Savry, and it is practically as fine a picture as the original. The only way to distinguish them is that Savry had slightly corrected the drawing of the extended hand of a pharisee, which hand, Rembrandt, in his creative haste, had drawn a little carelessly.

I am bound to add that this man who had elaborated a comedy to cheat me was friendly and useful to me during the remaining days of the auction sale. He had doubtless realized what Sir Walter Scott calls

> "That stern joy which warriors feel,
> At foeman worthy of their steel."

I have already said that I would pass very tenderly over the failures and mistakes of my career as a printseller; but I will relate an incident in which I was fortunate beyond my deserts. The first — the indispensable authority on the old engravers and etchers is *Le Peintre-Graveur*, a work in twenty-one volumes, compiled more than a century ago by Adam Bartsch, the curator of the great collection of engravings at Vienna. He wrote this monumental work in the French language, and his diction, if quaint, is very good.

One summer, when I was in London, I had money enough to buy a set of "Bartsch." The

evening of the day upon which I received the work I dined at the house of a wealthy Londoner. After dinner the footman served the guests with large cups of very strong coffee. All the guests, including the ladies, partook of this stimulant, and, not to be singular, so did I. Arrived at my lodging about midnight I found that the coffee was far too potent to allow me to sleep. So I left my bed, lit my candle, and sought some stupid book the reading of which might induce somnolence. I took up, at random, volume 14 of Bartsch's work, returned to bed, and by the light of my candle I read nearly all of the four hundred and fifty pages. This volume treats of the works engraved by Marcantonio Ramondi, who worked under the direction of Raphael. Toward morning I got sleepy. The last print which I had read about was a Madonna in the Clouds, a print which is minutely described by Bartsch, but which I had never seen. It is a print measuring about $6\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Then I fell asleep. Next morning I went to keep an appointment in the Brompton Road, and as I rode by on the top of an omnibus I caught a glimpse, down a narrow side street, of a shop which had a bunch of old prints hanging at the door. They were labeled "Your choice for sixpence" (twelve cents). I was always blessed with very keen eyesight, but naturally I could only see the print which hung on the outside. I rode on to my destination and then came back on foot to the little street where I could have "my choice for sixpence." Most of the prints were not worth

even this modest price, but the one I had had a glimpse of, two hundred feet away, was obviously a fine old Italian engraving, and in the manner of Marcantonio. So I bought the print for sixpence and took it to the Print Room of the British Museum. One of the curators told me that it was the genuine print, although it had been counterfeited more than once, and that my acquisition was a fine original impression. Then I took it to Mr. Holloway, a very learned printseller. I told him that I had found it in a very unlikely place, that I had bought it at a very low price, and that I would sell it to him at any price which he would name himself. Mr. Holloway, who knew the famous print right well, said to me, "Well, Mr. Keppel, this is a print for which I might not find a buyer in ten years. I would take it from you at thirty guineas (about $153), but it is worth more." I said I would accept the money, and he paid it to me. So much for the combination of a big cup of strong coffee, a man with long and strong eyesight, and perhaps, also, a good memory for what he had read for the sole purpose of putting himself to sleep!

Besides Mr. Claghorn, two of the most notable print-collectors of my time were the late Henry F. Sewall and the late Samuel P. Avery, both New Yorkers. Mr. Sewall's specialty was the older engravings, while Mr. Avery confined himself to the nineteenth-century etchings.

Mr. Sewall's knowledge of old prints was quite phenomenal. In the course of my own affairs I

have often been called upon to identify and authenticate some rare old print. Sometimes I knew it at sight, sometimes I found it described in the books of reference, but on several occasions I had to resort to my court of final appeal: I simply took the print to Mr. Sewall and on every such occasion he was at once able to identify it. The citizens of Boston did a wise thing when, after Mr. Sewall's death, they bought his great collection for their city.

Samuel P. Avery was a dealer in paintings, and was perhaps the most eminent expert of his time. His judgment on a painting was almost like "the oracle of the Lord" and many times since his death some painting, bought on his recommendation, has been resold at a great advance on Mr. Avery's original price for it. It is very unusual for a man who has made a competence in retail business to become a generous public benefactor, but Samuel P. Avery was a notable exception. In his later years he was one of the most liberal and public-spirited citizens of New York. The Avery Library of architectural books at Columbia University is one of the permanent monuments to his memory. Another is the superb collection of oriental porcelains which is now in the Metropolitan Museum. But Mr. Avery's chief memorial is the great collection of nineteenth-century etchings which is soon to be housed in the new Public Library of New York. It is a collection of prints which it would now be quite impossible to duplicate. A very curious circumstance was that

although Mr. Avery lived and grew rich by his signal ability as a dealer in paintings, yet when he bought a picture for himself it was pretty sure to be a modest etching in black-and-white. His collection of French nineteenth-century etchings is, I believe, the finest in the world, and yet he did not speak the French language.

With regard to the Avery collection of Whistler's etchings, I may relate that when the eminent London critic, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, undertook to make a catalogue of these etchings, his first move was naturally, to state his purpose to Whistler. The great man then said to him: "My dear boy, I have kept little or nothing of my own etchings, but if you wish to make an adequate catalogue of them, you must go to New York and see them in Mr. Samuel P. Avery's collection." Mr. Wedmore came to New York, and I had the pleasure of introducing him to Mr. Avery. Wedmore's catalogue of Whistler's etchings was first published in 1886 and for about twenty years it remained the standard authority. But two later books on this much-studied subject must, in the main, supersede the earlier work. These two books are the very carefully prepared catalogues of Mr. Howard Mansfield, published in 1909, and that of Mr. Edward G. Kennedy, published in 1910. It is a source of pride to me that these two monumental works were written by New York experts.

An interesting interview which I had in Paris with the great composer, Charles Gounod, may be

worth recording. Every one knows his operas, such as Faust and Romeo and Juliet, and his orchestral pieces, such as the charming Funeral March of a Marionnette, but his sacred music (which I think is his finest) is less known.

After I had left the choir of Old Trinity Church, New York, our much-loved director, A. H. Messiter, was about to celebrate his twenty-fifth year as organist and choirmaster of Trinity, and to mark the occasion a hundred men, tenors, baritones, and bassos, who, as boys, had sung in his choir, resolved to celebrate the anniversary. Having obtained the consent of the rector, Dr. Morgan Dix, they chose a Mass by Gounod, written for adult male voices, and they had it arranged for the communion service of the Episcopal church. I was one of the hundred singers invited to participate, but I could not do so for two reasons which I may classify under the headings *a* and *b; a*, I had to be in Paris on that date, and *b*, my voice was gone and I couldn't sing anyhow! But I resolved to do what I could for our choirmaster. Arrived in Paris I learned that Gounod was "*visible*" at two o'clock in the afternoon, but only by previous appointment. I was warned to write to him in French and that it had become usual to address him as *Maître*. So I wrote to the great man and stated my case: I said that I applied to him for a few lines written by his own hand, congratulating the organist and choirmaster of Old Trinity on the occasion of his thirtieth anniversary of directorship of the famous choir; I said that Dr. Messiter

was the first man in America who had made Gounod's sacred music known to all the churches outside the Catholic, and that I could assure him that in music Messiter was an artist and that, personally, he was a gentleman. I added that I would call at his house the following day in the hope of receiving a favorable response to my request. When I arrived there I was told that the master would receive me and that I would find him in his music room. I was ushered into a room as big as a chapel and I saw that the whole end of it, from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall, was filled with a great organ. At the organ the master was seated, and I remember that he was dressed in a suit of dark brown velvet and wore on his head a *toque* or cap of the same material. He did not quit his seat, but he said to me in French: "You are the gentleman from New York," and pointing to a table he added, "There is your letter." Gounod continued, "But I do not like the Americans; they steal my music." I answered that this was true, but I assured him that the choir of Old Trinity never stole his music, because they always sang it from his own copyright edition. "*Ah, c'est bien,*" said Gounod, and then, looking at his watch, he told me that in four minutes he expected the visit of a friend who was to take him in his carriage for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. He added: "For four minutes I am at your service; what shall I play for you?" Reflecting for a moment, I answered: "Four minutes, master; then play me that instrumental introduction, before the

voices come in, to the Credo of your Saint Cecilia Mass." Then, for the first time, the old gentleman shuffled off his seat, came and gripped me by the hand, and said: "*Vous aimez ce morceau là; je l'aime moi-même!*" (You like that piece? I like it myself!) Then he went back to his organ and played what I had asked for, superbly, and just as he had finished, his friend arrived and took him away. I never saw Gounod again.

Having strayed so far away from my subject in this chapter, I shall end it by straying still farther, for I shall bring on the scene a famous heavy-weight prize-fighter. We must not think that the ancient days of knight-errantry are dead, when a knight became the champion of any helpless person, man or woman. The Irish have a phrase, "a whole man" and a great pugilist must be just that, at least on the physical side. In the summer of 1909 I took a steamer from England, on my seventy-ninth passage across the Atlantic. Our first meal on the steamer was the one o'clock lunch. Seats had been assigned to the passengers, but the printed list of their names was not yet ready and in consequence nobody knew anybody. I was placed near the end of a long table, the seat to my left being vacant. At the end of the table, quite near me, there sat a big, broad-shouldered, sandy-haired man, whose nose (like that of Michael Angelo and of Thackeray) had been damaged. At my right hand sat a young lady, and opposite me sat a very angry-eyed man of about sixty. While I

was chatting, quietly enough, with the young lady, the man opposite shouted out, "Oh, hold your tongue!" and to the young lady he said, "Don't listen to that old fool!"

I was puzzled by such an unwarranted aggression by a total stranger, but I decided to "make haste slowly" in preventing its repetition; so I did nothing at that time. At the seven o'clock dinner, just as I had taken my place at the table, the big sandy-haired man came to me and said that as there was a vacant chair to my left he would like to occupy it during our voyage if I did not object. Of course I answered that I would be very glad to have his company, and down he sat beside me. My enemy opposite had evidently taken a strong dislike to me, I know not why, but he was again gratuitously rude. After the dinner an incident occurred which resulted in insuring to me the peace and quiet which an inoffensive passenger is entitled to while traveling on a steamer. The Big Fellow strode up to my enemy and said to him: "See here! You have been very rude, at the table, to my friend Mr. Keppel, and I cannot see that he has given you any offense. Now, if this should happen again I warn you that you will have to reckon with me." "*You*," said the other, "who are *you?*" My champion went close to my enemy and said with quiet significance, "My name is Bob Fitzsimmons."

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING

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ALTHOUGH the engraving of ornamental designs upon metal can be traced back to remote antiquity, yet the valuable discovery that impressions from engraved plates could be taken upon paper was, like many valuable discoveries, accidental. This was the epoch as important to art as the discovery of printing was to knowledge, and both for the same reason, for now impressions from plates, like impressions from type, could be multiplied and diffused without limit. This important invention of printing from engraved plates is claimed for Tommaso Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith. Finiguerra practised the decoration of gold and silver plates by filling engraved lines with a black enamel, which was allowed to harden, and to obtain the effect of the design, it was his custom to rub soot and oil into the incisions before permanently filling them with enamel, or *niello*. One of his plates thus filled was by chance laid face downward upon a sheet of paper, and when it was taken up — behold! the first impression from an engraved plate was seen upon the white surface.

The hint thus given was quickly improved by the artists of that age; engraving upon metal plates began to take rank as a fine art, and the golden age of engraving dawned upon the world. To-day, four centuries after, the ray of light which prints its image upon the sensitive plate of the camera falls aslant upon the fading glory of the art. Raphael Morghen, one of the last of the great engravers, died in 1833, and in 1839 Daguerre announced to the world the discovery of photography.

The engraving, according to Charles Sumner, is not a copy or imitation of the original represented, but a translation into another language, where light and shade supply the place of color. It does not reproduce the original picture except in drawing and expression; but as Bryant's "Homer" and Longfellow's "Dante" are presentations of the great originals in another language, so the engraving is a presentation of the painting in another material, which is another language. And it is here, as the translator and multiplier of the masterpieces of painting, that engraving finds its true sphere; so that we may define its excellence thus: a great painting reproduced by a great engraver.

The latter part of the fifteenth century was prolific in artistic genius. Truly, "there were giants in those days." Albrecht Dürer, the father of the German school, was born in 1471; that sublime genius Michael Angelo in 1474; Titian, the great Venetian colorist, in 1477; Raphael,

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION
Size of the original print, $6\frac{9}{16}$ by $4\frac{3}{8}$ inches.
Designed and engraved by Martin Schongauer (1445?–1499?)

THE NATIVITY
Size of the original print, 6¼ by 6¼ inches.
Designed and engraved by Martin Schongauer (1445?–1499?)

"the prince of painters," in 1483. Rubens was born more than three hundred years ago; and Rembrandt "the inspired Dutchman," in 1606. Those great masters fully understood the value of that art which could multiply their designs. And so we find Raphael employing Marcantonio Raimondi to engrave for him; Titian had Cornelius Cort working in his own house; Rubens formed and educated a notable school of engravers, while Dürer and Rembrandt engraved their own designs in such a masterly manner that, though so unlike, they are the two greatest names in engraving.

A fine engraving is, perhaps more than any other work of fine art, a triumph. What the painter achieves by the use of a thousand tints, and the sculptor or architect by projecting his thought with the substantial attribute of form, the engraver presents with equal effect upon the plain surface of the paper with printer's-ink alone, nor can the reason persuade the sight that the scene before it is only a white plane lined and dotted with black.

These two methods of printing, however, so far from being identical, are the opposite of each other. Typography, wood-cuts, and lithographs are printed from the inked *surface*, while line engravings, mezzotints, and etchings print from the *cut away* parts of the plate; so that what comes out black in typography comes out white from engraved plates, and vice versa. And while the printing-press actually runs by steam, the printing

of each impression from an engraved or etched plate is a slow and difficult process. No printer can get a good proof from a bad or inartistic plate; but, on the other hand, a maladroit printer would ruin the effect of the finest plate in the world.

At the present day no one thinks of inquiring who was the engraver of a plate after Landseer, or Turner, or Meissonier; often these modern prints are no better than composite pieces of manufacture, combining machine-work with line, etching, and mezzotint; but the old engravers were themselves consummate artists, who ranked as to skill with the great painters whose works they translated, and some of them even improved on their archetypes, emphasizing merits and suppressing defects. Such engravings are designated not so much from the painter as from the engraver, so that we speak of Müller's "Sistine Madonna," and not Raphael's, and Morghen's "Last Supper," and not Leonardo da Vinci's.

A recent French writer has well said that an engraving fills a place midway between a painting and a book: while it lacks color, it compensates for this by its more familiar character; it is more portable, it is more companionable, it does not require to be hung in a certain light, and, more than all, it is attainable, and may be possessed by almost any one. Thus the sublime compositions of the old masters, once confined to the galleries of the great, or only known to the world by inadequate copies, are, thanks to

THE NATIVITY
Size of the original print, 7 by 5 inches.
Designed and engraved by Albrecht Dürer in the year 1504
During the past four centuries Dürer has remained the supreme master of the German school, both as painter and as engraver on copper and on wood.

THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL
Size of the original print, $9\frac{9}{16}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Designed and engraved by Albrecht Dürer in 1513.
In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, there is Dürer's original drawing of the magnificent horse on which the knight is mounted. In every possible direction there are straight lines drawn through the figure of the horse, and the measurements are carefully written down by Dürer. This shows us that masterpieces are not made at random, but are the result of serious and hard study.

the old engravers, left as an inheritance to all lovers of beauty; the engraving goes where the painting cannot go, and where the painting is silent the engraving speaks with the familiarity of a printed book. These translations of the painters' masterpieces, coming down through the loving hands of generation after generation of art-collectors, must be to us in America one of the chief sources of our art knowledge, as they are in some instances the only records of originals which have long since perished.

It is the fault of some writers on the subject, as it is the infirmity of some zealous collectors, to attach importance to mere rarity rather than to artistic excellence. An intelligent amateur, in speaking on this subject, has said that it was sometimes this very inferiority that caused their rarity, because when they were first produced they did not please the purchasers, and so only a few were printed; and he emphasized his point with a pun by adding: "They are *rare* because they are not *well done*."

But apart from its higher merit as a picture, a good engraving is a marvel of beautiful mechanism. It requires an amount of painstaking skill and labor that seems almost incredible. Friedrich Müller devoted six years of constant work to his great plate of the "Sistine Madonna," and many important plates have occupied their engravers from three to five years. For this reason, if for no other, fine line engraving may be almost numbered among the lost arts; for when a paint-

ing can be photographed in three minutes, or copied in chromo-lithography or machine-work at a very small expense, no engraver could afford to spend years in study and preparation, and then years working upon a single plate. Owing to these causes, two of our nineteenth-century painters, Durand and Casilear, abandoned line engraving, though they were both engravers of marked ability. Thus the masterpieces of the engraver's art must be the masterpieces always.

In *line engraving*, which was long esteemed as the highest style of the art, the effect is produced by incisions on a copper or steel plate, cut by the graver or burin, and the various effects of light and shade, distance and perspective, the textures of draperies and accessories, flesh-tints, and the expression of features, are all produced by a corresponding variety of lines engraved into the plate. To take an impression from this plate its surface is covered with a thick oily ink so that all the lines are effectually filled. As this smears the entire plate, the printer next rubs off the superfluous ink, first with a cloth, and then with the palms of his hands. The surface is now clean, but the ink still remains in all the lines or incisions. The sheet of paper which is to receive the impression is then damped, and laid upon the plate, and both are passed under a roller press, the result being that the ink is transferred from the incisions in the plate to the sheet of paper.

Next in importance to line engraving comes

MELANCHOLIA

Size of the original print, $9\frac{5}{16}$ by $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Designed and engraved by Albrecht Dürer in the year 1514.

Many unavailing attempts have been made to explain the meaning of this beautiful print. Dürer was a mystic, and we may question if he himself knew what it meant!

ADAM AND EVE

Size of the original print, $9\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{9}{16}$ inches.
Designed and engraved by Albrecht Dürer in 1504.

Dürer was so proud of this print that, for the only time, he records in the tablet which hangs from the tree, that it was done in Nuremberg. He must have seen some drawing of the ancient Greek statue of the Apollo Belvidere before he engraved this picture of Adam.

etching, and many authorities give this process the first place. In etching the plate is first covered with a coat of wax or resin, which is dissolved by heat, and allowed to harden. The tool used is the point, or etching-needle. With this the lines and dots of the design are traced through the wax on to the surface of the copper plate. Aquafortis is then poured on, and this powerful acid eats into the copper wherever a line has been made, the wax meanwhile protecting the other parts. After repeated bitings by aquafortis, according to the effect desired, the plate is cleaned from the acid and wax, and is then ready to be printed from in the same manner as a line engraving.

From the difference of the two processes it will be seen that the characteristics of line engraving are beautiful precision and symmetry of form, while etching excels in freedom and sketchiness; and while long years of practice are essential to the former, the latter can be produced, after a little technical study, by any one who can draw. Hence when a painter undertakes to engrave one of his own designs, he naturally resorts to etching; on the other hand, when a professional engraver undertakes to make an elaborate reproduction of an important painting, line engraving is employed.

The *mezzotint* process was carried to great perfection more than a century ago in England. The plate is first roughened uniformly all over, so that if it were then inked and printed from, it

would print a solid black; the rough surface is then scraped away according to the effect required, those parts most smoothed taking up the least ink, and so producing the highest lights, while the parts least scraped away produce the deepest shadows.

In *stipple* engraving the effect is produced entirely by dots or holes punched into the plate; it has been much used for the flesh parts in portraits, but very few of the prints in stipple-work have a reputation in art, except the graceful and dainty prints engraved by Bartolozzi and his school towards the end of the eighteenth century.

Bank-note engraving has reached its highest perfection in America. The plates and dies are engraved on steel in the line manner; in addition to this, beautiful mechanical effects are produced by the complicated geometrical lathe. Except with regard to bank-note work, the phrase "a steel engraving" is only a figure of speech; what are so called are really engraved on copper, which is a much mellower material to work in than steel. All the great prints of former ages were done on copper plates, and not on steel, as is sometimes supposed.

In briefly reviewing the most famous engravers we may divide them for convenience into two general classes — those who flourished before the middle of the seventeenth century, and those who appeared in the succeeding centuries. The works of the former class, representing as they do the birth, infancy, and youth of the art, are peculiarly

THE HOLY FAMILY

Size of the original print, $7\frac{3}{4}$ by 4 inches.

Designed and engraved by Lucas van Leyden (1494–1533).

Lucas van Leyden, contemporary of Dürer, engraved his plates with such delicate lines that they yielded very few good proofs. In the one detail of perspective, he was Dürer's superior.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V

Size of the original print, $8\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{5}{16}$ inches.
Designed and engraved by Barthel Beham in 1531.
The extremely rare First State, before the monogram. Sir Seymour Haden, who was hostile to line-engraving, declared that this portrait is a masterpiece.

interesting to the studious connoisseur; they include nearly all the famous "painter-engravers" — those who engraved their own designs. Among the critical books of reference on this class of artists one work is pre-eminent; it is *Le Peintre-Graveur*, in twenty-one volumes, by Adam Bartsch, who was the curator of the great collection at Vienna. Bartsch's work, which is written in French, is indispensable to every collector of the older engravings; it is a marvel of critical research, giving a minute description of all the works of each engraver, and describing the earlier and later "states" of each plate, as well as designating the numerous counterfeits that have been made upon the most admired old prints; but as the work only treats of the artists who engraved their own designs, it has no information upon the great line engravers who have reproduced the masterpieces of painting. As a general book of reference upon the famous engravers as well as upon the great painters, *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* is considered the best.

To commence with the earliest engravers of whom we have any record, Finiguerra, who has been already mentioned as the discoverer of the art of printing from engraved plates, took impressions on paper about the year 1440. One very beautiful print of his is preserved in the great public collection in Paris; it is a small composition representing the Nativity, and is crowded with figures. His immediate followers in Italy were Andrea Mantegna, who was born at Padua

in 1431, and Baccio Baldini, who was his contemporary. Fifty years later appeared the greatest of the old Italian engravers in Marcantonio Raimondi, who was born at Bologna in 1487, and died in 1536. Among collectors of the oldest engravings, Marcantonio is a great name, ranking almost with Albrecht Dürer and Rembrandt. Early in his career he attracted the attention of Raphael, and that master, recognizing the value of engraving as a vehicle for multiplying his own designs, gave Marcantonio employment under his own supervision. So exquisitely correct is the drawing of his figures that connoisseurs profess to see the magic hand of Raphael himself in these faultless outlines. A fine impression of the engraver's portrait of the poet Aretino, the friend of Titian, has been recently sold at auction in London for £780 sterling. Marcantonio was the founder of a renowned school.

Of contemporary German engravers, Martin Schongauer comes earliest. His prints, which are very scarce and high-priced, show force and originality, as well as great technical skill in the use of the graver; but the work of all these early German masters is a little stiff and Gothic in style, though indicating an admirable sincerity and directness of purpose.

But the greatest name in this connection is that of Albrecht Dürer, who was born in the quaint old city of Nuremberg in 1471. Dürer found the art of engraving in its infancy, and carried the technical fineness of it to a perfection that has

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT LEANING UPON A SABRE

Size of the original print, 7¾ by 6½ inches.

From the original etching by Rembrandt, etched in 1634. First state of the plate, before the copper was cut to an oval. In this state of the plate, four proofs only are known. This illustration was photographed from the proof in the old royal collection of the kings of France. At the auction sale in London of the Holford collection another proof of this etching sold for the enormous price of £2000, or about $10,000. The buyer was Lord Rothschild.

CLEMENT DE JONGHE

Size of the original print, 8⅛ by 6⅞ inches.

From the original etching by Rembrandt, etched in 1651. Clement de Jonghe was one of the most celebrated publishers of his time in Holland. Many of the best plates of the best etchers — Cornelis and Jan Visscher, Rogman, Zeeman and Paul Potter — bear his name as publisher. The beauty of effect and felicity of pose of this portrait are very remarkable. Rembrandt, by his art, has given to the portrait of this unpretending print-seller an air of melancholy and reverie that would not ill become a philosopher in meditation.

never been surpassed. His journals and the records of his life show him to have been a devout, sincere, and true-hearted man. It has been recorded by his friend Pirkheimer that Dürer's life was embittered and shortened by that dreadful ill, a "nagging" wife; and much ink has been shed to prove, on the one hand, that Agnes did, and, on the other, that she did not, lead our artist a terrible life. In some of Dürer's best prints, such as the "Knight of Death" and the "Melancholia," there is a mystical obscurity that has piqued and baffled the curiosity of his most earnest students.

Lucas van Leyden was the friend of Dürer. His prints, while retaining their individuality, are of the same general character.

It was not till the early part of the seventeenth century that stars of the first magnitude again appeared. And in that bright galaxy the brightest name is that of Rembrandt. This wonderful genius was born in Holland in 1606. Discarding the slow and laborious practice of the burin, he had recourse to etching, which process he carried to a height which places him alone as the great representative etcher for all time.

Rembrandt's etchings exhibit the same qualities and defects as his paintings. He despised grace and beauty of form as we now understand them. His figures are uncouth and clumsy. An ugly old woman was to him a far more attractive model than a fair young girl; but he saw and expressed the dignity of old age and wrinkles as

no artist before or since has done; and the magic effect of his light and shade, the sincerity and truthfulness of his composition, and the felicitous effect of his apparently random lines, all bear the stamp of a great master.

As an example of his genius, the etching of Christ presented by Pilate to the people, known as the "Great Ecce Homo," may be cited. It is a grand composition: the surging mass of the populace in the foreground; the cruel priests and Pharisees importuning Pilate; Pilate himself, false, vacillating, and temporizing; and, above all, the Man of Sorrows, crowned with thorns, and looking upward with a wearied and hunted expression that goes straight to the heart.

Contemporary with Rembrandt was another Dutch artist, Cornelis Visscher, who combined in his prints the graver and etching-point in an original and very effective manner. His best engravings are those from his own designs. Of these the "Pancake Woman" and the "Rat-Catcher" are the most admired. But we turn with a peculiar liking to his less pretentious print of an old cat taking her noonday nap, while a gray old veteran of the rat-hole steals out behind her. This quaint little print has the effect of a familiar family portrait. Visscher's cat is *our* cat, with the very tricks of ear, eye, paw, and whisker proper to our own particular Tabby in her philosophic moods.

At this period the genius of Rubens began to assert itself, and no artist has had his paintings

THE THREE TREES

Size of the original print, 8⅜ by 11 inches.

From the original etching by Rembrandt, etched in 1643. This magnificent etching is the most generally admired of all Rembrandt's landscape plates though there are other etchings of landscape by him which, in the opinion of the best judges, are even finer from an artistic standpoint. Several deceiving counterfeits of this masterpiece were made during the 18th and 19th centuries. A fine impression of the original is now a very costly print.

THE THREE COTTAGES

Size of the original print, 6⅜ by 7⅞ inches.
From the original dry-point by Rembrandt, dated 1650. This landscape is considered by many collectors to be one of Rembrandt's finest plates. It is rare, and for this reason, as well as on account of its artistic excellence, brings a large price in the auction room.

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so well rendered by contemporary engravers as he. The best engraver of the Rubens school was Schelte à Bolswert; but Paul Pontius, Vorstermans, and de Jode have also done excellent work.

Leaving the Dutch and German schools, and turning to the France of two hundred and fifty years ago, we find Louis XIV on the throne, and Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, and Molière adorning literature with their splendid works, and we also find a school of engravers who may well claim fellowship in genius with those immortal names.

These eminent artists chiefly excelled in the delineation of the human face; never before nor since have such portraits been produced. They are embellished with all the resources of the art. Many of those prints represent personages who then filled a large place in the eyes of the world, but whose names are now only remembered in connection with their portraits; but we have also preserved to us the lineaments of men such as La Fontaine, Colbert, and Bossuet, whose places in the Temple of Fame are assured. Art at this period was elaborate and florid, as were literature, manners, and dress, and those engravers, to whom no technical difficulty was an obstacle, reveled in the reproduction of costumes and accessories. The personage represented is usually resplendent with all the bravery of fur, lace, brocade, and velvet, while all the surroundings are rich and gorgeous.

Of these engravers, Gérard Edelinck deserves

a high place. Born at Antwerp in 1627, he was, while yet a young man, invited to Paris by Colbert, the great minister, who did so much to encourage art, and during the remainder of a life prolonged to eighty years he was identified with the French school. Edelinck was taken into the King's service, had a pension settled on him, and later he received a patent of nobility. Of his numerous portraits, that of Philippe de Champaigne is allowed to be the finest; but there are others of great merit, such as that of his patron Colbert, Van den Baugart the sculptor, the architect Mansard, Pierre de Montarsis, and Dilgerus. Edelinck did not confine himself, however, to portraits. His print of the "Fight for the Standard," after the celebrated cartoon of Leonardo da Vinci, may be taken as a model of bold and vigorous work, while his "Moses," after Philippe de Champaigne, is full of serene beauty. This latter was engraved in conjunction with Nanteuil, an engraver who well deserves to rank with the best.

During the forty-eight years of Nanteuil's life he executed as many as 280 plates, nearly all portraits, and most of them from his own drawings from life. Nanteuil's abilities were refined by a classical education, and his correct taste restrained him from running into the prevailing fashion of meretricious ornamentation. He usually represented his personages within a neat oval of about seven by nine inches. His works illustrate the reign of Louis XIV, and are all,

BEGGARS AT THE DOOR OF A HOUSE

Size of the original print, $6\frac{7}{8}$ by $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

From the original etching by Rembrandt, etched in 1648. In the opinion of connoisseurs this is one of the most perfect of Rembrandt's masterly scenes from the life of the poor. When Professor Legros of the London University remarked to me that he considered this to be Rembrandt's very finest etching, I answered: "That is because it is so like one of your own." To this he made answer: "You pay me an immense compliment." F. K.

POMPONE DE BELLIÈVRE

Size of the original print, 12⅞ by 9¾ inches.

From the line-engraving by Robert Nanteuil (1630–1678), after the painting by Charles le Brun.

In the opinion of connoisseurs this is the most beautiful portrait in all line-engraving.

without exception, fine. His print of Pompone de Bellièvre is considered by some authorities to be the most beautiful engraved portrait that exists. In this it contests the palm with Edelinck's Philippe de Champaigne, Masson's "Gray-haired Man," and Drevet's Bossuet. This portrait of Pompone de Bellièvre, on account of its rarity, is dear and difficult to procure; but there are others by Nanteuil more easily found that may well serve as specimens of his beautiful and artistic work. Among these may be mentioned the Duc de Nemours, Le Tellier, René de Longeuil, the Marquis de Maisons, Pierre Lallemant, and Louis XIV.

Antoine Masson was born in 1636, six years later than Nanteuil. For brilliant hardihood of line, Masson is conspicuous, but, in his larger portraits especially, his very ability defeated its object, for he made the accessories so brilliant as sometimes to call the eye away from the features themselves. One of his smaller portraits, however — that of Brisacier, known as the "Gray-haired Man" — ranks as a masterpiece; while it is a marvel of technical skill, it is at the same time free from the bizarre effect of some of his life-size heads.

Soon after the death of Edelinck the family of Drevet appeared. The elder Drevet produced some fine works, notably the large full-length portrait of Le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. That much-flattered potentate is represented standing in all the glory of ermine, lace, and wig,

his face indicating the unbounded conceit and selfishness which were so characteristic of him. It is with this portrait that Thackeray made such a felicitous hit in his *Paris Sketch-book*, where he represents, side by side, first Louis le Grand in all his glory; then a miserable little old man; and thirdly, the same gorgeous habiliments, wig, and high-heeled shoes, but with the man left out of them.

The younger Drevet even improved on the splendid technics of his predecessors — gilding their refined gold. In the representation of such materials as fur and lace he is unequaled, though he duly subordinated all to the features of his subjects. All this engraver's works are so fine that it is not easy to designate the best; but his full-length portrait of the eloquent Bishop Bossuet is a masterpiece; while still more interesting is that of the beautiful and ill-fated tragédienne Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose love for Maréchal Saxe, and untimely death, are themselves a tragedy more affecting than any she simulated on the stage. The younger Drevet died at Paris in 1739, at the early age of forty-two, and with him closed the golden age of French engraving.

But Paris soon again became the center of the art, which was quickened into new life by an engraver of original genius, who attracted to him pupils from all parts of Europe, so that he became the father of the great school of engravers that flourished in France, Germany, and Italy about the end of the eighteenth century. This

HENRI-AUGUSTE DE LOMÉNIE DE BRIENNE

Size of the original print, 14⅛ by 10⅝ inches.

From the original line-engraving by Robert Nanteuil. Engraved in 1660. Nanteuil is now almost universally admitted to be the greatest portrait-engraver in the history of art. This portrait was drawn from life by Nanteuil.

GUILLAUME DE BRISACIER ("THE GRAY-HAIRED MAN")

Size of the original print, 13¾ by 10½ inches.

From the line-engraving by Antoine Masson (1636–1700), after the painting by Nicolas Mignard. Engraved in 1664. This portrait is known as "The Gray-Haired Man," on account of the beautiful engraving of the hair. It is accounted the masterpiece of Masson, and one of the four finest portraits in engraving.

eminent master was Johann Georg Wille, who was born at Königsberg in 1717, but establishing himself in Paris, he devoted his long life of ninety-one years to the art in which he so greatly excelled. His neat and careful style was adapted to pictures of the school of Gerard Dow, as well as to elaborate portraits, and there are few engravers whose works have been more eagerly sought and more universally admired. A complete mention of the favorite prints by this artist would exhaust the entire catalogue of his works. His "Satin Gown" and the "Travelling Musicians" are his acknowledged masterpieces, but not less worthy of praise are the "Death of Marc Antony," "La Liseuse," and "La Dévideuse" (two studies of the mother of Gerard Dow), "The Family Concert," and the small pair entitled "The Good Woman of Normandy" and her "Sister" — two "magnificently ugly old women" — from the designs of P. A. Wille, the engraver's son.

The subsequent history of line engraving on the continent of Europe may be almost traced in the history of the pupils of Wille. Clément Charles Bervic added boldness to the painstaking style of his master. His pair of "The Education of Achilles," after Regnault, and "The carrying off of Dejanira," after Guido Reni, are superb, as is also the large full-length portrait of Louis XVI. This portrait was finished shortly before the execution of that unhappy monarch. After he had suffered on the guillotine, poor Bervic was seized by the Paris mob and charged with the crime of

having engraved the tyrant's portrait, and to save his life he was obliged to take the precious plate, into which he had put years of work, hammer it double, and fling it into the river Seine. Here it lay till order was restored, when it was taken out and put into shape again; but all the subsequent impressions taken from it bear a faint streak across the middle — a significant record of the terrible French Revolution.

Auguste Boucher Desnoyers strayed further than Bervic from the traditions of Wille, and yet he is an engraver of the first order; no other has rendered the works of Raphael so well as he. His full-length portrait of Napoleon in his coronation robes is a magnificent engraving and a worthy pendant to Bervic's Louis XVI, while his print of blind Belisarius, after Gérard, may be taken as a typical example of line engraving at its best.

Another of Wille's pupils was John Gotthard Müller, whose abilities were overshadowed by those of his own son and pupil, Friedrich Müller, This wonderful engraver was born at Stuttgart in 1783. His short life is identified with his great work of engraving Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," which places him at the head of all modern engravers. Six years before his death he was commissioned by Rittner, of Dresden, to engrave that inspired picture, which is the pride of the Dresden Gallery. His very existence seemed wrapped up in the execution of this plate; he worked upon it day and night with the same

Philippus de Champaigne Bruxellensis Pictor Regius, et Regiæ Pictorum Academiæ Rector:
Cujus hujus artis excellentiâ, et christianâ pietate atque insignis

PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE

Size of the original print, 16¾ by 12⅞ inches.

From the line-engraving by Gérard Edelinck (1640–1707), after the painting by himself. This engraving was done in the year 1676, and ranks as one of the four finest portraits ever engraved.

NATHANAEL DILGERUS

Size of the original print, 12¼ by 8½ inches.

From the line-engraving by Gérard Edelinck, dated 1683. The eminent engraver Giuseppe Longhi calls Edelinck "the prince of engraving" ranking him even above Nanteuil.

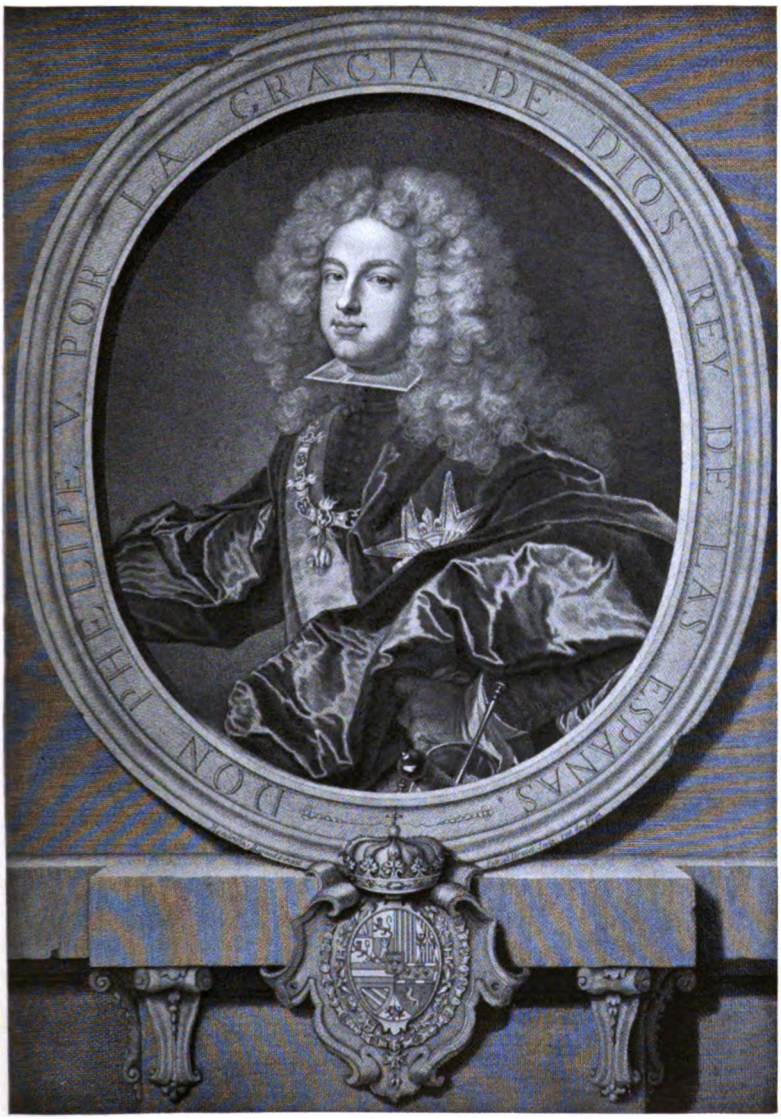
self-consuming zeal that Mozart expended on the "Requiem," which proved to be his own. When the plate was finished he took it to Rittner; but the man of business refused it, on the ground that the lines were so delicately cut that it would not print a sufficient number of impressions. Every line had to be deepened; and this thankless toil broke the heart of poor Müller. He bore up till his task was finished, and then he sank into the gloom of hopeless insanity, and died the very day that the first proof of his plate was printed. It was hung over his bier as he lay dead.

But it was in Italy, towards the end of the last century, that engravers arose who, from our point of view, have given the world the most beautiful examples of great paintings reproduced by great engravers. Without losing sight of the precious work of old Dürer and his contemporaries, or of the unsurpassed technique of Edelinck, Drevet, and Wille, yet it must be said that among the best examples of beautiful pictures beautifully engraved are to be found the works of the Italian engravers from Raphael Morghen to Toschi. They may not be such curiosities as the earlier prints, but to all who love a work of art for its beauty rather than for its rarity they are very fine, being better adapted for framing and decorative purposes than most others.

Probably no engraver has had so large a following of admirers as Raphael Morghen, who was born at Florence in 1758. This is partly due to his

soft and captivating style, and partly to his excellent judgment in the choice of subjects. Morghen has preserved to the world the almost extinct glories of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in a plate which alone would have made the reputation of any engraver. Other fine examples of his work are the "Aurora" of Guido, and the pair, after Poussin, of the "Repose in Egypt" and the "Dance of the Hours." Of his numerous portraits, that of Leonardo da Vinci is the most admired, In contemplating this serene and noble countenance we can well believe that this grand old man was great as painter, philosopher, and poet. A monument in the Church of Santa Croce — the Westminster Abbey of Florence — places Raphael Morghen among the mighty dead of Italy. He had numerous imitators and scholars, of whom Folo and Bettelini are perhaps the best.

But a contemporary Milanese engraver was much more successful as the founder of a school. This was Giuseppe Longhi — "the unsurpassed Longhi," as a recent writer calls him. He and his followers, Garavaglia, the brothers Anderloni, Rosaspina, and Gandolfi, have given to the world some of the very best reproductions of the beautiful Italian paintings. From their grace and loveliness, they are specially adapted for making the home beautiful. As examples of this Milanese school may be mentioned Longhi's "Sposalizio," after Raphael, and the "Reclining Magdalen," after Correggio; Pietro Anderloni's "Adoring Angels," after Titian, and his "Judgment of



PHILIP V KING OF SPAIN

Size of the original print, 21 by 14⅛ inches.

From the line-engraving by Pierre Drevet (1663–1738), after the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud. Engraved in 1702. Drevet excelled in rendering the accessories, costume, draperies, lace, etc. His portraits are less severe than those of Edelinck and less clear and simple than those of Nanteuil, but he gave to the face individuality of character, and made his works conspicuous among those of the great engravers.

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, BISHOP OF MEAUX

Size of the original print, 2 by 13½ inches.

From the line-engraving by Pierre Imbert Drevet (1697–1739). Engraved in 1723. Drevet's masterpiece, and one of the four finest portrait engravings. "The portrait of Bossuet has everything to attract and charm." Senator Charles Sumner in "The Best Portraits in Engraving."

Solomon," after Raphael; Garavaglia's "Meeting of Jacob and Rachel," after Appiani; Rosaspina's "Dance of the Cupids," after Albani; and Gandolfi's "Sleeping Cupid," from his own design.

The last of the great Italian engravers was Paolo Toschi, pupil of Bervic, who was himself a pupil of Wille. It remained for Toschi to discover in the lovely frescos of Correggio, at Parma, a mine of the richest ore, which his predecessors for more than three centuries had scarcely touched. The "Madonna della Scala," the "Incoronata," and the pair of groups of cherubs may be cited as examples of what Toschi has done for Correggio — and for Art.

Before leaving Italy we must go back two centuries to consider an artist who was a "law unto himself," in that his prints are very different in manner and effect from all others. His countrymen, from Morghen to Toschi, loved to present the soft and sensuous beauty of the human face and form, but Piranesi devoted his life to etching the magnificent ruins and edifices of his native country. His plates are of large size, and are etched with so much picturesque boldness and ruggedness that he well deserves the sobriquet of the Rembrandt of architecture.

Nothing has yet been said of the British school. It has, however, produced at least two line engravers of the first rank — Sir Robert Strange and William Sharp — and in the two departments of mezzotint and landscape it far excels the continental prints of the same period.

Strange had a style of his own — rich, soft, and peculiarly adapted to the rendering of flesh-tints. He has engraved more than fifty important plates, chiefly after the great Italian masters. All of his works have been highly esteemed by connoisseurs.

William Sharp, who was born in London in 1746, may be called the greatest English line engraver. In his excellent essay on "The Best Portraits in Engraving," the late Charles Sumner says of Sharp: "He ascended to the heights of art, showing a power rarely equaled; his works are constant in character and expression, with every possible excellence of execution: face, form, and drapery — all are as in nature." And then he goes on to eulogize Sharp's famous portrait of John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, calling it "unquestionably the foremost portrait in British art, and the coequal companion of the great portraits of the past." Among other masterpieces by Sharp may be mentioned "The Doctors of the Church," after Guido, and the very striking print, after Salvator Rosa, of Diogenes looking for an honest man. In this we see the grim old cynic, lantern in hand, making his way through the market-place of Athens, apparently regardless of the sneers of the by-standers.

In London, more than a century ago, under the judicious management of John Boydell, the publisher, both mezzotint and landscape engraving reached their zenith. Of landscape engravers, William Woollett is *facile princeps;* his works have always been held in the highest estimation. His

ABEL FRANÇOIS POISSON DE VANDIERES, MARQUIS DE MARIGNY

Size of the original print, 19½ by 13½ inches.

From the line-engraving by Johann Georg Wille (1715–1808), after the painting by Jean Louis Tocqué. Engraved in 1761. He was a brother of Madame de Pompadour.

LOUIS XVI

Size of the original print, 27¾ by 20¾ inches.
From the line-engraving by Charles Clément Bervic (1756–1822), after the painting by A. F. Callet. This masterpiece is described on pages 17 and 18.

print of "Roman Edifices in Ruins," after Claude, is perhaps the finest landscape in engraving. Contemporary with Woollett were John Brown, Mason, Peake, and Vivares, who have all left us excellent landscapes.

Americans of a former generation made a great mistake in disparaging all mezzotint engraving as something very inferior. This general opinion was probably occasioned by the wretched mezzotints which were produced in this country; but in England the finest prints in this style are, and have always been, highly esteemed, and a fine engraving by Earlom, Green, or Pether would convince any one that a good mezzotint is in no respect a second-rate production.

While in our day high-class line engraving has become almost a lost art, a school of artist-etchers has arisen in France which has done great things. These etchings come directly from the hand that designs them while the art idea is yet warm and fresh, and such eminent painters as Millet, Meissonier, and Daubigny have not disdained to resort to the etching-needle. In no other way can so much really good art be owned at so small an outlay as in a portfolio of well-chosen modern etchings. Hamerton's admirable book *Etching and Etchers* has done much to advance the taste for these beautiful works.

A word of suggestion as to the selection of engravings. It is not essential that they must be "proofs," though proofs, being the very earliest impressions taken from the plate, are naturally

the finest. But a bad or worn impression should not be tolerated, no matter how cheap it is. Such a print is known by its general effect of weakness and paleness; the figures have lost their rotundity, and the perspective is almost gone. Especially among old engravings are bad impressions to be avoided.

Modern impressions taken from such old plates as still exist are also worthless. A print, to be as it should be, must have been printed at the time it was engraved. Modern impressions are readily known by the paper on which they are printed.

Another necessary warning is against "retouched" impressions; many plates have been thus ruined, when, after they have begun to wear out from use, they have been recut in the worn parts by incompetent hands. The effect of a retouched impression is dull, heavy, and disagreeable; all the harmony and beauty of the plate are gone. It is only fine original impressions in good condition that worthily represent the great engravers.

What is to-day the situation of line engraving, considered as a fine art? There is perhaps only one man of recent years who deserves to rank with those who have preceded him, and he — the German Mandel — said, "When I die there will be no more." A century ago, Morghen, Longhi, Bartolozzi, and Sharp were still living. But the glory has departed from the graver, and who is he who will take it up where the Masters laid it down?

THE CARRYING-OFF OF DEJANEIRA BY THE CENTAUR NESSUS

Size of the original print, 22¼ by 16 inches.

From the line-engraving by Charles Clément Bervic, after the painting by Guido Reni, now in the Louvre, Paris. This fine engraving won the decennial prize awarded by the French Institute for the best engraving executed between 1800 and 1810.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT

Size of the original print, 27 by 20 inches.

From the line-engraving by Auguste Boucher Desnoyers (1779–1857), after the painting by Gérard. "His next important work was the full-length portrait of the Emperor Napoleon in his coronation robes. This engraving was exhibited at the Salon of 1810, and for it Desnoyers received no less than fifty thousand francs. Napoleon also created Desnoyers a baron." — Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.

SOME MASTERPIECES OF THE OLD ENGRAVERS

A Lecture delivered at Yale University

WHEN last I had the honor of addressing the Graduates' Club my subject was "Personal Sketches of some famous Etchers."

On that occasion I endeavored to interest my audience as much in the personality of etchers whom I have known, as in their works. Legitimate personal gossip of eminent persons is always interesting; and gossip, when it does not degenerate into scandal, is nothing more and nothing worse than the interest which we take in each other. But on the present occasion my subject is entirely shut off from this direct avenue to your attention and sympathy. To many of us, the great engravers of the past are only blank names. I may say of them, as the poet Montgomery writes of the forgotten generations:

> "They suffered; but their pains are o'er —
> Enjoyed; but their delights are fled —
> Had friends; their friends are now no more —
> And foes; their foes are dead."

And so, of necessity, if I can succeed in interesting you at all, it must be through the eye rather than through the ear. For this reason I

shall put in evidence some magnified reproductions of acknowledged masterpieces of the art of line engraving.

The engravings we shall examine cover a period of more than four hundred years, but, by a sort of paradox, our first illustration will not be a line engraving at all—but an etching, and an essentially modern etching at that; as unlike a line engraving as it well can be. We all know that the *burin* is the graving tool with which all line engraving is done. And this etching, done by Félix Buhot of Paris, represents *The Burial of the Burin.*

To the left we will see the dead burin borne away in a hearse to its grave, and followed by the mourners; above will be seen its soul carried by Angels to Paradise; while to the right Modern Illustration comes thundering on in the form of an express train, overwhelming and crushing out all opposition.

With regard to this lively Frenchman's allegory, I am compelled to say in the pithy words of old Polonius:

"'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

The Burin is buried. Line engraving is dead. A very few of the famous engravers have survived till quite recently. Two years ago, in Paris, I saw Henriquel-Dupont, and he was still erect and handsome at the great age of ninety-four years, but he has since died. Jacquet of

Ich geriet in eine Entzückung,
und hörte hinter mir eine Stimme gleich den Posaunen Schalle
Meinem Vater und Meister Johan Gotthard Müller

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST

Size of the original print, 13¼ by 11 inches.
From the line-engraving by Friedrich Müller (1782–1816), after the painting by Domenichino. Engraved in 1808.

THE RECLINING MAGDALEN

Size of the original print, 13¼ by 16 inches.

From the line-engraving by Giuseppe Longhi (1766–1831), after the painting by Correggio. Engraved in 1809. The engraving is of the same dimensions as the original painting, which is one of the treasures of the Dresden Gallery.

Paris, so far from being dead or disabled, won the medal for line engraving, at the Paris salon of 1890. A few have lingered on in Germany: such as Burger of Munich, Professor Trossin of Königsberg, and Professor Rudolph Stang of Dusseldorf; and Charles Burt, the artist, who has produced the most important line engraving ever executed in America, "The Last Supper," has died only recently.

But the great schools of line engraving which had existed for centuries in Paris, London, and elsewhere are now deserted, and not one pupil is learning this beautiful art, to take the places of the masters who have passed away. What is the cause of this? Is it that line engraving, which for centuries has been the faithful exponent of painting as well as the prime embellisher of fine books, is now found to be inartistic and worthless? Is it that those engravings which have so long been treasured in the best museums of Europe, because they were believed to be beautiful works of art, are beautiful works of art no longer? No. Good engravings are now as beautiful as they ever were, and they always will remain so.

But in this utilitarian age when "time is money" no line engraver could spend long years in learning his profession, and then devote four, five, or six years to the engraving of a single plate after some famous picture, when that picture could be photographed in the fraction of one second. And just as the express train has superseded the stage-coach, and the telegraph and telephone have dis-

placed the mounted courier, so photography and reproductive methods founded on photography, as well as the etcher's rapid method, have forever killed line engraving as the only art whereby the masterpieces of painting can be reproduced and multiplied, and the engraver will no longer go hand in hand with the creative painter as he had done for nearly four centuries.

But, happily for art, though the engravers "rest from their labors" yet "their works do follow them." Engraving is dead — but the engravings themselves are not dead — and what is more, they will not die. I grant that just now they are "out of fashion"; but just as I hope we shall live to see the day when every new dwelling need not be a "Queen Anne" house, twisted and tormented into a jumble of unmeaning gables and balconies and corners; just as I hope the time is near when it will no longer be fashionable to rack our brains in trying to understand the obscure and contorted poetry of Swinburne and his school — and if I dare say so — of Browning; while Tennyson and Walter Scott and Goldsmith and old Shakespeare, as well as Longfellow and Rudyard Kipling, have given us their clear thought in plain language: so I am convinced that those neglected old engravings will soon resume their legitimate rank as being the best reproductions of the great paintings of the past.

Perhaps no event of the last five hundred years, not even the discovery of America, has wrought such universal good as the invention of

THE DANCE OF THE CUPIDS AND THE CARRYING AWAY OF PROSERPINE

Size of the original print, 25¾ by 30½ inches.

From the line-engraving by Francesco Rosaspina (1762–1842), after the painting by Francesco Albani, now in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

MADONNA DELLA SCALA

Size of the original print, 14 by 10 inches.

From the line-engraving by Paolo Toschi (1788–1854), after the fresco by Correggio, now in the gallery of the Academy at Parma. This is admitted to be the most beautiful of all Toschi's engravings, and is one of the few which he engraved entirely with his own hand, and without the assistance of any of his pupils.

printing. Thereafter the world could never go backward; any valuable thing once printed could never be lost and forgotten. Similarly, although the art of engraving designs on metal can be traced back to remote antiquity, yet the great event was the discovery that impressions could be printed with ink from engraved plates. After this discovery the compositions of the great masters of painting could be engraved, and the essential design of them multiplied at will.

The Master's painting was a solitary aristocrat; inaccessible to the eyes of the many. It was like the precious and jealously guarded manuscript, but the art of printing rendered the engraving as available and accessible as it rendered the printed book.

The eminent Italian engraver, Longhi, has well said that engravings are not so much copies as they are *translations* of the original painting into another language, where black and white supply the place of color, and these translations are actually better presentations of the originals than most copies painted in colors would be; for no painter of ability will devote his life to copying the works of other men (in the same medium).

Line engravings, being printed, not from *steel* but from comparatively soft *copper* plates, very soon show signs of wear in the plate. This is why "proofs" are the best; because they are the earliest impressions, taken from a fresh and unworn copper. But it is a fallacy to suppose that no engraving can be good unless it is a "proof."

For example, suppose a hundred proofs are printed from a plate and the lettered inscription is then added, so that all subsequent impressions taken from that plate must of necessity show this lettered inscription, what can be the great difference in quality between proof number 100, and lettered print number 1, which comes next after it?

It is the quality of each individual impression which should be considered, and a correct judgment as to this quality is soon acquired by any one who will take the trouble to compare good with bad.

The comparative quality of an unlettered proof and a lettered print may be compared to the saying respecting the duration of human life: "The young *may* go, but the old *must* go." Similarly a lettered print *may* be good, but a proof *must* be good.

But this is only true of the older engravings; for the old engravers seem to have been thoroughly honest in this respect and seldom or never printed an undue number of alleged proofs from their plates.

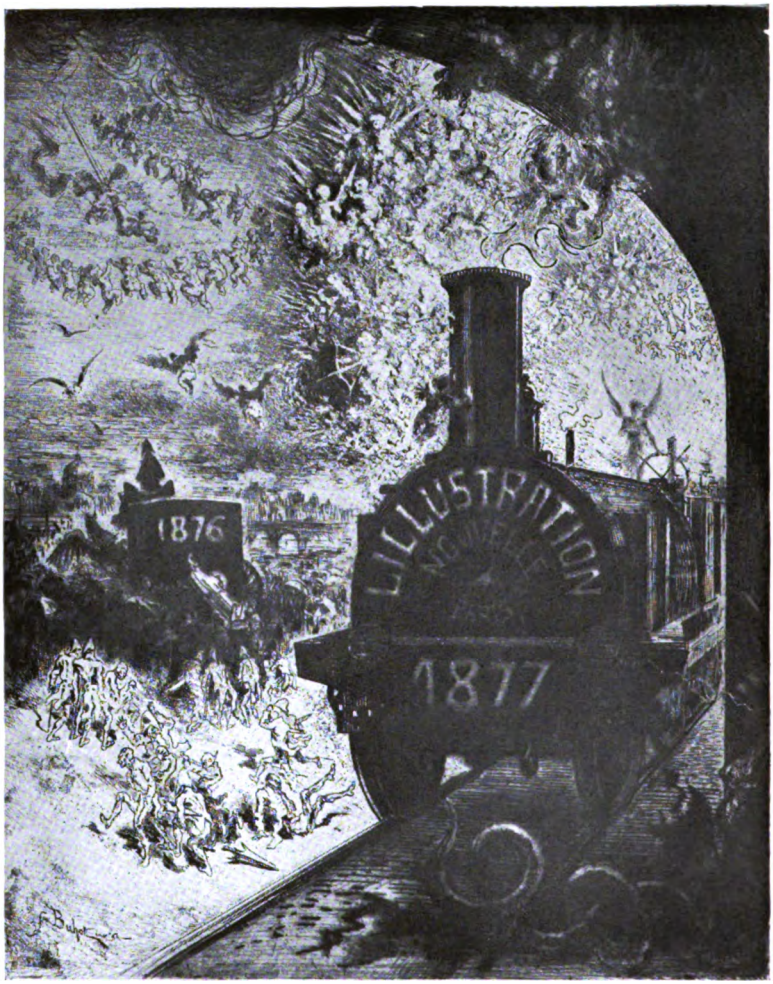
It is obviously impossible to present a systematic and thorough classification of so wide a subject within the limits of one hour, but in seeing some specimens of line engraving, arranged chronologically from the birth of the art to the present day, we may be able to trace its growth, maturity and comparative decay.

The accompanying illustration will show us the

CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND

Size of the original print, 21 by 14 inches.

From the engraving by Sir Robert Strange (1721–1792), after the painting by Sir Anthony Van Dyck. Engraved in 1770. This is an excellent example of Strange's style, rich, soft, and especially charming in the translation of color into black and white.



THE BURIAL OF THE BURIN

Size of the original print, 13¼ by 10⅜ inches.
Designed and engraved by Félix Buhot in 1877.

In this lively allegory the artist, intimating that line-engraving is dead, represents the dead body of the burin (the engraver's implement) borne away in a hearse and its soul carried up to heaven, while modern Etching comes thundering on in the form of an express train.

funeral of the graving tool or burin (a modern etching that sings a requiem); and then, in obedience to the kindly old Latin maxim, we shall say all the good we can concerning the dead.

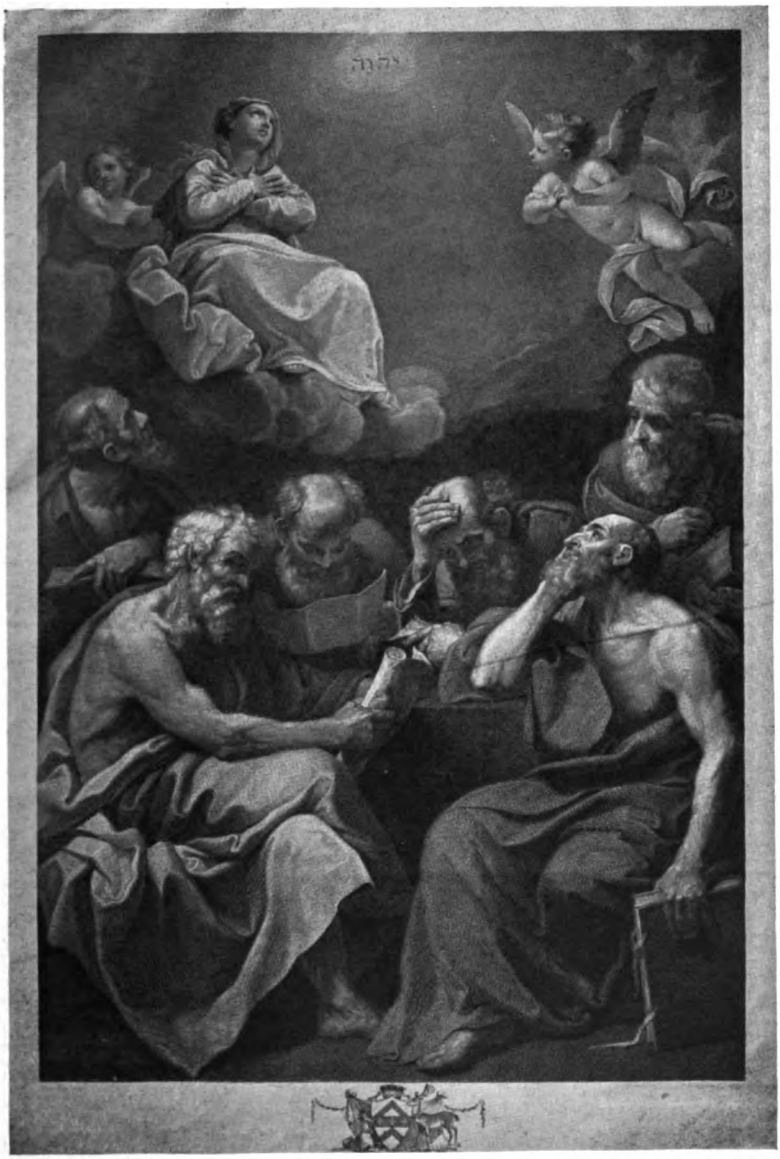
FOUR CENTURIES OF LINE ENGRAVINGS

Introduction to the Catalogue of an Exhibition made by the Grolier Club

FOR nearly four centuries the line engraver has gone hand in hand with the creative painter — not actually making copies or replicas of his work, but translating it from the language of color into the language of black and white; and it is mainly because he is the reproducer and multiplier of the essential qualities of great paintings that we owe the engraver such a debt of recognition.

The great masterpiece of painting is a solitary aristocrat. Happy is the individual or the community that possess such a picture; meanwhile it is unavailable to the rest of mankind — but the engraving done from it is as available, familiar, and companionable as a printed book. Although but a frail sheet of paper it is more durable than any painting, and prevailing by its numbers it is in many cases the only remaining record of some precious original which has long since perished.

A very few of the great painters possessed the technical skill and the patience to engrave or etch their own designs; thus the line engravings of Albrecht Dürer and the etchings of Rembrandt



THE DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH

Size of the original print, 24½ by 15½ inches.

From the line-engraving by William Sharp (1749–1824), after the painting by Guido Reni. Engraved in 1785. The original painting, at the time of the engraving, was in the Houghton Gallery, but is now in the Imperial Gallery of St. Petersburg.

PHAETON

Size of the original print, 19 by 24¼ inches.

From the line-engraving by William Woollett (1735–1785), after the painting by Richard Wilson, R.A. Engraved in 1763. In the treatment of air and sunlight this beautiful plate is unsurpassed in line-engraving, even by Woollett himself.

are incomparably finer than any reproductive work done by another hand could be; but in the great majority of cases the creative artist employed and directed the skilled engraver and fully understood the value of that subordinate art which multiplied and perpetuated his own original design.

Thus Raphael found and made a great engraver of Marcantonio Raimondi; Cornelis Cort worked in Titian's own house; Rubens formed and trained a notable band of engravers, and so did both Sir Joshua Reynolds and Turner. And these engravers (themselves consummate artists) soon learned to comprehend and to interpret, with special insight and skill, the style of the master who guided them.

Under these circumstances the common objection that such engravings are not "original" is quite out of place. When Marcantonio or Desnoyers engraves a picture by Raphael, no one wants originality on his part; Raphael supplies that; but what we do demand is absolute fidelity to his original. What would be thought of a literary man who, in rendering an ode of Horace or the Dies Iræ into English, would proceed to infuse some of his own "originality" into the translation?

If such institutions as the British Museum and the Paris Bibliothèque have zealously collected and preserved tens of thousands of line engravings, believing them to be veritable works of art, and worthy of the care that is devoted to them, it is evident that the limits of space in this gallery

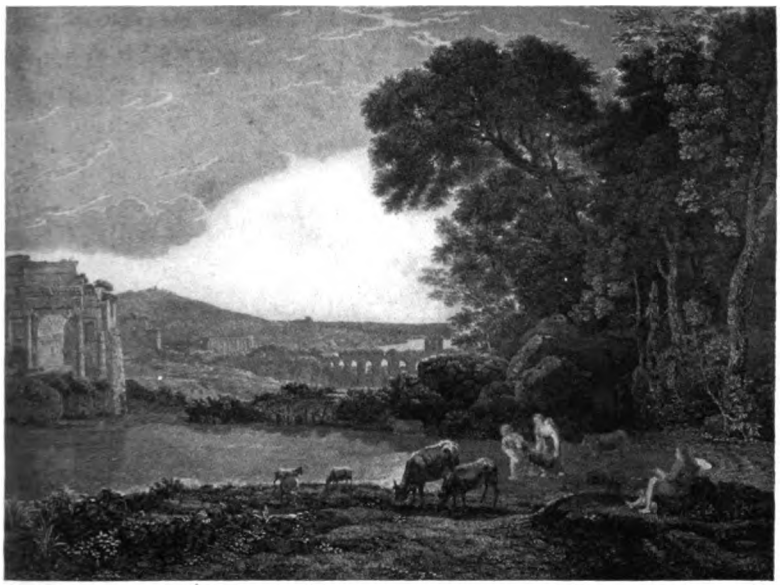
render it impossible to do full justice to so wide a field. The intelligent specialist will certainly miss some of his favorite prints, and he may wonder at the absence from the catalogue of some of the famous names in engraving; but until the physical problem is solved whereby a pint vessel may be made to contain a quart or a gallon of liquid, he will doubtless make due allowance for such enforced omissions.

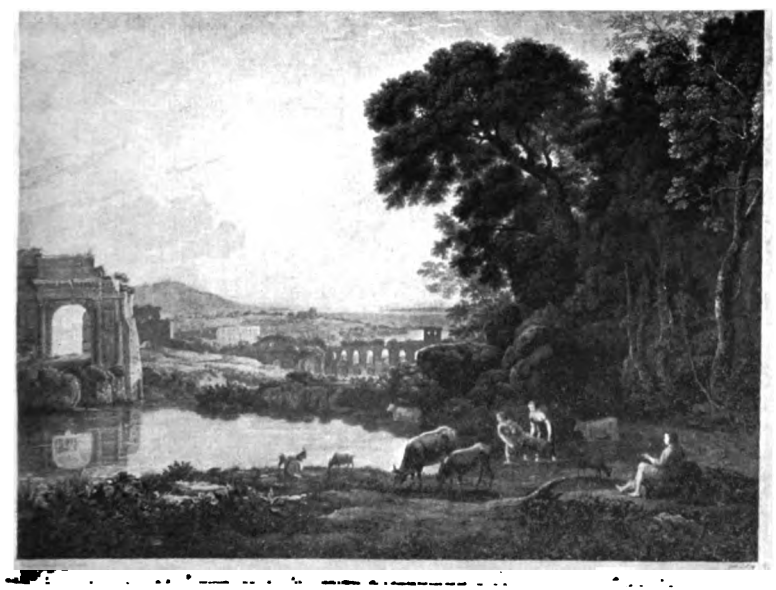
Raphael Morghen, one of the last of the great line engravers, died in 1833 — and in the same decade Daguerre announced to the world the discovery of photography. Thereafter chemistry and sunlight have put an end to what Ruskin calls "the noble human labour of the engraver." He is no longer indispensable, as for centuries he was. Like Scott's superseded and forlorn Last Minstrel,

> "He tunes to please a peasant's ear
> The harp a king had loved to hear."

He "rests from his labors," yet "his works do follow him." The great engravers are dead, but the great engravings will never die.

All the charm which belongs to an object which is rare as well as beautiful inheres in the fine impressions of the best of the old line engravings. "Steel-facing" of copper plates was then unknown, and in the process of printing from the unprotected copper it very soon wore out. Hence really good impressions of these old engravings are of





ROMAN EDIFICES IN RUINS

Size of the original print, 23¾ by 18¾ inches.

The upper picture is from the *etching* by William Woollett, after the painting by Claude Lorraine. The lower picture is from the plate after it was finished in *line-engraving* in 1772. It is interesting to note how far forward Woollett carried his plates in etching. This gave to his work a freedom and richness which ranks him foremost of all engravers of landscape. There is a monument to Woollett in Westminster Abbey.

A FRUIT PIECE

A FLOWER PIECE

Size of the original prints, 20 by 15½ inches.

From the mezzotint engravings by Richard Earlom (1743–1822) after the paintings by Jan van Huysum. Engraved in 1778. Not only are these two superb mezzotints the masterpieces of the engraver, they are, technically, among the finest mezzotints ever executed.

necessity very few in number—and, to the educated eye, worn impressions are worthless.

Even the masterpieces of the great engravers, which for centuries had been cherished as veritable works of art, have suffered a temporary eclipse owing to the sudden (and deserved) popularity of the best contemporary painter-etching; but intelligent connoisseurs are now beginning to realize that our forefathers were in no respect mistaken in the high estimate which they put upon the best line engravings, and to-day these works have an added claim on us because of their increasing rarity through the lapse of long years and because no new reproductive process can ever compete with them.

It is strange how hard a wide-spread error dies — if it ever dies at all. Thus, both here and in England, thousands of educated people still use the term "a steel engraving." This term is nearly always a misnomer, for it is a fact that hardly a single one of the engravings which rank as works of art was done on a steel plate; copper is obviously a far mellower metal for the engraver to work upon. Indeed, almost the only veritable "steel engravings" which enjoy a universal and unchanging popularity are the *greenbacks* issued by the Treasury at Washington!

DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS

WITH regard to the delightful hobby of collecting works of art, or even the faculty of admiring them if one cannot possess them, I confess that my own first choice would be the collecting of painters' drawings.

Even the finest and most elaborate painting is often no better than a compromise between the artist's own feeling and his thought of what would please the public — and the buyer; but in these drawings we have the artist himself, pure and simple. Such drawings were personal memoranda, never destined for sale or for exhibition, and in consequence they are the most *personal* of all pictures. For this reason they are seldom signed, any more than a man would sign a memorandum written for his own use.

At the present day, unless an art-lover has a very long purse, he cannot possess a painting by an artist of the first rank. Most of such pictures — like a nun entering a convent — have "taken the veil." They have gone into galleries whence they can never come out. We may look at them, perhaps, but we never can possess them. But an intimate and well authenticated drawing, the work of some great artist, is still available occasionally.

STUDY OF A BOY'S HEAD

Size of the original drawing, 5⅜ by 4½ inches.

Drawn by Cornelis Visscher, who was born in Holland about the year 1620, and died about the year 1670.

"If I had the means to be a collector of fine prints and drawings I would commence by collecting the works of Cornelis Visscher."

F. K.

THE BEHEADING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

Size of the original drawing, 8 by $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

From the original sketch by Rembrandt. To the right is seen the daughter of Herodias, holding a "charger," or dish, which is to contain the head of John the Baptist.

The masters of painting may be divided into those who knew how to etch or engrave their own compositions, and those who did not. Dürer, Rembrandt, Claude Lorrain, and Canaletto have left prints, done by their own hands, which are procurable by almost any one, but the great majority of painters were dependent on some other engraver or etcher for the duplication of the design of their picture.

Meanwhile, every one of the painters has left intimate drawings and studies which, as I have said, were memoranda for himself alone, and such drawings are as carefully preserved in the museums of Europe as are the paintings themselves. Several of the great painters had almost a passion for making drawings; just as some writer, endowed with great mental activity, keeps a "commonplace book" in which he jots down every literary idea as it occurs to him. Rembrandt had such a passion and so had the Frenchman Millet, whose son has told me that when his father sat down to dinner he used to take a few sheets of paper and a pencil to the table, and that seated there he would often jot down some artistic idea which had just occurred to him.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

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HAD Sir Joshua Reynolds never painted a picture, he would still remain a most interesting personality, solely for what he was and for the friends he made.

Most subjects — especially from the journalistic point of view — very soon become stale and unacceptable; yet there are a few that never grow old, but, like some fairy-tale told and retold to a child, never lose their charm. The lives as well as the works of great artists are subjects of this sort; and when, as in the case of Reynolds, the great artist was also a man thoroughly respected and cordially liked, and moreover, when his intellectual endowments caused his society to be sought by the finest minds of his age — there is some warrant in retelling a story, much but not all of which has often been told before.

It speaks well for any man to have been the intimate personal friend of the very best people of his own day and generation. And what superlatively good company was that which Sir Joshua kept! The famous Literary Club, established at the artist's own suggestion in 1764, and of which he was the president, contained perhaps a higher average of intellect, and even of genius, than any

other similar association. At least four of the most famous men of that historic circle lived and died in comparative poverty, but now that a century has passed away, what matters poverty to such men as Samuel Johnson, or Edmund Burke, or Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or Oliver Goldsmith?

The familiar engraving "A Literary Party at the House of Reynolds," brings them all before us. A number of gentlemen are seen seated round the hospitable artist's table; the burly and masterful Dr. Johnson, in a huge wig, is thundering at Edmund Burke, while behind the doctor's chair is Boswell, taking notes; Sir Joshua himself (who was very deaf) sits quietly listening through his ear-trumpet; Garrick is there, bright, alert, and Oliver Goldsmith looks as if he would much rather be talking himself than merely listening.

Goldsmith was generally the butt of that brilliant company, — undersized, ill-favored, bald, scarred with smallpox, improvident and impecunious, vain, dressy, and talkative as a magpie, but to-day perhaps the brightest star of that brilliant constellation. Success and adulation made Garrick vain; but Goldsmith's vanity did not require these aids. And yet we sympathize with him still on such occasions as that when his *amour-propre* was so ruthlessly crushed and trampled upon at a meeting of the Club, where he was delivering himself of some intellectual harangue — doubtless to his own entire satisfaction — and a certain German Herr Professor

(who had been casually admitted), on seeing Dr. Johnson begin to puff and roll in his chair as his manner was when an idea struck him — suddenly broke in upon the luckless Goldsmith with — "Ach! blease be silendt; *Toctor Chonson* iss going to zay zomezing!"

When his landlady had Goldsmith arrested for debt, the only possible asset through which his friend Johnson could hope to extricate him was the manuscript of a tale which Goldsmith had written, but had never attempted to publish. This Johnson took to a publisher and advised him to buy it for sixty pounds. What would have been poor Goldsmith's emotion could he have looked into the future and witnessed a recent event which took place in Germany: the editor of a widely circulated journal there took the votes of his subscribers as to their favorite book, and this same tale of Goldsmith's — "The Vicar of Wakefield" — came in at the top of the poll!

This was the man whom Reynolds chose as his most intimate companion, though after Goldsmith's death, in 1774, the historian Gibbon seems to have gradually taken his place. Goldsmith's affection is touchingly expressed in his pathetic dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Reynolds: "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to *you*."

There was indeed only one inferior man among this company of friends; but they little thought,

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Size of the original print, $18\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 inches.
From the mezzotint by James Watson (1740–1790), after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved in 1770.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.
Engraved by Wm. Doughty.
The Hon.ble AUGUSTUS KEPPEL, Admiral of the Blue, and Commander in Chief of a Squadron of
His Majesty's Ships, Employed and to be Employed in the Channel, Soundings &c. in the Year 1779.
London, Published as the Act directs, March 1st 1779 by Wm. Doughty, N.o 3 Little Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square

THE HONORABLE AUGUSTUS KEPPEL

Size of the original print, 15⅞ by 12⅞ inches.

From the mezzotint engraving by William Doughty, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved in 1779. Admiral Keppel was one of the first patrons of Sir Joshua Reynolds and was instrumental in starting him on his career as a portrait-painter.

when they tolerated James Boswell as a sort of harmless hanger-on of Dr. Johnson, that they themselves (as well as Boswell's particular hero) would go down to remote posterity, alive and human, in the pages of that book of which Macaulay declares it can only perish with the English language.

Joshua Reynolds was one of a large family of children, and was born in 1723 in the little town of Plympton, Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was master of the grammar school. His father, not believing that painting should be considered as a serious profession at all, desired to make a physician of his son, and it is recorded that when the good clergyman found a drawing which had been perpetrated during school-hours, he wrote upon it: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." But when he was convinced of his son's overpowering bent toward art he had the intelligence not to oppose it further; and he lived to see the beginnings of Joshua's success.

The young student was bound as apprentice to Hudson, then the fashionable portrait painter of London — but more a mere manufacturer of likenesses than an artist. Indeed, until Reynolds himself turned the tide, the English acted on the belief that only a foreigner could paint a good portrait. This was well so long as they employed such masters as Holbein and Van Dyck; but at later periods foreign painters of

lower rank, such as Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, continued the tradition, to the great discouragement of the home school.

Hudson, soon becoming jealous of his clever apprentice, dismissed him, and shortly afterward Reynolds had the good fortune to be taken to the Mediterranean by his life-long friend Admiral Keppel, in the war-ship Centurion, and the first portrait which he painted of the admiral was the picture which laid the foundation of his fortune. From the British war-ship he landed in Italy, where he remained for nearly three years, and from Rome he wrote to his family, "I am now at the height of my wishes." And if an art-student ever made the most of his opportunities for study, Reynolds certainly did. His journals during that period are full of careful notes on the great Italian pictures, and besides written observations he made many sketches of these pictures or of parts of them. He did little direct copying, but sought rather to penetrate the principle of their technic and style.

Although France still sends her own brightest young painters to complete their studies at the Italian capital, yet in our day Paris, and not Rome, is the Mecca of art-students—especially of Americans. Of these, some are earnest, modest, and hard-working, and will not disappoint the hopes of their friends in the future. But among many others of this Paris colony it is greatly to be feared that a student like young Reynolds would be voted a dull, spiritless, plodding fellow;

depending very little on his inborn and untaught genius, but, on the contrary, taking infinite pains to learn what he did not know. He certainly was not up to the modern standard of knowing all about art without having taken the trouble to learn, nor did he look down with an amiable contempt upon the men who have produced the great pictures of the world; and though his journals are full of records of close and earnest study of great pictures, he never loftily dismissed the claims of some recognized masterpiece on the ground that it was "not Art" or not "amusing," or of another because it was "ghastly," or of a third, which had won the enthusiastic admiration of the best judges, because it was "merely popular." Indeed, so far was Reynolds lacking in this ultra modern superiority, that when he had won recognition throughout Europe as being one of the great masters of painting, he was not ashamed to express himself in the following plain words: "Those who are determined to excel in art must go to their work whether willing or unwilling; morning, noon, and night. And they will find it no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor." And again he writes: "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be attained without it."

It was while studying Raphael's frescos in the Vatican that Reynolds caught the cold which resulted in his deafness; and thereafter the ear-trumpet of Sir Joshua was as characteristic a part of himself as was the wooden leg a part of

the redoubtable Governor Peter Stuyvesant. He even painted his own portrait with this trumpet held to his ear; though, when about the same time he painted Dr. Johnson holding a book very close to his eyes, the great man did not relish this vivid evidence of his extreme near-sightedness, but said to Boswell: "Sir, he may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I *will not* go down to posterity as 'Blinking Sam.'"

Returning to London in 1752, Reynolds soon entered upon that wonderful career of success and prosperity which lasted continuously for nearly forty years; and although in ideal compositions, which depend on the artist's imaginative power, he has certainly been excelled by some other masters, yet in portrait painting he became supreme. To read the mere list of his sitters one would imagine that not only the British peerage, but also every celebrity and beauty of the time, had gone in a long procession through Sir Joshua's studio. He used to consider a hundred and fifty finished portraits a fair year's work, and, incredible as it seems, he was able to finish a head in four hours. His main desire was to paint the countenance of his sitter at its best. "His men are all nobleness, his women all loveliness, and his children all simplicity"; yet they are all like the living originals. Having caught not only the features, but also the expression and the soul of his subject, he loved to idealize the costume and surroundings — especially of his ladies — and in the charm and variety of his poses and accessories

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Size of the original print, 18 by 13 inches.

From the mezzotint by William Doughty, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved in 1779. In this magnificent portrait the painter and the engraver have combined to give us the best portrait of "the Colossus of English Literature."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Size of the original print, 18 by 13 inches.

From the mezzotint by Giuseppe Marchi. Engraved in 1770. Reynolds, with his wonderful art, has given both dignity and mental power to these plain and homely features.

he has perhaps never been equaled by any other portrait painter.

His prices were at first very moderate, but he continued to advance them without diminishing the number of his patrons. Both he and Garrick were said to have had a keen eye to their own pecuniary interests; but what sensible man does not get all that he lawfully and honorably can? The fortune which he left to his niece (besides large bequests to other relations) amounted to about a hundred thousand pounds sterling, but he was liberal as well as prudent, and when making his will not only did he cancel a debt of two thousand pounds which he had lent to Edmund Burke, but he bequeathed him an additional sum of the same amount.

When, in the year 1760, Reynolds removed to the spacious house, number 47 Leicester Square, where he passed the remainder of his life, he was at the height of his fame and success. A tablet over the door still records his occupancy of thirty-two years, and the present tenants, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, the auctioneers of artistic and literary property, are most obliging in pointing out to visitors the various relics of the master — even to the banisters of the stone staircase, which were made with an outward curve so that the fine ladies wearing enormous hoops could pass up and down unimpeded. What a procession of notable personages did this staircase accommodate; what guests assembled around that table; and had the dumb walls been

phonographs, how precious would their records be now!

Few men have ever led a fuller or happier life than Reynolds. One of the most sympathetic of his biographers — his pupil Northcote — says of him: "He most heartily enjoyed his profession, and I agree with Mr. Malone (another biographer), who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he ever knew." Dr. Johnson, who seldom paid compliments, said of him that if they should quarrel Reynolds would have him at a great disadvantage, because he could not say one word to his detriment. His literary powers were of a high order; but he never could have written such a book as that strange production of a great artist of a later century "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"; for his whole life was an unceasing practise of the still gentler and more difficult art of making friends. One secret of his success may be found among the code of rules which he had composed for himself: "The great secret of being happy in this world is, not to mind or be affected by small things."

In politics he belonged to the small minority, so splendidly led by Burke and Chatham, who steadfastly believed in the ultimate success of those rebels in America who were giving King George the Third so much trouble; and he even won several wagers on the result.

The Royal Academy of Arts was founded in 1768, when Reynolds was elected president by acclamation and was knighted by the King. His

majesty was probably as blind to the real merits of the artist as he was to those of most other great men of his time (though, by the way, George the Third believed in Handel when that great musician was neglected by the fashionable world of London). Notwithstanding Sir Joshua's many occupations, he was tireless in advancing the interests of the Royal Academy, and continued to labor for it to the end of his life. It was he who inaugurated the annual Academy dinner, which in our day is attended by the greatest personages of the land, including royalty; and the yearly discourses which he delivered as president have taken rank as unquestioned classics in the art lore of the world. They were soon translated into several continental languages, and the Empress Catherine the Great of Russia sent their author her portrait set with diamonds, and an autograph letter thanking him for the pleasure and instruction which their perusal had afforded her. The great success of these discourses was too much for Sir Joshua's detractors, and though they could not deny their merit, they were fain to declare that their high literary quality was due to the pen of Edmund Burke or Dr. Johnson. Burke simply denied the report, and Johnson declared that he would as little think of presuming to write for Reynolds as he would to paint for him. Charles Blanc, the French Academician, while bestowing unstinted praise on Reynolds as a painter, declares that these Academy discourses are still his greatest work; but the eminent critic goes on to say

that the artist's practise did not always accord with his precepts; as when he ranks drawing above color, while his pictures really are stronger in color than in drawing; or when he declares that Michael Angelo was the king of all artists, while he (Reynolds) imitated Rembrandt in his pictures. It is hard to understand what so acute a critic as Charles Blanc can mean when he reproaches Reynolds with imparting "an altogether British aspect" to his portraits. What else would he have them?

Ruskin calls Sir Joshua the "prince of portrait painters" and "one of the seven colorists of the world," ranking him in this respect with Turner and five of the great Italian masters. Reynolds did not attain this mastery of color without working for it. He even went to the extreme of purchasing pictures by Titian and Rubens and decomposing their pigments, thereby hoping to "pluck out the heart of their mystery." Sir Joshua's zeal for improvement was insatiable. He never began a picture without resolving that he would make it a better one than he had ever painted before. One result of this ambition was, that, in general, the quality of his work became better and better to the end of his life. But in one particular he certainly exercised a "zeal, but not according to knowledge"; for having inherited from his father a taste for making experiments in chemistry, he applied it to the composition of his colors — sometimes with disastrous results. Thus, I remember that twenty-five years ago his

THAIS

Size of the original print, 19 by 10½ inches.

From the stipple engraving by Francesco Bartolozzi (1725–1815), after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved in 1792.

Thais, the protégée of Alexander the Great, bearing the torch to fire the Persian palace at Persepolis. This is a good example of the stipple or dotted manner of engraving.

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

Size of the original print, 20 by 15¼ inches.

From the stipple engraving by Charles Wilkin (1750–1814), after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved in 1791. This beautiful picture, although painted in 1773, is, unlike many of Sir Joshua's works, as fresh and glowing as it could have been when it first left the painter's easel.

large "Holy Family," in the British National Gallery, was in fairly good condition; but on revisiting it yearly it was easy to see that the cracks on its surface were growing more apparent, and that the picture was going to destruction. The last time I saw it, it was worse than ever — and recently the picture has been removed from the walls altogether. On the other hand, the beautiful portrait of Lady Cockburn and her three children, painted in 1773, is now as fresh and glowing as it could have been when it first left the painter's easel.

Some of his methods were peculiar. He usually painted his sitters from their reflection in a mirror, and not from a direct view. He always remained standing while at work, and he rarely signed a portrait. One notable exception, however, was made in the case of his magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, which was painted when the master was sixty years old and when Mrs. Siddons was twenty-eight. The great actress, failing at first to recognize a sort of embroidery which the artist had added to the edge of her robe, soon perceived that it contained the words "Joshua Reynolds pinxit, 1784"; whereupon Sir Joshua assured her that he would be proud to have his name go down to posterity on the hem of her garment! Before commencing this picture, the artist, instead of posing the sitter himself, requested Mrs. Siddons to give him her own idea of the Tragic Muse, and she immediately assumed the pose in which the picture was painted.

Sir Joshua Reynolds never married; but like most of the sons of Adam his life had its romance, and the gossips of the time (if not he himself) were determined that he should marry Angelica Kauffmann.

This interesting artist was the daughter of an obscure painter, and was born in Switzerland. She came to England in 1776, where she met with a very flattering reception. She profited greatly by the instruction and the friendship of Reynolds, and was even elected one of the thirty-six original members of the Royal Academy. Her style is attractive from a certain dainty elegance which sometimes borders on affectation, and many of her designs have been beautifully engraved by Bartolozzi, Thomas Burke, and others. Although at one time Angelica imagined herself to be deeply in love with Sir Joshua, yet she was a sad flirt, and after having more or less seriously broken the hearts of several adorers, she finished by marrying an impostor — the valet of Count de Horn, a Swedish nobleman. This man imposed upon her by assuming not only the title but even the clothes of his master.

A curious thing is the passionate love for children which is so often seen in persons who have deliberately chosen a single life. One of the cynical rules which Dean Swift laid down for himself when he had grown old was to take care not to allow his fondness for children to be seen. Possibly, if such people as the Dean and Sir Joshua had brought up families of their own, their exalted

idea of the angelic attributes of children might have been somewhat lowered; but be this as it may, it is safe to say that the very loveliest portraits of children that ever were painted are the work of this childless man. His familiar group known as "Angels' Heads" is nothing but the portrait of little Isabel Gordon, taken from five different points of view. The original, in the National Gallery, happily retains all its beauty of color. It recalls the famous pun of Pope Gregory the Great, "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" The quaint picture of "Mercury as a Pickpocket" is another example of the master's intimate sympathy with children.

It is recorded that Reynolds always believed his portraits of women to be his finest works, and it is certain that at the present day such a portrait, or even a fine engraving from it, would sell for a much higher price than could be obtained for any other class of his work. For example, a proof of Watson's mezzotint of Lady Bampfylde was recently sold at auction in London for three hundred and sixty pounds — a much larger sum than Sir Joshua received for the original painting. The portrait of the Hon. Miss Bingham shows much of the innocence and charm that characterize the master's portraits of children. This beautiful girl lived till 1840, and never married.

Perhaps no famous beauty has ever been the subject of so many notable pictures as the celebrated Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton. In early life she was a nursemaid at Hawarden

(where Mr. Gladstone lived), but later she seems to have driven the artists wild with admiration for her beauty and grace. Romney has painted several admirable portraits of her; and Sir Joshua represents her in the character of a bacchante. The fine picture of Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia is one of the few representative examples of Reynolds that are accessible to the American public. It is in the gallery of the Lenox Library, New York. There are also a few in private collections, but notwithstanding the master's industry and facility of production, fine "Sir Joshuas" are to-day almost unprocurable.

Just at present there exists in Paris a great enthusiasm for the works of Reynolds; and the Salon of the present year contained a considerable number of etchings and engravings after them. But not one of them is satisfactory, and it is evident that the French, with all their cleverness, cannot do him justice. These engravers seemed determined to "improve" the originals by adding a coquettish Parisian smirk to the faces; and the result is deplorable. I remember in particular one of these reproductions, in which the sweet and simple little Penelope Boothby is made to look like an artful young schemer — full of craft and *arrière pensée*. Indeed, it is rare to find an engraver of one nationality who can do justice to the picture of another.

While such masters as Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and Turner employed and directed their own

LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL, AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK

Size of the original print, 23¼ by 14¼ inches.

From the mezzotint engraving by Richard Fisher (1730–1785), after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved in 1761.

Lady Elizabeth Keppel was one of the bridesmaids to Queen Charlotte in 1761, in which character Reynolds painted her. This and the companion portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury are accounted the masterpieces of the engraver.

LADY ELIZABETH FOSTER

Size of the original print, 10½ by 8¾ inches.

From the stipple engraving by Francesco Bartolozzi (1725–1815), after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Bartolozzi was a master in line-engraving as well as in the stipple method.

engravers — fully understanding the value of that subordinate art which multiplied and perpetuated their own original designs — yet it is probable that Reynolds was better served than any other master through what Ruskin calls "the noble human labor of the engraver." His rich coloring and broad style lent themselves especially to the mezzotint process, and, largely through his encouragement and patronage, the contemporary British school of mezzotint engravers produced works which must always rank as masterpieces. Within two years from his death as many as seven hundred plates had been engraved after his designs, and during the nineteenth century this large number was greatly increased. Upon seeing one of the plates which MacArdell engraved, Sir Joshua had the generosity to exclaim: "By this man I shall be immortalized!" Indeed, he little suspected that this was true in a double sense, in view of the fact that he often made use of perishable colors; and while the decay of any painting in oils is only a question of time, there is practically no limit to the lasting powers of those frail sheets of paper. Reynolds himself, in common with many artists — including Rembrandt, Sir Peter Lely, and Bonnat — had a life-long passion for collecting prints and drawings; and his well-known stamp on the back of some fine old print or sketch is still an endorsement and guarantee of its quality.

I have never seen mention made of the curious circumstance that many portrait painters seem

to have unconsciously given to their sitters a shade of resemblance to their own features. Van Dyck's portraits nearly all bear a trace of the master's own elegance of face and figure, the works of Holbein and Rubens give countenance to the same theory, and Rembrandt's magnificent portraits, though showing such a wonderful variety, yet all bear a more or less remote resemblance to Rembrandt himself. The same is true of Sir Joshua's. This may be partly, but not entirely, accounted for by the fact that not only do the individuals of any one nation bear a certain resemblance to each other, and that the same is true of the whole people of any given epoch; but the main reason seems to be that the artist unconsciously imitates his own face. We need not always recognize this resemblance by means of a portrait of the artist painted by himself; for instance, such a portrait as that of Reynolds painted by the American, Gilbert Stuart, shows us practically the same face as those painted by Reynolds himself. This theory has been confirmed by a distinguished American artist whom I have consulted. He states further that, in his experience, if two students are drawing from the same model, the one of whom is tall and slender, and the other short and robust, each will be sure to impart to his drawing a good deal of his own physical proportions.

In 1784 Reynolds lost his old friend, Dr. Johnson. A short time previously Johnson had written to him: "We are now old acquaintance, and

perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side." The day before he died he sent for Sir Joshua and told him he had three requests to make of him. The first was to forgive him a debt of thirty pounds (*that* was easily granted); the second was to read his Bible regularly, and the third was to refrain from painting on the Sabbath day. Sir Joshua, in the fulness of his heart, promised everything; but he afterward found the third promise so irksome that, after having consulted his friends, he came to the conclusion that his old friend had no right to bind him to such a promise, and so he resumed his brush on the Sabbath.

Reynolds himself was now growing old; but in 1785 he painted the admirable portrait of John Hunter which has been so finely engraved by William Sharp, and the same year he spent a thousand pounds on pictures for his own collection. His enthusiasm for fine things was as strong as ever, and it was by his advice that the Duke of Portland purchased the famous antique Portland Vase which is now the pride of the British Museum. He continued to go into society as before, and he was present at some of the great speeches delivered by Burke and Sheridan at the trial of Warren Hastings. In 1789, while painting, he was stricken with a disease of the eyes — the same malady which caused the blindness of Milton, and thereafter he could paint very little. But he bore his affliction with great

serenity, comforted by the loving attentions of his "troops of friends," or in their absence amusing himself with his pet birds. He also made an exhibition of his valuable collection of old paintings and handed the proceeds to his servant. In 1792 he was found to be incurably ill from a disease of the liver, and on February 23 he died.

He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, close by the tomb of his fellow townsman Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the great church, where his statue by Flaxman now occupies a conspicuous place. "Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern by all sorts of people," writes Edmund Burke; and he adds: "Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of coloring, he was the equal of the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portraits he went beyond them. In these he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere."

This is lofty praise; but notwithstanding the stately periods of Burke the best summary of Sir Joshua's character and genius seems to be the facetious mock-epitaph which in a merry hour, years before the death of either, his dear friend Goldsmith wrote upon him:

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind,
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff!

As the train recedes from such cities as Cologne or Strassburg or Amiens, the observant passenger will have noticed that while the ordinary buildings of the city gradually sink down to a dim and inconspicuous level, the great cathedral looms up vaster and grander, until at last it seems to stand alone in its dignity and glory. It is so with some human lives; and it is so with the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SAMUEL COUSINS, R. A.

MEZZOTINT ENGRAVER

THE mezzotint process is, in one respect, radically different from all other methods of engraving on metal plates. In line engraving, stipple or dotted work, aquatint, etching and drypoint, it is by the laying in of the *black* line or tone that the engraver produces his picture; but in mezzotint he begins with a solid black and makes his picture by supplying the *white* or the intermediate tones between black and white.

The invention of this art, for nearly two centuries, had been claimed for Prince Rupert, the military hero who was born at Prague in 1619, but recent research demonstrates that the real inventor of the process was Ludwig Von Siegen, a soldier friend of Prince Rupert's. In the year 1839 an ingenious Frenchman discovered Von Siegen's original letter to the prince, describing to him the new method of engraving which he had invented. This letter was dated August, 1642.

In any case it was Prince Rupert who introduced the new process into England, and so thoroughly did the English adopt and develop it that mezzotint engraving is still called by the French *la manière anglaise;* and from the middle of the

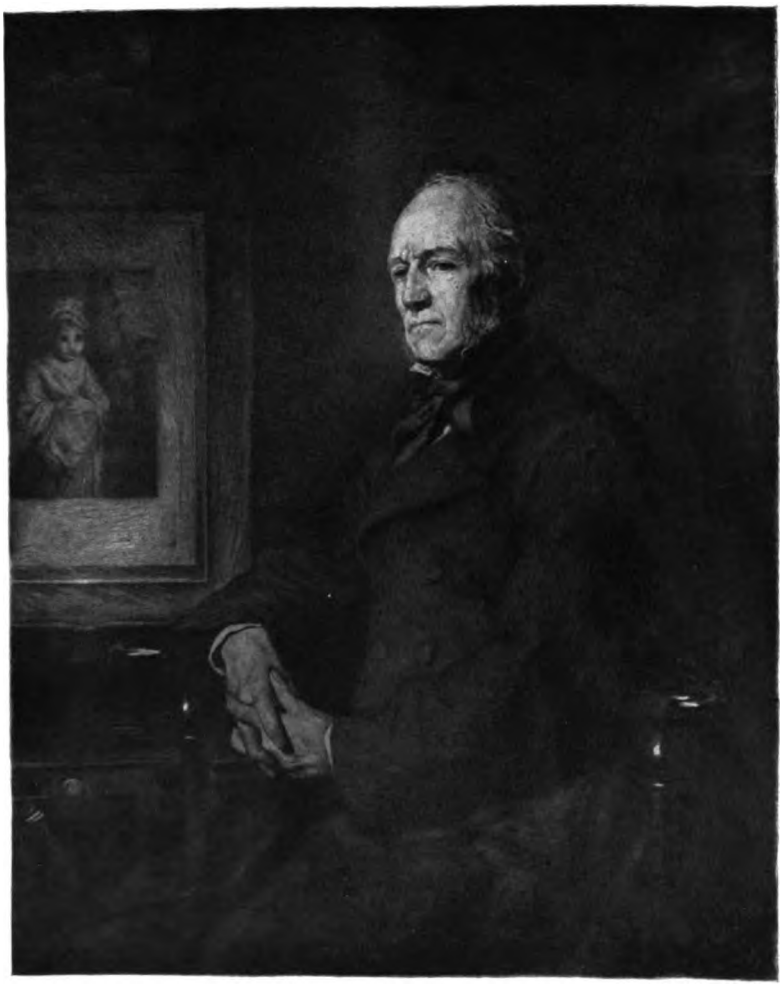
eighteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth, plates were produced in England which, for beauty, richness, and genuine artistic value have never since been equaled — except by Samuel Cousins himself. Of these eighteenth century mezzotinters some of the greatest names are MacArdell, Earlom, and Pether. It was of the Irish engraver, MacArdell, that Sir Joshua Reynolds made the generous declaration: "By this man I shall be immortalized!"

Other mezzotinters who worked in the method of MacArdell and his contemporaries were William Ward, Doughty, Fisher, John Jones, and John Raphael Smith. This great tradition of the eighteenth century school of mezzotinting was most worthily carried on by Samuel W. Reynolds, who was born in 1773. An exhibition of this engraver's works would be a delight to all lovers of fine prints; and one of his chief claims to an assured place in the Temple of Fame is that he was the teacher of at least two veritable masters of mezzotint engraving —David Lucas and Samuel Cousins. The English painter, Constable (predecessor of the French landscape school of Corot, Théodore Rousseau, and Daubigny) soon appropriated David Lucas to his sevice, while Sir Thomas Lawrence — the most eminent portrait painter after the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds — most gladly availed himself of the subordinate genius of Samuel Cousins.

Of this happy collaboration of a great portrait painter with a great engraver, we read in that

standard book, *Les Merveilles de la Gravure*, by Duplessis, late curator of the great Paris collection of engravings: "Sir Thomas Lawrence met with one engraver, Samuel Cousins, who produced some masterpieces after his paintings. We may specially mention the portrait of Pope Pius VII — the best mezzotint of modern times. Thoroughly well instructed in his art, Cousins has in this portrait preserved all the life and grandeur of the original. He has managed the light with the greatest tact and has drawn the pontiff's head with a power unknown to most of his contemporaries."

It must be remembered that in those good old days photography and modern "process" work were unknown; and if an eminent painter wished to have the essential part of his picture reproduced and multiplied he was obliged to employ the services of an expert engraver. Thus the painter and the engraver worked toward the same end, and the result is the existence of many masterpieces. We shall never again have any more of them, for photography, and mechanical processes founded on photography, have killed reproductive engraving. This sad circumstance has already greatly enhanced the value of the best of the old engravings — so much so that several of the eighteenth century mezzotints have recently sold at auction in London at from £300 to £1200 sterling each; such prices for single prints being in many cases greater than the painter of the original received for the picture itself. And



SAMUEL COUSINS

Size of the original print, 17½ by 13¾ inches.
From the etching by Charles Waltner, after the painting by Frank Holl,

MASTER LAMBTON

Size of the original print, 15¼ by 11¾ inches.
From the mezzotint engraving by Samuel Cousins (1801–1887), after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Engraved in 1827. The son of J. G. Lambton, Lord Durham. The original painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1825.

for this there is a very good reason. If to-day one wishes to know what some of the existing pictures by, say, Sir Joshua Reynolds, were originally like, he must consult — not the painting — which often has changed and faded, but some contemporary mezzotint after it, which is now as fresh as ever.

One curious circumstance connected with the old masterpieces of portrait engraving is, — that although each portrait was originally produced for the sake of the man or woman whose likeness was therein depicted, yet, as most human beings very soon "outlive their own immortality," it has come to pass that to-day many a man would be totally forgotten were it not for some beautiful portrait of him which is still known and valued. The lost souls in Dante's Inferno had a pathetic longing to be still remembered on the earth. It is an instinct of humanity; and so, happy is he whose portrait has been engraved by a master!

Samuel Cousins, although a very able draughtsman, and endowed with the power to make admirable likenesses from life, yet devoted his talents to reproducing the work of other men. Many print-lovers of our day condemn every engraving which is not "original" — that is, which is not the design of the engraver himself. If this theory had been adopted in former times it would have deprived the world of many of the finest engravings in existence. The reason is that, in nearly every case, the original creative designer did not know

how to etch or engrave, and therefore he was glad to avail himself of the technical skill of the expert engraver. Are Wagner's compositions, for example, never to be performed by trained instrumentalists because that great creative musician has admitted that he himself had not the technical skill to worthily play — even on the piano — the music which his genius had created?

Samuel Cousins was born in the city of Exeter in the year 1801. At the age of eleven he won a prize for drawing, and at the age of twelve a medal from the London Society of Arts. When thirteen years old he was bound apprentice for seven years to the eminent mezzotint-engraver, Samuel W. Reynolds, and, after the completion of his apprenticeship, he worked with Reynolds for three years more. During this latter period about eighty beautiful plates which were signed by Reynolds were really engraved by Cousins. Sir Seymour Haden tells us that as early as the time of Rembrandt it was the custom of a master to publish as his own the best work of clever apprentices.

After his ten years of service with Reynolds, Cousins wished to establish himself as a painter of portraits in miniature. But the painters, the publishers, and the public would not allow him to carry out his personal choice, and these circumstances forced him to remain a mezzotint-engraver — reproducing the work of other men to the end of his long and laborious life.

In 1835 he was elected to membership in the Royal Academy, a circumstance in which he took great pleasure, and of which he was very proud. It is all very well for disappointed outsiders to affect to make light of the magic letters, "R. A.," after a British artist's name, yet in our own day American artists of such power as John S. Sargent and Edwin A. Abbey did not reject the coveted "R. A.," when it was offered to them.

Although it is probable that Cousins has left us a greater number of really first-class mezzotints than any other engraver, yet his work was unequal. This was caused (as it is in the case of some very popular writers) by the importunities of the publishers. They wanted from him far more than he could produce; and although his second best plates were apt to be finer than another man's best, yet it was only when he was not pushed and hurried that we see Samuel Cousins at his best.

When he had attained the age of seventy-four years, Cousins resolved to retire from the practise of his profession. "Hitherto," he said, "I have only suffered existence — now I want to live." He had often complained of the solitude which his work imposed upon him. "Solitary confinement with hard labor," he used to call it. He was rich, he was famous, he was still in excellent health, and he wanted to amuse himself. But this was not to be. He thought that he could rid himself of commissions by putting a prohibitive price on his work, and with this view,

in response to the proposition of a publisher, he demanded the unheard-of price of 1,500 guineas for a plate after Gainsborough — and to his amazement the publisher at once agreed to his terms. Similar offers of the most liberal character induced Cousins, from time to time, to undertake "just one more plate"; and it was during these last years of his life that he produced some of his very best work. His last plate was engraved in his eighty-third year. Very appropriately it was his own portrait, done after the painting by Edwin Long, R. A. In looking at this firm and strong piece of work we are reminded of the text which describes Moses of old in extreme age: "His eye was not dim nor his natural strength abated," and yet the engraver had been working at his art for seventy-one years.

Notwithstanding all this occupation, Cousins found time to "set his house in order," and in making his will he manifested not only his kindly nature, but also his respect for art and artists. He bequeathed £15,000 sterling to the Royal Academy — the interest to be devoted to the aiding of artists of merit in their declining years. No one beneficiary was to receive an annuity of more than £80. At the present time this endowment yields nine annuities of £80 each. He also left £1,000 to the Artist's Benevolent Fund and £5,000 to the Artist's Orphan Fund. He never married, but besides the public benefactions already mentioned he left liberal bequests to members of his own family.

Samuel Cousins died on the 7th of May, 1887. Personally he was a reserved, quiet man, and in no respect a wild, erratic, self-proclaimed "genius." He modestly chose to make his work his monument; allowing his fame to take care of itself — as it has done!

THE MODERN DISCIPLES OF REMBRANDT

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REMBRANDT, who was born in Holland in 1606 and died there in 1665, may be regarded as the great representative etcher for all time. He did not originate the process; but, having found it in a crude and undeveloped state, he carried it to a height of perfection which, as a whole, has never since been equaled.

Notwithstanding all the achievements of the modern school in the various details of etching, dry-point, management of the aqua-fortis, methods of printing, and so forth, it is probably true that every one of these refinements of the art was known and practised by Rembrandt himself. He knew well how to vary effects by different styles of printing, was well acquainted with the virtues of Japanese and vergé papers, and on rare occasions he even printed proofs on satin.

From the etcher's point of view all that this great master produced was so *right*, that now, after the lapse of two centuries, there is probably no etcher living who would not be proud to call himself a "Disciple of Rembrandt." Etching is such a many-sided process that it seems to yield an inexhaustible variety of effects; but to illus-

THE RISING MOON

Size of the original print, 4⅝ by 7½ inches.

Samuel Palmer, the English painter and etcher, was, by nature, a poet. His translation from the Latin, into English verse, of the Eclogues of Virgil, is a standard authority.

THE EARLY PLOUGHMAN

Size of the original print, 5¼ by 7¾ inches.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton considers that this is, on the whole, the finest of Palmer's plates.

AUTUMN IN THE MORVAN
Size of the original print, $4\frac{5}{8}$ by $7\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

COWS IN A POOL
Size of the original print, 5 by $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
From the original etchings by the French master, Charles Daubigny (1815–1878). Some of Daubigny's paintings were elaborated from his earlier etchings of the same subject.

trate how truly Rembrandt "being dead, yet speaketh," a remarkable experience of the present writer may be related. Years ago, when traveling through continental Europe, it was his habit to carry with him a selection of the etchings of Seymour Haden. When these were shown, for the first time, to some artist or amateur, the comment usually was: "School of Rembrandt." And in later years, after our own American etchers began to produce such fine work, the general remark of these same experts, on seeing some specimens of it, was: "School of Seymour Haden."

After the death of Rembrandt, etching seems, in a great measure, to have declined from its legitimate uses, until it became a mere adjunct to line engraving, the engraver using it for the coarser preliminary work of his plate before finishing with the burin. Many plates were also produced entirely by the etching process; but, as the etched line was made to imitate as closely as possible the formal and rigid appearance of the engraved line, the result was a coarse and inferior substitute for line-engraving. Etching could never, however, achieve the mathematical precision of the burin any more than the burin could give the free and spirited touch of the etching-needle; and it seems to have been forgotten that this seeming defect was in reality its greatest charm.

A curious instance of this blindness to the artistic charm of the free and frank work of the painter-etcher is seen in the *Iconography* of Van

Dyck. This great master etched a series of portraits of contemporary artists. He did his work with the greatest economy of labor, but in a superb style. These plates were then (presumably with the consent of Van Dyck) handed over to such excellent engravers as Bolswert, Suyderhoef, and Vorsterman, who finished them with the burin. But before they were thus finished, a few proofs of the pure etchings were taken. And now, after the lapse of two centuries, it has happened to the writer to purchase one of these portraits in both states — namely, the unfinished etching as Van Dyck left it, and the same with the engraver's work superadded; but he paid just fourteen hundred times as much for the "unfinished" as for the "finished" print!

This, of course, is an extreme case, and does not demonstrate that all etching is precious and all engraving worthless. Such attempts have been made; but no amount of argument can disprove the fact that all art lovers owe a debt of gratitude to the engravers in line and mezzotint, who have done noble work in the past and who have preserved to the world many masterpieces of which the originals have perished. The likelihood is that in the future the etching-needle will supersede the burin; but this cannot invalidate the value of the old engravings, and the two sister arts should be regarded as being friends, not enemies.

While Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and some others were working in the Netherlands, their great

CROWS PERCHING IN A TREE
Size of the original print, 7⅛ by 11 inches.

THE MARSH WITH STORKS
Size of the original print, 5¼ by 8 inches.
From the original etchings by Daubigny.

ENVIRONS OF ROME

Size of the original print, 11⅞ by 8⅜ inches.

SOUVENIR OF ITALY

Size of the original print, 11¼ by 8¾ inches.

These two etchings are examples demonstrating how Corot could express the heart and soul of his picture in simple black and white.

contemporary, Claude Lorrain, was painting or etching his beautiful classical landscapes in France and Italy. As an etcher, he was somewhat unequal, but a few of his best plates have never been surpassed for tenderness and beauty.

Perhaps the most important event in the history of etching is the wonderful revival of the art which took place toward the middle of the nineteenth century. Etching had degenerated from its true principles as exemplified by Rembrandt, until it sunk into a coarse and easy substitute for line engraving, instead of being as free and untrammeled as the clouds in a summer sky, when a few thoughtful artists in France and England awoke to the conviction that it was an art apart, and with a language of its own. For this revival we are chiefly indebted to the French school, although, before the general movement had commenced in France, at least one British artist, Sir David Wilkie, had, as early as 1825, produced both etching and dry-point work of the right sort.

Charles Jacque began to etch in the year 1830, and although few artists are better known through their paintings, yet this veteran found time during his long life to produce nearly five hundred plates, and of these his latest are perhaps his best. One of the few surviving pioneers is Léopold Flameng. It is related of him that he never failed to execute a plate but once. When his son François won the great medal of honor of the Paris Salon with his painting of the "Prisoners of Carcassone," the father was so much overcome

with emotion that he could not etch the picture! Léon Gaucherel died in 1886. He once said, and with as much truth as modesty, "My best works are my pupils." He was especially eminent as a teacher: Rajon, Courtry, Lalauze, LeRat, and Félix Buhot all learned their art from him. Of these distinguished artists, Félix Buhot is perhaps the best known to the American public; and he is, in his way, the most remarkable of them all. Until Buhot had demonstrated the contrary, it was supposed that all the resources of etching had been developed and employed; but it remained for him to achieve something absolutely new in this much-tried field.

To return to the pioneers of the modern revival, we come to the great names of Jean-François Millet and Charles Meryon. Millet painted and etched in poverty which amounted to absolute want. Meryon's case was even worse, for he actually went insane from hunger and neglect, and so died. And now, all too late, the etchings of these two masters are eagerly purchased at prices that to them would have seemed wildly incredible.

Other notable French etchers who took part in the movement were Bracquemond, Lalanne, Appian, Martial, and Jacquemart. Also such famous painters as Corot, Fortuny, Meissonier, and Detaille. Valuable aid of another sort was given by the eminent writer Philippe Burty. He was the first to call public attention to the etched work of such masters as Seymour Haden,

UNE MARE

Size of the original print, $9\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

From the etching by Adolphe Appian. Appian, who was born in 1819, was a pupil of Corot, and of Daubigny, and his paintings and etchings are held in high estimation by collectors.

SOURCE OF THE ALBARINE

Size of the original print, 7⅞ by 14¼ inches.

From the etching by Adolphe Appian. Of this beautiful plate Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes, "This is one of the most masterly of Appian's etchings in execution, and so harmonious in tone that I conclude it must have been done from one of the artist's pictures. The sky and distance are delightful in quality, the distance has almost the softness of oil."

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Meryon, and Millet; and being a critic whose opinion carried with it great authority, his timely recognition of the art was a powerful factor in its material success. Important assistance of still another kind was given by the plate-printer Auguste Delâtre. And it is a fortunate circumstance that the etchers of the past thirty years had in Delâtre a printer of consummate ability. He was an artist by nature and instinct if not by profession.

It was said of the French by Bulwer Lytton, that they are "great in all the arts, but supreme in none." Be this as it may, it is probable that the two greatest names in modern etching are those of an Englishman, and an American domiciled in England, — namely, Francis Seymour Haden and James McNeill Whistler.

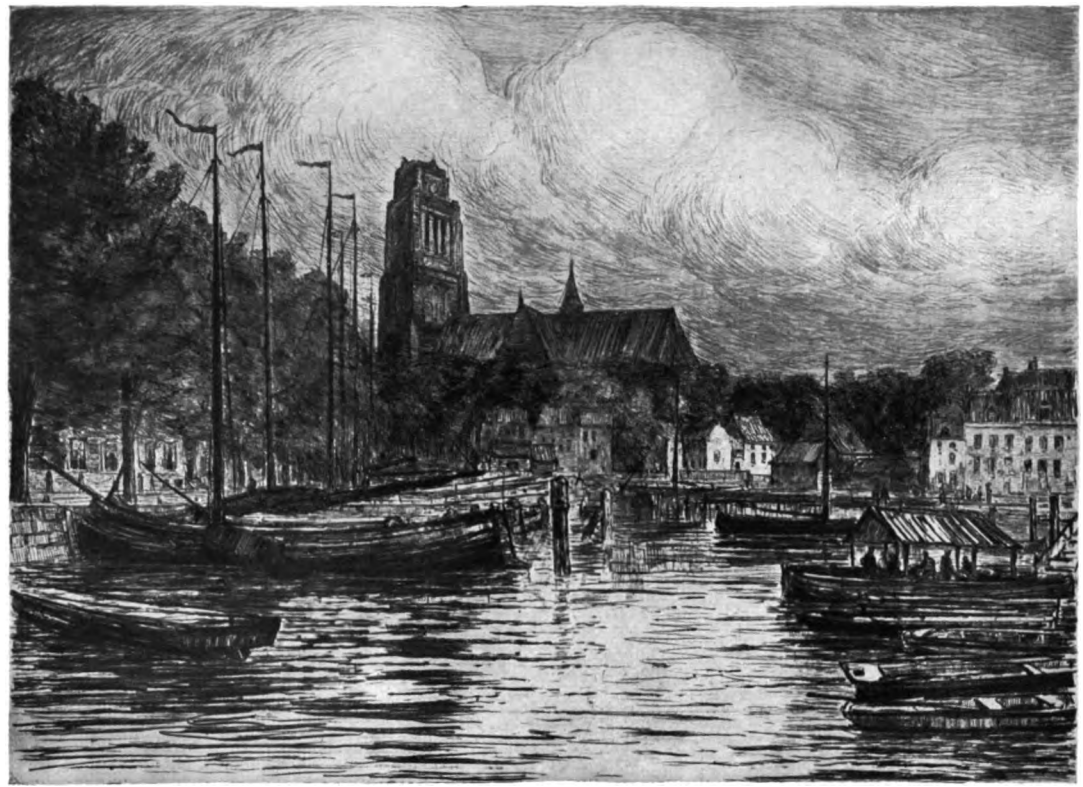
By general consent Seymour Haden ranks as the greatest of modern etchers. How this busy and successful London surgeon took up etching as a pastime, and how with it he has beaten the professional artists on their own ground, is a story too well known to be repeated here. It seems almost a pity that Seymour Haden, in his jealous care for the quality of his work, has seen fit to destroy many of his plates, so as to prevent the possibility of inferior impressions being printed from them in the future. One result is that the proofs have become excessively rare, and those amateurs who have the good fortune to possess some may have the satisfaction of knowing that their value has fully quadrupled since they were first published.

The *Shere Mill-pond* is usually accounted his masterpiece, but a smaller and less known plate entitled the *Water Meadow* deserves special mention. It represents a level English landscape, with trees in the distance. In this etching the wise "labor of omission" is everywhere apparent, and yet none of the essentials of the scene are lacking. The eminent London critic Frederick Wedmore writes of it as "that unsurpassed masterpiece," and the artist's severest critic—namely, himself—has privately written of it in this characteristic way: "I like this plate, which is saying a great deal."

Seymour Haden[1] now declares that his work as an etcher is finished and that he will etch no more. He surely has won laurels to rest on. He quit London years ago and retired to his beautiful old mansion in Hampshire, where the writer once found him at work, felling, with his own hands, some of the superfluous timber on the estate, and wielding the axe with a vigor that would have compelled the admiration of Mr. Gladstone himself.

Whistler may be called the etchers' etcher. So competent a judge as Storm van's Gravesande said of him, "He is the master of us all." Whistler, though a decided non-conformist in social matters, was, nevertheless, a lion in London society. He loved to befog and mystify the good people of that most conventional capital with his bright and original wit, and it was not easy to know when he was to be taken seriously and when he was only "poking fun."

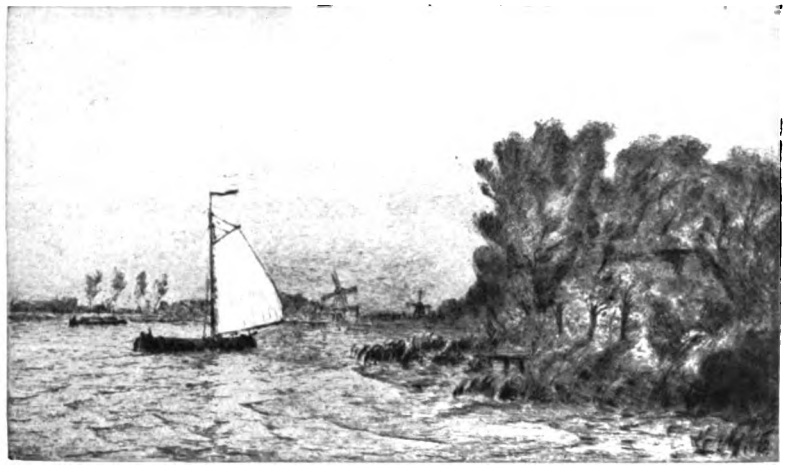
[1] Sir Seymour Haden died June 1, 1910.



THE CATHEDRAL OF DORDRECHT, HOLLAND

Size of the original print, 18 by 25 inches.

From the dry-point by Charles Storm van's Gravesande. This is, perhaps, the most important plate which the artist has produced. It is, in itself, a refutation of the too-sweeping assertion that any plate of large size must, of necessity, be bad as art.



ON THE VECHT, HOLLAND
Size of the original print, 11¼ by 19 inches.

LANDING OF THE HERRING FLEET
Size of the original print, 14 by 18 inches.
From the dry-points by Charles Storm van's Gravesande. The treatment of the sky and of the sea in these two plates is a fine example of the artist's "economy of means."

Germany and Italy have contributed comparatively very little to the modern renaissance of etching. Holland (of old the land of etchers *par excellence*) has, in our day, produced in the person of Storm van's Gravesande one veritable master. His etchings and dry-points deserve the great reputation which they have won, and he is to-day a favorite with American amateurs. A remarkable feature in his work is the apparent ease and simplicity with which the most beautiful effects are realized. One of our best critics writes, "I find Storm van's Gravesande the ideal painter-etcher, whose lines are so fused and lost in the perfect whole that we feel and see what is done, with never a thought for the means whereby it got itself done. It is a comfort to sit down before the work of such an artist as this." One of his later works — the very large dry-point plate of the Cathedral of Dordrecht — is, in itself, a refutation of the too sweeping assertion of some critics that any plate of large size must, of necessity, be bad as art.

In activity and success the American school of to-day comes next after the French. The practical directness of the American mind is favorable both to the production and to the popularity of etching, and it is an encouraging fact that the American public manifests a distinct liking for the etchings of our own artists. The limits and scope of the present article have curtailed it in many points, and have rendered it impossible to make detailed mention of the home

school; but the subject has been excellently treated in two publications, which are here cordially recommended, — namely, *American Etchers*, by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, and "Etching in America," by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock.

To those who possess Philip Gilbert Hamerton's book, *Etching and Etchers*, no word need be said; but to all others who are capable of paying five dollars for a handsome and finely illustrated octavo volume of 450 pages, we would venture to say that if they will buy this book and read it, they will not be sorry. It would be poor praise to call it "as interesting as a novel." It seems impossible that a better book could be written on the subject, both as to matter and style; and it is a veritable treasure-house of sound and tangible ideas on art in general. Having said so much in its praise, it may be noted as singular that Mr. Hamerton's work omits all mention of two of the great modern etchers — Fortuny and J. F. Millet.

In etching to toil over and elaborate an idea which is already broadly indicated is fatal to the vividness of the effect, and may be compared to the disheartening operation of explaining a joke after the hearer has failed to "see the point."

An etching should appeal to the imagination and should be far more than a mere effigy of the object or scene represented. The personality and the feeling of the artist are its highest qualities, and, if these are lacking, it is not a work of art. Speaking of this slavish imitation of the

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

Size of the original print, 8¾ by 12 inches.

From the etching by Maxime Lalanne. "No one ever etched so gracefully as Maxime Lalanne. This merit of gracefulness is what chiefly distinguishes him; there have been etchers of greater power, of more striking originality, but there has never been an etcher equal to him in a certain delicate elegance, from the earliest times till now." — Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE BANKS OF THE THAMES
Size of the original print, $3\frac{7}{8}$ by $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

THE CANAL AT PONT-SAINTE-MAXENCE
Size of the original print, $6\frac{5}{8}$ by $9\frac{1}{8}$ inches.
From the etchings by Maxime Lalanne. The drawing of tree-forms, as they are outlined against the sky, is especially beautiful. In this respect such a plate as "The Banks of the Thames" is worthy of Seymour Haden himself.

mere externals, Mr. Whistler once uttered the startling paradox that "nature is seldom right" — and *he* was right as he meant it.

Should we, then, have no elaborate and painstaking works of art? Certainly we should; but, if the artist possesses that cast of mind, let him sculpture a marble, build an edifice, or write a novel — but let him not etch. Etching, then, is not the species of art to appeal either to the artist or the spectator possessing a lazy mentality. It is essentially an intellectual art, and to intellectual people, etching, like mercy, "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

We have not been considering etching as the means of copying or translating the paintings of other men, but original "painter-etching," in which the work is done by the creator of the art idea, who in a sense may be called both the father and the mother of the picture. But reproductive etching and engraving, which render the paintings of other men, have their place also, and a very important place too. Extreme purists condemn all etching which is not original, but surely this is being too strict. It happens, with very few exceptions, that the greatest painters have also been the greatest etchers; and as painting is vastly more profitable to an artist than etching, it follows that such men cannot really *afford* to etch, for in doing so they must make a serious sacrifice. Such old masters as Claude and Van Dyck, or such moderns as Millet, Meissonier, or Charles Jacque, could doubtless have embodied their

finest creations in etchings (for they were all etchers), but for the reason just stated they could not afford to do so. Are we, then, to be deprived of the fine prints which have been etched by other hands after their pictures, simply because such etchings are not "original"? Surely not. "Reform" is not a more taking catch-word in politics than is "originality" in art. Both are often sadly misused.

It is true that the best painter-etchings possess higher qualities than any reproductive work can; but originality alone will not suffice, for there is, alas, no scarcity of mediocre, inferior, and even downright bad "original" etched work. Take, for instance, the case of Léopold Flameng (an artist who has been a great power in modern etching). It is certain that his original plates are distinctly inferior to those in which he has copied the designs of other men. Paul Rajon also, although he devoted his great abilities to reproductive work, was nevertheless equally strong as an original painter and designer.

The uncompromising advocates of originality would probably insist that such a plate as Waltner's *Angelus* should not be called an etching at all — simply because it is not original. But in this case we *do not want* originality from Waltner; Millet gives us that in his painting, and all we should require of Waltner is that he give us a faithful and artistic copy or translation of Millet's design. No doubt Millet himself could have etched it better than any one else; but he never

OCTOBER

Size of the original print, 21¾ by 10¾ inches.
From the dry-point by Jacques Joseph Tissot. The full possibilities of dry-point, as a means of artistic expression, are seen in this beautiful plate, one of the masterpieces of the artist.

MAVOURNEEN

Size of the original print, 14½ by 8 inches.
From the dry-point by Jacques Joseph Tissot. This is one of Tissot's finest plates and, like the *October*, an admirable example of dry-point at its best.

did — and meanwhile we are thankful for Waltner's rendition of that most lovely picture. Now, if the door is to be shut against all reproductive etching, good and bad alike, none but the owner of such a great painting as the *Angelus* can enjoy it; the walls of our homes cannot be adorned with the etched reproductions of the best paintings; and etching, now so generally admired, will dwindle down to the contents of the portfolios of a few wealthy amateurs and dilettanti (since so many of the best painter-etchers are really unsuitable for framing by reason of their small size and slight effect when seen from a distance). By all means let the bad and inartistic reproductive etchings go, but let the good remain and multiply. Let not those veritable works of art become like the impossible orchid, a costly thing to amuse half a dozen people out of a million; but rather let them be like the geranium or morning-glory, which give wholesome pleasure to all who can enjoy their beauty.

What are the future prospects of etching considered as a fine art?

The winter of obscurity and neglect is over, and the "glorious summer" of prosperity has come; but herein lies a real danger. With popularity its true artistic side may be ignored; quantity may be considered rather than quality; the art may be "boomed" and exploited for sordid commercial ends, and men who are incapable of it as an art may ply the making of etchings as a trade.

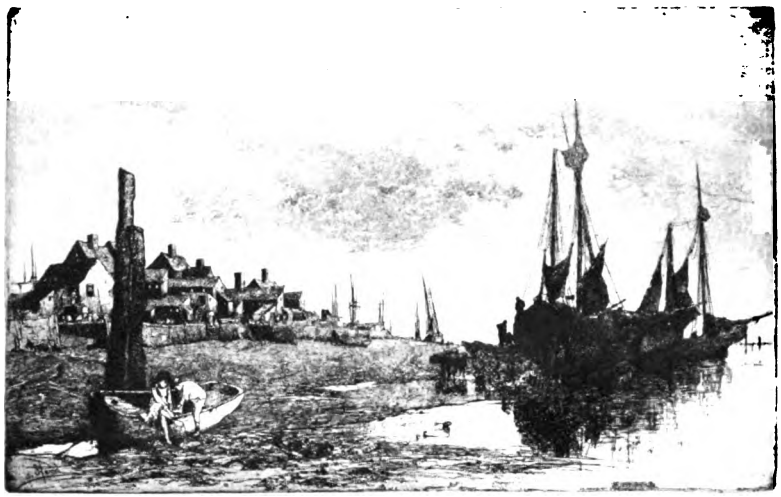
Against this danger there is, however, one sure remedy. Let the public cultivate their judgment and their taste, so that they can choose the good and refuse the bad. No species of art, whether good or bad, can long exist unless supported by those who buy. At no time have there been so many good etchers living and working as there are now — and we cannot have too many good etchings, any more than we can have too many good books.

There is no hidden and mysterious quality in a good etching; what to a cultivated eye and mind appears to be right and good *is* good, and what appears to be wrong and bad *is* bad. And if the public will only do its part, the inferior and inartistic will die of neglect, and none but the fittest will survive.

No doubt the years to come will bring with them new tastes and new opinions. Some reputations that now stand high may yet go down, and it may be that the child is now living whose future glory as an etcher will eclipse that of our great men of to-day; but yet we may feel certain that the best works of our modern etchers will go down to posterity as masterpieces — as surely as the works of the great Rembrandt have come down to us.

BUTTERMILK CHANNEL
Size of the original print, $6\frac{3}{8}$ by $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

WILLIAMSBURGH
Size of the original print, $6\frac{1}{4}$ by 9 inches.
From the etchings by Charles A. Platt of New York. "In the foremost group of American painter-etchers stands the work of Charles A. Platt. Distinguished alike for vigorous brilliancy and richness of effect, it shows that he has every variety of technical means at his disposal and is a master of each in some special way." — Will Jenkins, "Modern Etching and Engraving in America."



LOW TIDE, BAY OF FUNDY
Size of the original print, 12 by 19 inches.

FISHERMEN'S HOUSES, CAPE ANN
Size of the original print, 12 by 19 inches.
From the etchings by Stephen Parrish of Philadelphia.

Besides the incomparable etchings of Whistler (who worked almost entirely in Europe) other American painters have done genuinely good work in etching. Among these men the name of Stephen Parrish ranks deservedly high. His etchings are all of American scenes.

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF SOME FAMOUS ETCHERS

An Unpublished Lecture delivered before the Grolier Club of New York, and afterward repeated at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Yale University, Johns Hopkins University, etc.

IT has been said of a well-known book — John Forster's *Life of Dickens* — that it was less a biography of the novelist than a glorification of the biographer himself, and Forster's case is not the only one which warns me of a similar danger to myself in that which I have undertaken this evening.

In addressing you on the subject selected, I am, perforce, somewhat in the position of the old narrator of whom Tennyson writes that he "was himself a part of what he told," and for this reason I cannot avoid the occasional use of that obnoxious personal pronoun "I." But still, I shall try to remember that while legitimate personal sketches of these famous artists form a subject of general interest, the personality of the mere narrator does not.

It is true that a less personal and more abstract view of the artists and their work might have been chosen; but those who are competent to

treat of these etchings from a high critical standpoint may not have gone in and out among the etchers themselves, for years, as I have done. It is also evident that an adequate critical review of the works of these famous etchers cannot be presented in an address of one hour's duration. But these cursory sketches will not prejudice the subject hereafter, nor prevent the work of any of these artists from being taken up separately and treated more exhaustively and critically by abler hands than mine.

No man is so sure of undying fame as the true and great artist. He who produces a masterpiece in poetry, music, architecture, sculpture, or painting, or even in the art of etching, will be remembered and revered when the political great ones of the earth, now "dressed in a little brief authority," are supplanted and forgotten.

Two and a half centuries ago Holland was a powerful nation, and the Burgomaster of Amsterdam was a personage of the highest distinction. It happened that the Burgomaster of that period was a man who had the discrimination to see something good in the paintings and etchings of a certain obscure young artist, who had left his father's windmill, in the country, and had come to the great city to seek his fortune. Not only did the Burgomaster buy the artist's pictures, but he invited him to his house and made him his friend. No doubt many excellent people of that day were both puzzled and scandalized at this absurd condescension on the part of their chief

THE PASSING STORM
Size of the original print, 12 by 18 inches.

AN AUGUST DAY
Size of the original print, 15¾ by 23½ inches.
From the etchings by Peter Moran, of Philadelphia.

The renowned French painter, Jules Breton, on seeing Peter Moran's etchings in Paris, asked in surprise whose works they were. The answer given him was, "An American." "Why, they are admirable," said he. "The man who etched those plates is *a master!*" Later, Jules Breton sent to America and procured them for his own collection, writing a most complimentary letter to the artist about them.

THE LOCUST GROVE
Size of the original print, 9¾ by 8½ inches.

NOVEMBER
Size of the original print, 8⅝ by 12 inches.
From the dry-point and the etching by Thomas R. Manley of New York. This artist's work is highly esteemed by American collectors.

citizen. But what unlikely changes Time sometimes brings about! Both men are long dead, but neither is forgotten. That artist is to-day an object of almost adoration throughout the whole world of art, and Burgomaster Jan Six is still held in affectionate remembrance — not because he was a burgomaster, for his civic brethren are now forgotten, but solely and entirely because he was the patron and friend of Rembrandt.

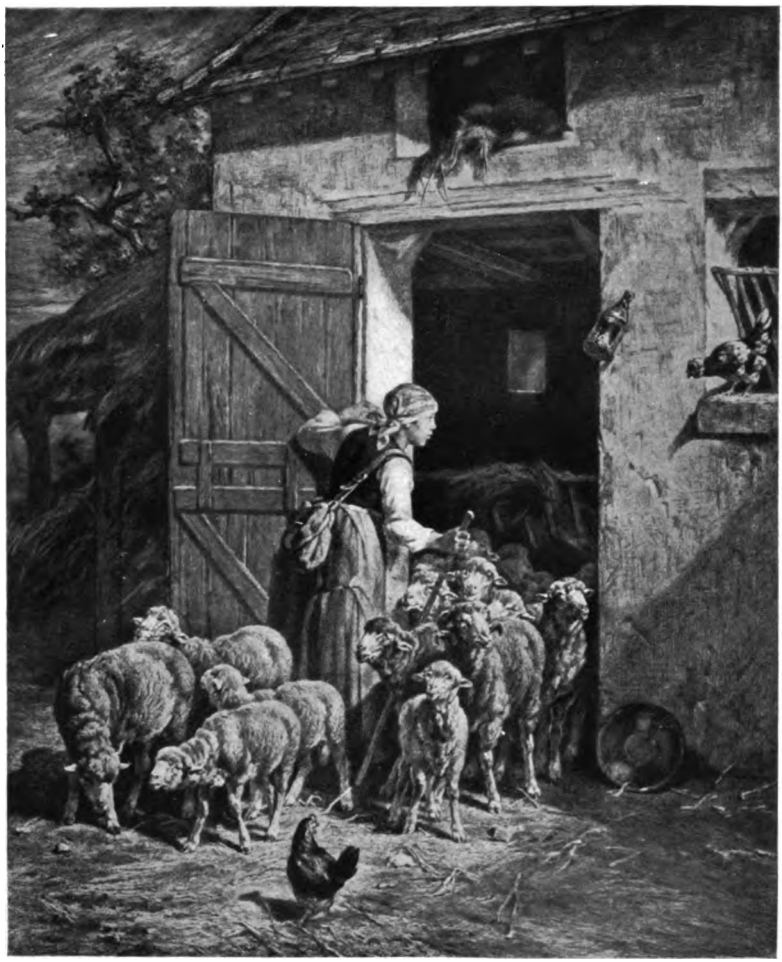
Painting is the supreme art for depicting nature. Nature abounds in color, and painting alone can express this color by direct imitation; moreover, we see nature in masses rather than in lines. And yet etching, with its simple black lines on a white ground, can suggest all that painting can — and in art suggestion is often more effective than complete realization. To prove this, let us imagine — if we can — the statue of the Venus of Milo with the lips painted red, the eyes painted blue or gray, and the hair brown or golden. Would it, in this condition, be the magnificent work of art that it now is in the noble dignity of pure white marble?

In art, then, suggestion is more powerful than mere blank imitation; and etching is essentially the suggestive art. Even color itself is effectively suggested by a good etching. In the expression of form, painting has no advantage, for color cannot suggest form; while the suggestion of atmosphere, perspective, expression, and the general sentiment and feeling of a picture are all within the scope of etching. Painter-etching,

then, may be called the shorthand of art. It is the concentrated essence of a picture. The etcher catches and jots down the art idea while it is fresh and living — and he is wise if he stops at that. That is why the "first state" of an etching is so often the best; though it may be crude and faulty, yet it is a direct inspiration. But the artist cannot leave it so. He takes up his plate a second time in the spirit of a critic and not of a creator, and proceeds to "improve" it here and there — often with deplorable results.

Art, being the fine flower of civilization, it is not surprising that these exceptionally endowed beings—the artists—should interest us. As the world is constituted, what is rare and fine is valued, while what is merely good, but common, is not. An iron nail is actually a more useful article than a diamond; but nails are homely and common, while diamonds are beautiful and scarce. True, there are imitation diamonds, which glitter bravely, and there are imitation artists too; but these latter do not concern us now. Among artists the true etcher is the rarest of all. Nearly every great etcher has excelled in painting as well; but, on the other hand, very few of the famous painters could etch. For instance, the etchings of Alma-Tadema, Josef Israels, and Sir Frederick Leighton are not what we might expect from these masters of the brush and palette.

I have not said that etchings are rare. Alas, they are too common. Men who are incapable of it as an art have plied the making of etchings



LA SORTIE

Size of the original print, 25½ by 20¾ inches.

From the etching by Achille Gilbert after the painting by Charles Jacque. Jacque took great interest in this plate — retouching the etcher's work throughout. He was so well pleased with the result that he supplies the *remarque* with his own hand.

UNDER THE OLD OAKS

Size of the original print, 17 by 23½ inches.
From the etching by Paul Lafond after the painting by Charles Jacque, who was greatly pleased with such an excellent translation of his picture.

LE RETOUR

Size of the original print, 18¼ by 24 inches.
From the etching by Frédéric Jacque, after the painting by his father, Charles Jacque. The painter was so much pleased with his son's rendering of it that he etched the beautiful little "remarque" which appears on the earliest proofs. This "remarque" bears a date *fifty-eight* years later than the master's first etching.

as a trade, and there is a real danger that the true jewels may become discredited by the quantities of paste imitations. A saying of the late Paul Rajon on this subject deserves to be long remembered: "It is so easy, so very easy, to make an etching; and so hard, so very hard, to make a good one!"

From the point of view of the average practical man of the world, the artists are strange and incomprehensible creatures. To him they seem visionary, emotional, and almost like spoiled children. Certainly their ways are not his ways. On the other hand, ask the artist what he thinks of the everyday commonplace citizen! Ask Whistler's disciples what they think of common humanity! You might as well ask the high-caste Brahmin what he thinks of the despised Pariah! Thus, to the London artist, the well-dressed, eminently respectable outsider is a "Philistine"; to the Paris artist he is a "Bourgeois." As for New York, I think we may give ourselves credit for being more tolerant toward those whose ideals in life differ from our own.

But, from the "Bourgeois" and "Philistine" point of view, one of the most marked characteristics of the artist is his frank and unqualified conviction of his own transcendent genius. Ordinary outsiders who may be endowed with this pleasant sentiment have at least the craft to conceal it, so as to avoid ridicule; but the artist sees nothing to conceal. His conviction is as naïve as that of a little boy of my acquaintance who,

on returning from his first day at school, was questioned by his mother as to who was the smartest boy in the whole school. The little fellow seemed surprised that such a question should be asked, but his answer was straight to the point: "Why, *I* am!"

It may be that this sentiment is inseparable from marked ability confined to one direction, and that it is inherent in the artistic nature. I remember once having scraped acquaintance with a professional baritone singer on board a steamer, and after we had talked of the great singers in his line he summed up the case in these exact words: "Yes, Santley once had a good voice, and so had De Reszke; but the most wonderful voice at present existing in the world is *my own*."

Sometimes this egotism does not pass unrebuked, as in the case of the late Matthew Arnold, perhaps the most colossal egotist of our time (Whistler always excepted). After his return to London from his first lecturing tour in this country, he visited old Mrs. Procter, widow of the poet, "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Procter, whose beautiful poem of the "Lost Chord" is familiar to us all. Mrs. Procter, who was then eighty years old, in giving Mr. Arnold a motherly cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say about you in America?" "Well," said the literary aristocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes didn't fit me." "Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken — as to the clothes!"

CARDINAL MANNING

Size of the original print, 20½ by 13¾ inches.

From the dry-point by Alphonse Legros. This superb portrait is a characteristic example of the qualities which have won for Legros the place in art which he holds. It is at once noble and dignified, and full of "style."

PROCESSION IN A SPANISH CHURCH

Size of the original print, 16 by 26¼ inches.

From the etching by Alphonse Legros. The visible dignity, the magnificence of service and of symbol of the Roman Catholic service have impressed Legros profoundly.

Another marked characteristic of European artists is the seemingly undue and exaggerated importance which they attach to the recompenses of the Paris Salon. Even a third-class medal, and much more so a second, or a first, will mark the artist as an aristocrat among his fellows, while the great medal of honor, is, in his eyes, as extreme a distinction as election to the presidency of the United States would be in the estimation of a patriotic American citizen. One would suppose that an artist could produce nothing good until he had had his medal — and nothing bad afterwards.

I need not enlarge upon the lavish generosity of artists when they have money, nor upon their peculiar ideas regarding money matters in general. An extreme case was that of Thomas Worlidge, a London etcher of the eighteenth century. One day, finding himself without a penny in his purse, and his larder being equally empty, he and his wife proceeded to search the pockets of all the garments in the house, and by good fortune they found a stray half-guinea. Then they sallied out to buy provisions, and passing through Covent Garden Market, Worlidge stopped before a single pint of green peas, the very first of the season, which were held at the enormous price of ten and sixpence. In vain the prudent wife urged that the half-guinea would keep them in provisions for many days; Worlidge paid it for the pint of peas! It all goes to show that artists are exceptional people; and if they were not exceptional people it is probable they would not be artists.

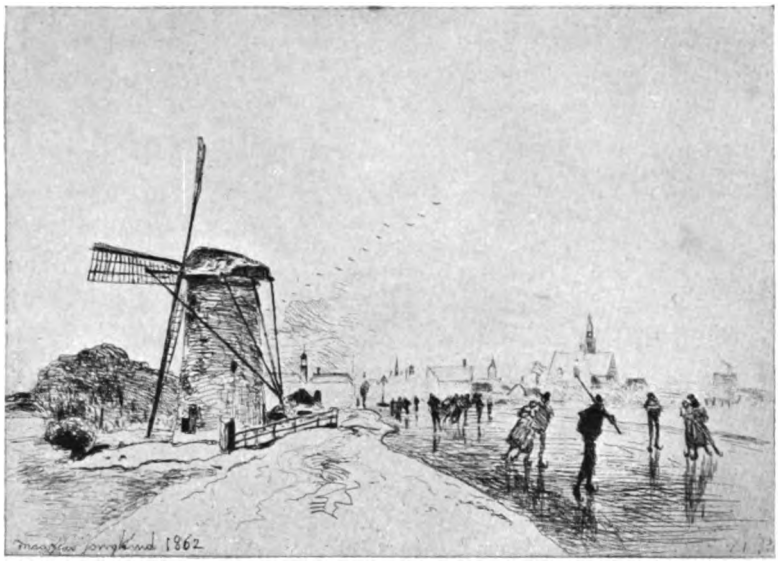
Of the nine etchers whom we will briefly consider, the first place, by right of seniority, belongs to Charles Jacque. Jacque was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, pioneer in the great nineteenth century revival of etching, and did more than any other one man to bring it about. A famous painter, as well as the creator of nearly five hundred notable etchings, he was the comrade and friend of such great men as Millet, Troyon, Corot, Théodore Rousseau, and Daubigny, and he outlived them all. His etched work embraces a period of sixty-one years, and his later plates are considered his best, because in them he entirely emancipated himself from the laborious and painstaking traditions of the line engravers. In Jacque's work there is sweet rusticity everywhere — the very titles of his prints are poetic. He draws domestic animals — including swine — with a loving fidelity, and no artist has ever drawn poultry so well, nor, I may add, written about them so well.

If we were to judge the man from the character of his works, he should have been one of the most angelic and dove-like of human creatures; but truth compels me to say that a more pugnacious, harsh, and domineering old gentleman than Charles Jacque was it would not be easy to find. In Paris he had a valuable property in the Boulevard de Clichy, where he resided and worked. It is a large and handsome house, built round a court, and accommodating a number of families. He was called the strictest landlord in Paris, and

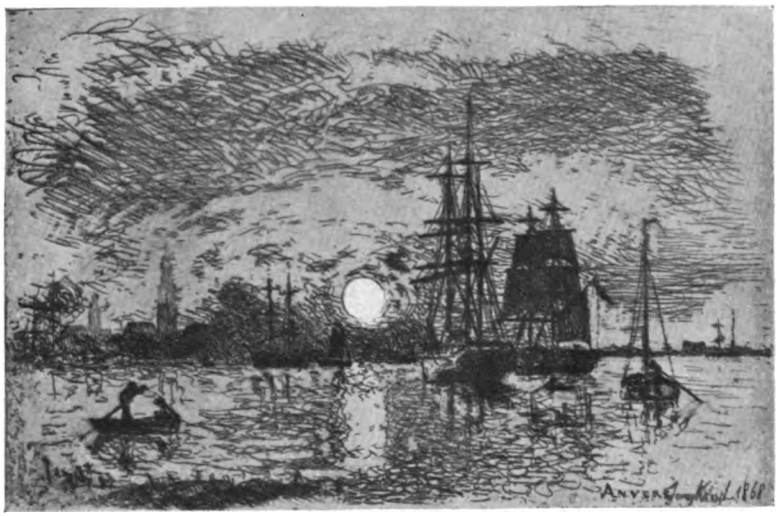
THE DEATH OF THE VAGABOND

Size of the original print, 21 by 14¾ inches.

From the etching by Alphonse Legros. "*The Death of the Vagabond* is not a whit less suggestive in its contrast between the feebleness of the worn-out beggar now stretched out lonely on the pathside — his head raised, gasping, and his hat knocked away — and the force and fury of the storm that beats over dead tree and desolate common. The uniting of tragic expression in homely life, preserved in this plate, will give it a permanent value among the great things of art." — Frederic Wedmore.



THE TOWN OF MAASLINS.
Size of the original print, $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches.



THE PORT OF ANTWERP
Size of the original print, 6 by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
From the etchings by Johann Barthold Jongkind.
"Jongkind is invaluable to the student of etching as an example of simple line-work pushed to its utmost extreme." — Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

yet I am told that his property never lacked good tenants.

Some of his rules for his tenants were peculiar. They must have no musical instruments of any kind; no growing plants; no singing birds; no cats; no dogs — and no children! I do not take an undue liberty in mentioning these things, for this vigorous old man was very proud of his austerity and sternness.

Jacque also possessed a large property at Pau, where he carried on the manufacture of fine household furniture, all of which he designed himself, and such pieces of it as I have seen seem to be both beautiful and thoroughly original.

Félix Bracquemond is a veritable master in etching; but in this country he has not yet enjoyed the reputation which he deserves. I think this is owing to the fact that he despises mere prettiness, — and prettiness is the quality that first attracts the general public everywhere. They have a right to their preferences — and it must not be forgotten that it is the general public that mainly supports the artist. A few of the more enlightened, however, have always valued Bracquemond at his true worth; and one of the very best collections of his works in existence was gradually accumulated by a New York amateur, the late S. P. Avery, who bequeathed it to the New York Public Library.

Bracquemond was born at Paris in 1833, and while quite young was apprenticed to a lithographer; but he devoted his spare time to the study

of drawing and painting. As an etcher he was entirely self-taught. At the age of sixteen, he borrowed a volume of an encyclopædia to learn the technical details of the etching process, and then at once proceeded to practise what he had learned. How well he succeeded may be judged from the famous example of his work, the "Birds Nailed on a Barn." In it we see, ignominiously nailed against a barn door, a hawk, a crow, and some other thieving birds (also a bat, which is *not* a bird!). This fine plate, etched in 1852, is the work of a boy of nineteen. Bracquemond sold the copper plate of this, along with three other capital plates, to Cadart, the Paris publisher, for the sum of — how much? — twenty-four francs! And this money was never paid to him. He told me this himself. And to-day a fine, early proof of this etching would sell in Paris for about thirty times the price for which he sold the original copper plate.

One very noticeable feature of Bracquemond's work is its apparently limitless variety. Some etchers have won a great name for landscape only, — others for portraits only; but Bracquemond can seemingly do anything and everything, and notwithstanding his abounding resources as an original designer, he is not above producing reproductive plates of the finest quality from the paintings of Millet, Meissonier, and other masters. His large plate of King David, after Gustave Moreau, won for him the medal of honor at the Paris Salon of 1884; and besides all this he

THE COMING STORM
Size of the original print, 9½ by 13½ inches.

TEAL
Size of the original print, 8⅞ by 11¼ inches.
From the original etchings by Félix Bracquemond.
The etchings of Bracquemond are very like the man who made them. He is a great, strong, virile man, and his forceful personality is reflected in every picture that he has made.

THE BATHER

Size of the original print, 14 by 10¼ inches.

LAPWING AND TEAL

Size of the original print, 10⅜ by 7¾ inches.

From the etchings by Félix Bracquemond.

"He is one of the artists who have most powerfully contributed to the revival in France of original painter-etching. The art could not have found a stronger champion." — Henri Beraldi.

has done some very remarkable work in the decoration of art-porcelain for the American-French firm of Haviland & Co.

One of his etchings, "Sketches of Birds and Fishes," is an outline for the decoration of porcelain. The ink or color, from a freshly printed proof, is transferred to the unfinished porcelain, which is then finished in colors, and afterwards glazed. In this work Bracquemond may have taken a hint from Turner's plates of the Liber Studiorum: Turner having etched what may be called the bones and sinews of the composition, he then handed it over to the mezzotint engraver to be finished.

His "Margot le Critique" is a satire on the critic, whom Bracquemond represents as a magpie. His power in delineating birds — especially birds in action — is really marvelous. I should not have known how remarkably true to nature this etching is, did I not happen to own a magpie myself. The artist's insight into the very nature — as well as the form — of this meddling, chattering, mischievous, and amusing bird is quite wonderful. But Bracquemond's sympathetic insight is not confined to birds. Pope tells us that "the proper study of mankind is man" — and why may not this include the features of a man, as well as his moral nature? Bracquemond's portrait of Monsieur Edmond de Goncourt is one drawn and etched from life, which I think must always rank as a masterpiece. The original drawing in black and white, of the same size as this etching, is in

the Luxembourg Gallery of Paris, and it well deserves the honor. Unlike Charles Jacque, Bracquemond, personally, is like his work. He is a great, strong, manly man: upright and downright in his character as in his art.

To illustrate his physical powers I may relate that when recently a guest at his table, I took occasion to congratulate him on his fine, vigorous appetite, to which he replied: "Oh, no; that is over with me long ago; but I assure you that up to the age of thirty years I seldom ate less for my dinner than either a leg of mutton, a turkey, or a pair of fowls!" — and I can quite believe it.

In strong contrast with the vigorous and masculine Bracquemond is the graceful and elegant Maxime Lalanne. A glance at his portrait might satisfy any one of the innate delicacy and refinement of the man. Born at Bordeaux in 1827, he died at Paris in 1886. Not only his etchings, but his drawings in charcoal, are in great request, especially in Paris. In addition to his own works, so full of refinement and grace, Lalanne exerted vast influence through his book on the technical methods of the etcher. It was published in Paris in 1866, just two years before Mr. Hamerton issued *his* famous book — which was not addressed to the artists, but to the public. Lalanne's treatise still remains the standard text-book on the making of etchings. It was translated into English in 1886 by Mr. S. R. Koehler, late of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Personally Lalanne was greatly liked by all

A JETTY IN ENGLAND

Size of the original print, 11¾ by 7¼ inches.

From the dry-point by Félix Buhot. A very characteristic plate. The plate underwent many changes before the artist was completely satisfied with it. The scene is on the pier at Folkstone.

THE GEESE
Size of the original print, 6 by 10 inches.

THE COUNTRY NEIGHBORS
Size of the original print, 5¼ by 7 inches.
From the original etchings by Félix Buhot. Buhot employed nearly every process known to the etcher, and combined them so perfectly that the effect is always harmonious. In these two etchings much of their beauty is dependent on the aquatint which gives tone and atmosphere. Sir Seymour Haden considered "The Country Neighbors" one of the best of modern etchings.

who knew him. Monsieur de Chagnolles concludes his biography in these words: "Our artist was the center of a brilliant and charming circle. He was a delightful talker, and a bright, witty man. He was greatly sought after and greatly beloved. In the world of art we may envy his triumphs, but they made him no enemies; and we know of no one who knew him that was not his friend."

While Lalanne was eminently sober and conservative in his methods, confining himself within the safe limits of the frank, open, etched line, our next subject, Félix Buhot, was quite the contrary. To him all methods were permissible so long as they gave him the effect he desired. Besides etching, dry point, and aquatint, the burin and the roulette were all impressed into his service. His originality of methods was not all — for it was dominated by his originality as a creative artist. No innovator can hope to please everybody; but all must admit that Buhot was never commonplace and never dull. He may have had a wild and fantastic imagination; but so had such men of genius as Victor Hugo and Edgar Poe.

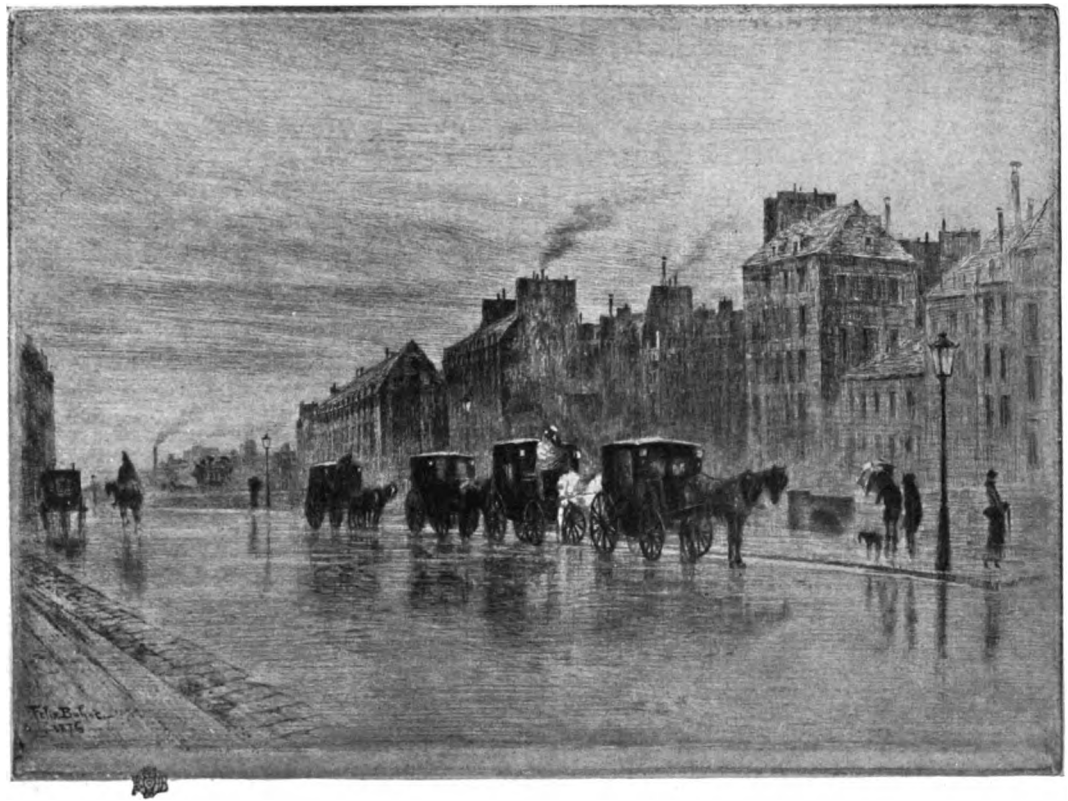
No one could know Monsieur Buhot without being impressed with the thought, what a gentleman he is! Thoroughly well-bred, highly educated, honorable, and kindly, and yet an ideal embodiment of the Gallic spirit in its brightness and its unrest, — one in whom the candle of life burned with an intensity unknown to the more lymphatic nature of the Anglo-Saxon race. He

was also an influential writer on subjects connected with art; but though both artist and author he was not a "Bohemian," but spent his time at his home in the society of his charming English wife.

I once asked Monsieur Buhot his opinion as to who was the greatest French etcher. His answer was "Bracquemond, decidedly." Later, when I went to England I repeated this to Sir Seymour Haden, who rejoined, "And I say it is Félix Buhot himself. There is a little plate of his, representing two old people trudging home in the rain, that in my opinion is painter-etching of the very best sort." We will all admit that Sir Seymour Haden knows what is good in etching; indeed, Monsieur Dutuit in his sumptuous work on the etchings of Rembrandt gives it as his opinion that Sir Seymour is *the* judge par excellence.

How well in his etching, "The Clock Tower, Westminster," Buhot has realized the multitudinous jumble of a London street. We have just seen how glittering and fanciful art may be and yet be good art. Buhot is the champagne which foams and sparkles; but all good wine is not champagne.

From Buhot we turn to Alphonse Legros, an artist so serious, so profound, so sincere, and so devoid of all that is theatrical and flippant that we almost wonder he was not born in the earnest and solemn times of Dante, or Luther, or Savonarola, — instead of being a modern Frenchman.



THE CAB STAND

Size of the original print, 9¼ by 12½ inches.

From the etching by Félix Buhot. The artist excels in depicting grey, overcast skies, and the steady downpour of heavy rain, and in this etching his peculiar qualities are seen at their best.

PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE (IN LIFE SIZE)

Size of the original print, 22 by 17 inches.

Etched by Léopold Flameng of Paris, from the original painting by Richard Burbage, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. Burbage was the "Leading Man" in Shakespeare's own company of actors. He was the first to play such parts as Hamlet and Richard III. Sir Joshua Reynolds admired Burbage's painting so much that he made a copy of it.

Born at Dijon in 1837, Legros came to Paris in 1851, but established himself in London in 1863, where he has become naturalized as a British subject, and where for twenty-two years he filled the dignified post of Slade Professor of Painting at University College.

In a word, Legros is a great etcher and a great artist. But before we proceed to further consider his works, I am tempted to quote an adverse criticism, which goes to illustrate the fact that minds of a certain cast are incapable of understanding minds of larger or more serious caliber. This criticism on Legros is from an important work in twelve volumes, published in Paris in 1885–1892. It is *The Engravers of the 19th Century* by Henri Beraldi. Monsieur Beraldi has a method of his own, which is a great innovation upon the style of all former books of reference. He discards dry statistics, such as the measurement of prints and minute records of their various states; but he speaks his own mind freely as to the merits of the artists and of their several works, and though we cannot always agree with him, yet his volumes are full of real and original ideas.

Here, then, is what Beraldi writes of this serious and earnest master: "Legros is invariably severe, austere, gloomy; simple and rude in his execution beyond degree. We feel an affectation of archaism, and in modern subjects a sort of premeditated awkwardness. Legros is a hypochondriac, and his true place is in that gloomy

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country where the English have taken to him so kindly." Evidently Beraldi is angry with Legros for having become a naturalized Englishman. His French friends were indignant when Legros became a British subject, and when he was visiting some artist friends in Paris one of them put the question to him: "But what have you gained in renouncing your country?" "*D'abord,*" answered Legros, "*j'ai gagné la Bataille de Waterloo!*"

Thus far we have confined ourselves to original painter-etching, but reproductive etching, which copies — or rather translates — the most famous pictures of the great painters into the language of black and white, is an important branch of the etcher's art. Civilized people, the world over, will have engraved or etched reproductions of famous pictures to decorate their walls. How important it is then that these reproductions should be thoroughly good. Line engraving, which so long performed this function, is dead; — killed by the discovery of more expeditious methods. And reproductive etching remains master of this particular field, still more than photography. It seems appropriate, then, that the most distinguished pioneer of the contemporary reproductive etchers should have begun his career as a line engraver, — and it is not without warrant that this school is called the "School of Léopold Flameng."

Born of French parents, at Brussels, in 1831, Flameng became an expert line engraver under

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Size of the original print, 15¾ by 12 inches.

Etched from life by Paul Rajon of Paris, in Tennyson's seventieth year. It is a very faithful likeness of the poet. Rajon's biographer, F. G. Stephens, in his biography of Rajon, writes of this portrait. "It is simply one of the finest specimens of modern draughtsmanship."

THE PHILOSOPHER

Size of the original print, 20½ by 16¾ inches.

From the etching by Charles Waltner, after the painting by Rembrandt. No etcher has translated so well the richness of Rembrandt's paintings into terms of black and white.

the instruction of Calamatta; but from the first he seems to have practised original etching also — even before he began to etch the paintings of other artists.

Prosperity and fame make some natures hard and proud and exclusive; but they have had the opposite effect on Léopold Flameng. The world has gone well with him and he is in good humor with all the world. All the rewards that artists covet have come to him — even to the great Medal of Honor of the Paris Salon; but his heart is as light and his laugh as ringing as if he had never struggled and conquered.

He has told me the story of his first arrival in Paris more than fifty years ago. All his earthly belongings were his wife, his little son François, twenty francs in money, and nine plates which he had etched. Having learned the address of a man on the Quai who bought such things as etched plates, he went direct to him before seeking a lodging for his little family, and having shown his nine plates he was delighted to hear this enlightened publisher say that he would take them all. Flameng says that he never felt keener triumph than at that moment. The man put all the copper plates into a scale together; weighed them; did some figuring; and announced that the total sum coming to the artist was — ninety francs! Flameng was furious, but the other blandly handed him the scrap of paper on which he had calculated the amount, and explained that these were so many pounds and ounces of copper

at so many francs per pound. "But my *work* on these plates — does that count for nothing?" "Oh, I never pay for that," said the man. "Surely," said I to the artist, "you never sold him your new plates for the price of old copper." "What else could I do?" he answered. "I had not the means to support my wife and child for more than one day. I did sell them for ninety francs."

Immediately afterward Flameng got employment on the illustrated papers; and when, later, his friend on the Quai sent him a commission for some more etched plates, and augmented his price from ten to twenty-five francs each, the artist was in a position to decline the offer.

I may add that the same little boy, François Flameng, has become a painter of the first rank, and that his picture of "The Printer Aldus, showing a Volume to Grolier," is probably the most precious possession of the Grolier Club, and occupies the place of honor in their hall. Moreover, Léopold Flameng has made a fine etching after this painting of his son's.

Not the least noteworthy of Léopold Flameng's achievements is his success as a teacher of etching. Of his many famous pupils we have time to consider only one,—Paul Rajon, an artist who ranks as the very best etcher of portraits — save Rembrandt only.

Those of us who visited the fine collection of Rajon's works exhibited at the Grolier Club do not need to be told what a master of portrait-

MISS EMMA RASSMUSSEN

Size of the original print, $7\frac{7}{8}$ by $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

KESTI

Size of the original print, $6\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

From the etchings by Anders Zorn.

"But it is in his etchings that the art of Anders Zorn is seen in its highest vigor, creativeness, and sureness of hand. . . . Lines apparently scribbled at random . . . result in a whole which is strong, clear, and vivid." — *Henri Marcel.*

OSCAR II, KING OF SWEDEN

Size of the original print, 9¾ by 7 inches.

AT THE PIANO: MISS ANNA BURNETT

Size of the original print, 7⅞ by 5⅛ inches.

From the etchings by Anders Zorn. Such etchings as these express the most delicate and fleeting phases of expression and gesture, and paradoxical in their coarseness of means and fineness of effect, manifest the artist at his best.

etching he was. And those of us who met him during his visits to New York in 1886 and 1887 found him a charming, kindly, lovable man. Before leaving New York he made arrangements for his return, but after his arrival in France, while attending the funeral of a friend, he caught cold, and died at his beautiful home near Paris, in June, 1888.

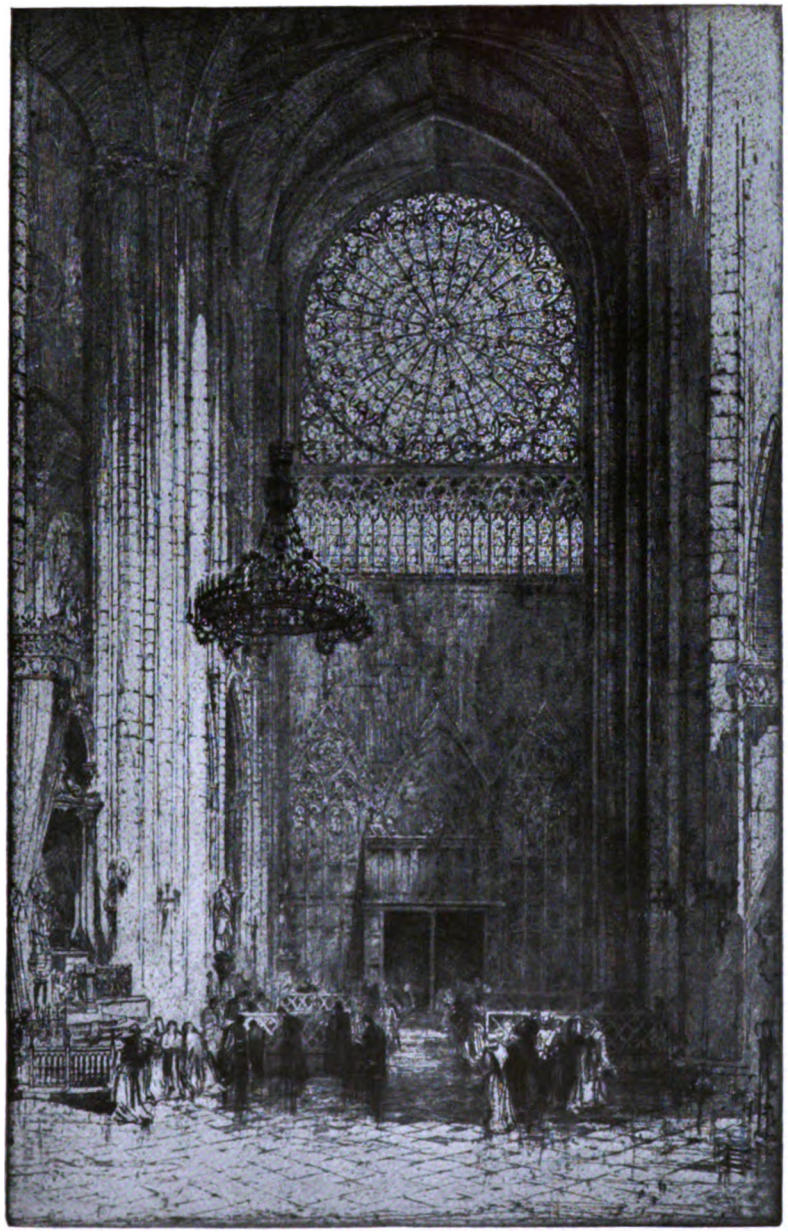
To have seen Rajon at his best was to see him at that home which he had planned and built at Auvers, on the river Oise, and where he delighted to receive his friends. Rajon, like Legros, was born at Dijon, in the midst of the wine-growing region of France. His father was not a successful man and was continually moving from place to place. Thus the family drifted to Strasburg and afterward to Metz, and in these two border cities he became (as I am told by those who speak it) fairly proficient in the German language. At Metz his first employment, at the age of fourteen, was the retouching of photographic negatives, and this humble work no doubt contributed to develop his great powers of drawing the human face. Later he found his way to Paris and studied etching with Léopold Flameng.

Rajon possessed more energy and enterprise than most of his confrères. It takes a great deal of both to induce a Frenchman to learn English — and also to quit Paris if he can possibly remain there. But Rajon learned English and went to London, where he soon won fame and fortune.

It is a most difficult thing for any artist to overstep the limit of his own nationality; usually if a French artist makes a portrait of an Englishman or of an American he makes Frenchmen of them. Not so Rajon. His superb portraits of Darwin, of John Stuart Mill, and of Mrs. Susanna Rose are thoroughly English.

I cannot forget an incident which took place the very last time I ever saw him. It was on a Sunday. Rajon had seated himself at the dinner-table, and his two cats had just mounted on his shoulders, as they always did, when I heard the clatter of a pair of wooden shoes outside, and a very old peasant woman, clad in homespun, appeared at the door. Rajon introduced her in courtly style as his excellent friend Madame Panneçaye, who did him the honor and pleasure to dine with him every Sunday.

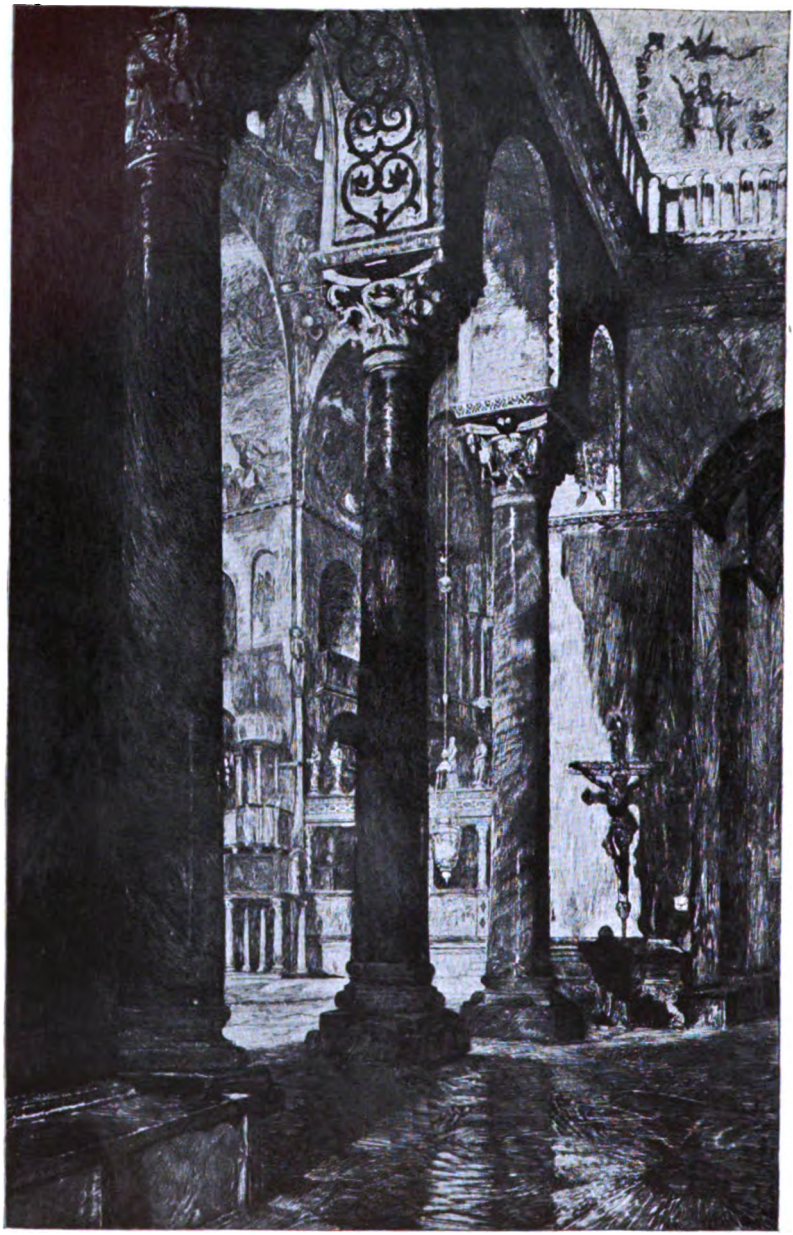
I learned afterward that this poor woman had owned a small farm up to the age of eighty, that she then made it over to her two sons — who promptly turned their mother out of doors. The good priest of the parish had given her the use of a little room, but otherwise she was utterly dependent upon charity. When I saw her she was eighty-four years old. I thought no more about the incident for a year, but after Rajon's death, when attending the sale of his collections at Christie's auction-rooms in London, I was startled by the vivid appearance of the same old woman in the form of a portrait drawn by Rajon. It is a wonderfully true likeness of that poor old



THE ROSE WINDOW, NOTRE DAME, PARIS

Size of the original print, 27⅛ by 17⅛ inches.

From the etching by Hedley Fitton. This superb etching is entirely worthy of its subject and places the artist in the very front rank as an etcher of architecture.



INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE

Size of the original print, 25¼ by 16 inches.

From the etching by Otto H. Bacher of New York. All who have visited this magnificent old edifice will recognize the fidelity with which the artist has rendered the vast Byzantine interior, with its great pillars of precious marble, its uneven, tesselated pavements, and the golden glow of its quaint mosaics.

creature who had suffered all the sorrows of King Lear himself. Another portrait of her, an original lithograph done by her kind friend Robert J. Wickenden, is a very fine print.

Most of Rajon's famous plates were done from paintings by other hands. He was also a very able original draughtsman. His portrait of Tennyson will attest this. Of this portrait, his biographer, Stephens, writes, that it is "simply one of the finest specimens of modern draughtsmanship with the etching-needle."

Having gone to London with Rajon, let us remain there, and conclude these brief sketches by glancing at the two most renowned of nineteenth century etchers Sir Seymour Haden, an Englishman, and James McNeill Whistler, an American established in England.

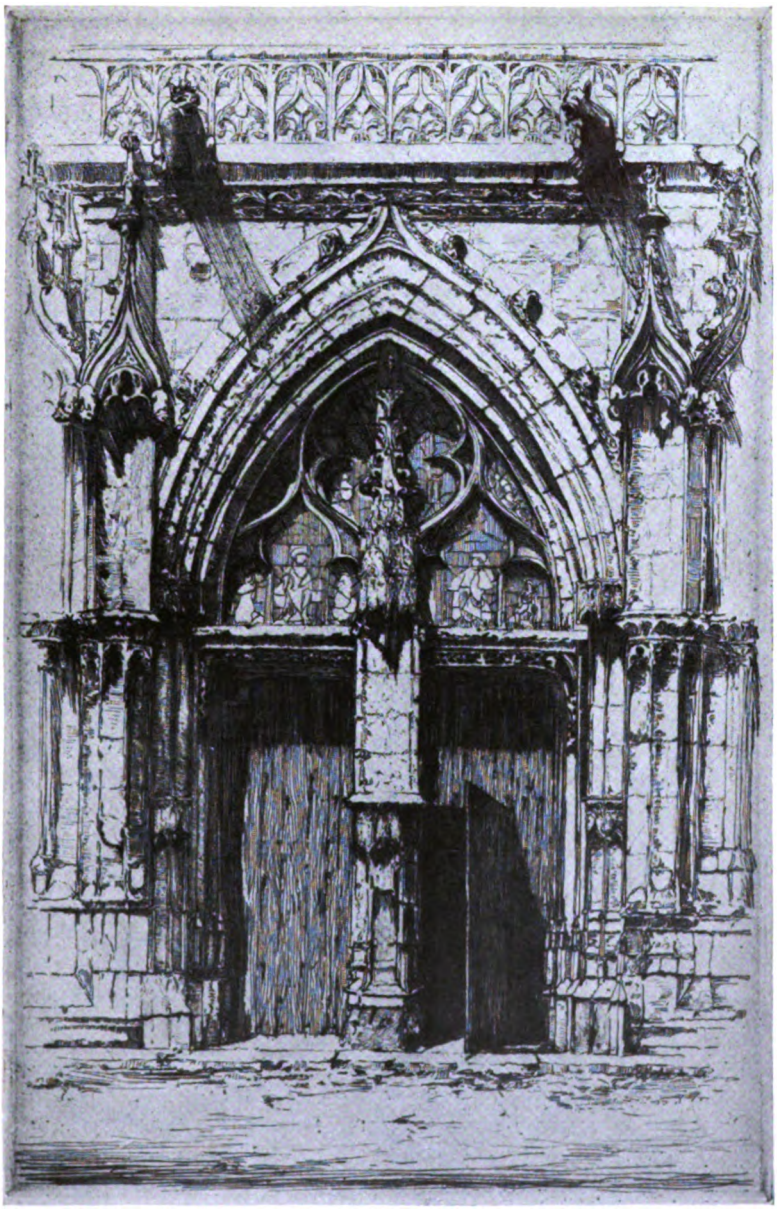
Of Sir Seymour Haden I need say but little, because he is by far the best known of all the nineteenth-century painter-etchers. How this busy and successful London surgeon took up landscape-etching as a pastime, and how with it he has beaten the professional artists on their own ground, is a story too well known to be repeated here. In Paris especially, Sir Seymour Haden has the reputation of being the greatest of all landscape-etchers, and though the French do not love English art, they awarded him at the Paris Exposition one of the two medals of honor decreed for original etching; the other medal being awarded to Charles Jacque.

Seymour Haden is now ninety-three years old.

He has quit London and has retired to the beautiful and historic old mansion of Woodcote Manor in Hampshire, where several of his American friends have enjoyed his charming hospitality. Personally, Sir Seymour Haden is an exceptionally able man, who would have risen to eminence in almost any career. A strong, emphatic, aggressive man, a good fighter, and (as Dr. Johnson said of somebody) "a good hater" of all that he believes to be wrong; in fact, an ideal Tory aristocrat in all his tastes and sentiments. His powerful writings have done more, I think, to vindicate etching and to win for it its legitimate rank than any other single influence.

What shall I say of Whistler in the few moments that are left me? A whole course of lectures, devoted to him alone, could not say all that is to be said of this great original artist and most remarkable man. There never has been a man like Whistler before and I do not see how there ever can be again.

As to his art, it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to characterize it now. No artist has ever been so unmercifully ridiculed, and yet I was told by an influential English painter in Paris last summer that it is now conceded that Whistler has influenced the artists of Europe to a greater degree than any other man of his century. This is what it is to be a Master. The artists learn from him and adopt his methods in spite of themselves. As to Whistler, the man, were I to characterize him with a Scriptural



NOTRE DAME DES ANDELYS

Size of the original print, 11 by 7 inches.
From the etching by Herman A. Webster.

"*Notre Dame des Andelys*, though not the most instantly engaging, is perhaps the most accomplished etching which the artist has produced." — *Martin Hardie.*

COUR NORMANDE
Size of the original print, $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

BUTTER MARKET, BRUGES
Size of the original print, $6\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
From the etchings by Herman A. Webster. These two plates are excellent examples of the artist's broad and balanced disposition of light and shade to give not merely chiaroscuro, but the suggestion of actual color.

quotation, it should be that prophecy concerning Ishmael of old — "His hand shall be against every man and every man's hand against him." Or did I seek a motto from Shakespeare it should be adapted from a description of Cleopatra:

> "Age cannot wither him nor custom stale
> His infinite variety."

His abnormal and unparalleled egotism, his sovereign contempt for all other artists, the delight which his own works afforded him, his keen mental alertness and piercing wit, and his irreverence toward all recognized authority, are only a few features of his unique personality.

I must refrain from relating many anecdotes about Whistler; for were I to commence I should not know where to stop; but a true picture of the man as drawn by his own hand can be found in his published book, which bears the quaint and felicitous title of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Most of us would much prefer to study and practise the still gentler art of making friends, but that is not what Whistler has written about. Quite the contrary.

James Abbott Whistler — who changed his name to James McNeill Whistler — was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834. He entered the West Point Military Academy as a cadet, but was dismissed for general refractoriness. In 1855 he drifted to Paris, and although he always retained his American citizenship, he never returned to his native land. He died in London

in 1903. When urged to revisit America he used to say that he was sorry to go on disappointing a whole continent, but that he could not really go. He retained all his intellectual brightness to the end.

About six months before he died he made his last journey to his beloved Paris and while there he visited a princess of the Orleans family. During their conversation her Royal Highness said to Whistler: "You are acquainted with his Majesty King Edward of England?" "Well, no," said Whistler, "not personally." "Well, that is strange," said the great lady, "I was in London a month ago, I visited Buckingham Palace and had an audience with the King, and he told me that he knew you well." "Oh," said Whistler, "that was only his *brag!*"

Among the best painter-etchers now living and working I may cite the names of Storm van's Gravesande, the Dutch nobleman and amateur etcher; D. Y. Cameron, the Scottish painter; Anders L. Zorn, the great Swedish painter; Paul Helleu, the Parisian dry-pointer; Herman A. Webster, the Chicago artist now working in Europe, and Thomas R. Manley of New York, whose original landscapes in dry-point are supplemented by two very fine ones which he did from drawings by our lamented American comedian, Joseph Jefferson.

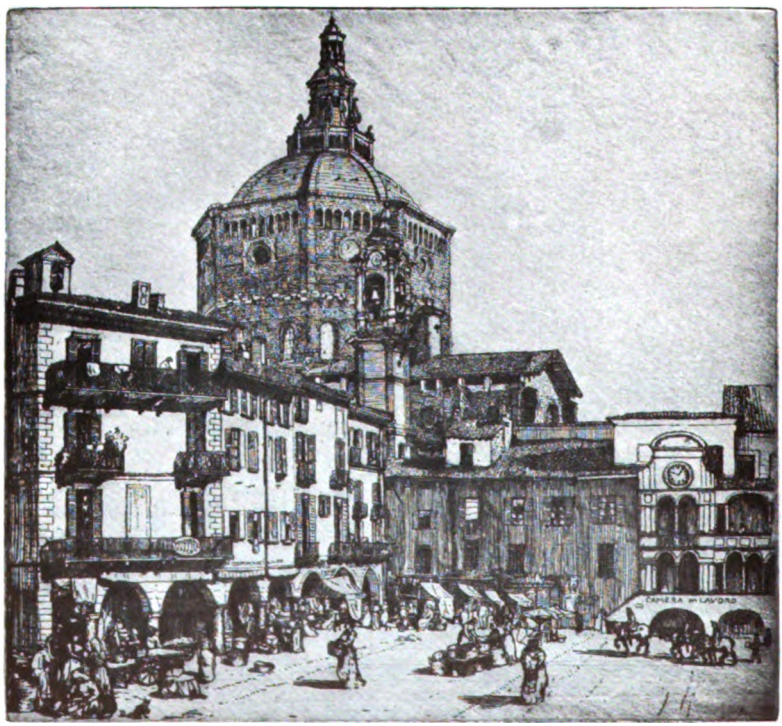
On two great American etchers separate chapters are printed in this book; they are Whistler and Joseph Pennell. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are

THE CYPRESS GROVE

Size of the original print, 11¾ by 8⅝ inches.
From the etching by D. Shaw MacLaughlan.

"In Italy we love above all his *Tivoli*, his *Certosa*, *Pavia*, his *Porte Vecchio* of Florence, and that admirable plate, *The Cypress Grove*, which is as seriously established, executed, and rendered bit by bit to the last delicate detail of the foliage, as one of those etchings of the heroic epoch of the Sixteenth Century, when the patience of the engravers was a virtue equal to their passion for the finished work." — *Octave Uzanne.*

PONTE TICINO
Size of the original print, $5\frac{1}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



THE CERTOSA, PAVIA
Size of the original print, $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
From the etchings by D. Shaw MacLaughlan. These two etchings of the Italian series are noteworthy for their excellence of drawing and clearly defined values, recalling in a sense the mastery of Meryon.

the joint authors of an admirable biography of Whistler. They were loyal and close friends of Whistler's to the end of his stormy life.

The old Methodists used to say that "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." Similarly fine painter-etching may be called a prepared art for a prepared public. Twenty years ago people used to accept anything that could be called "an etching"; but, happily, all this is now changed, and to-day the incompetent or the half-competent etcher has no chance when competing with those who may justly rank as masters in this most interesting, but difficult, art.

ORIGINAL ETCHINGS BY QUEEN VICTORIA

NOW that so many millions of people throughout the civilized world are bearing affectionate testimony to the memory of Queen Victoria, the following little story may be of interest as showing an unexpected broad-mindedness on the part of a monarch who had been accustomed to flattery all her life.

A few years ago I got possession of a collection of thirty-four etchings done by the Queen's own hand. I made an exhibition of this collection in my gallery, but knowing that, while interesting, they were in no respect great works of art, I said as much in the short introduction which I wrote for the catalogue of the exhibition.

When in London, a month later, I met the official keeper of the Queen's pictures, Sir Charles Robinson. After greeting me, he asked if the report could possibly be true that I had made a public exhibition in New York of her Majesty's etchings. He explained that very few proofs had ever been given away, and that these had only been given to distinguished persons, who would never dream of parting with them. "Where had I found them? From whom had I bought them?" My answer was: "Sir Charles, I will

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Size of the original print, 8 by 6¼ inches.

Etched by Queen Victoria and signed in the plate, "V. R." (Victoria Regina), and dated November 18, 1840.

RETURNING FROM THE DEER HUNT
Size of the original print, 6 by 8½ inches.
Etched by Queen Victoria, after Sir Edwin Landseer

PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII AND OTHER SKETCHES
Size of the original print, 4⅞ by 6½ inches.
Etched by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, after the drawing by the Prince Consort. Dated September 1, 1840.

tell you all I can. The Queen's etchings were bought here in England, and I came by them honestly. That is all I will tell you." He then asked me to send him a copy of the catalogue, which I promised to do. In leaving me he added, "I shall lay the catalogue before her Majesty." I detained him to say that I was very glad he had mentioned this, because the introduction which I had written was not meant for the eyes of royalty, and that it would never do to have the Queen see such a thing. Sir Charles said that he would use his own discretion in the matter, and so we parted, I assuring him that after reading it he would never show it to her Majesty. Here is what I had printed:

The name of Queen Victoria is about as certain to remain a great name in history as that of any individual of the nineteenth century; but it is *not* through her work as an original etcher that she will be immortalized. And yet these etchings of hers come distinctly nearer to being works of art then do those of some more pretentious amateurs. They are not very far from being as good as the etchings of Thackeray — although that great man of letters was at one time in treaty with Charles Dickens to illustrate the works of the latter with etchings such as those of Vanity Fair.

These etchings by Queen Victoria and others by her husband are intimate souvenirs of her happy young wifehood and motherhood. The dates run from 1836 to 1846. The Queen took lessons from Sir Edwin Landseer, whose father, John Landseer, was a good etcher. These etchings were, of course, never published; she sometimes gave proofs of them to her near friends, and these are the only ones in existence — so that at least this exhibition shows prints

of extreme rarity. While many of the plates are both designed and etched by the Queen, others are done by her from drawings by her husband. Prince Albert is represented by etchings after his wife's drawings as well as by some which were designed by himself.

On this occasion we cannot invite the public to view a collection of masterpieces; but if Martha Washington had etched some plates we would all have been curious to see them. We know that the latter lady had *some* taste, because a letter of hers expresses strong disapproval of the practice of some of the "Whiggs" who had the reprehensible habit of leaning their heads back against the immaculate walls of her parlors!

A circumstance may illustrate the kind feeling of Americans toward her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is our custom to speak of the Emperor of Germany, or the Queen of Holland, or the King of Italy — but when it comes to the mention of Victoria we simply call her "the Queen."

Shortly afterward I was astonished to receive the following letter from Sir Fleetwood Edwards, one of Queen Victoria's private secretaries:

"DEAR SIR: I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for a copy of the catalogue of the exhibition, made in New York, of her etchings. Her Majesty has perused this catalogue with much interest."

CHARLES JACQUE

"OF all the rustic artists Charles Jacque has the simplest and purest feeling, and we enjoy a rusticity which is genuine and sincere." So writes Hamerton of this master, whose paintings, as well as his etchings, are about as well known as those of any artist of the nineteenth century; and while no general collection, either of paintings or of etchings, by other men, is too good to exclude him from an honored place, yet his work is so sane and so simple that in no case is this liking for it "an acquired taste." While there is no lack of artistic invention or of technical mastery in his pictures, yet there is no "queerness" and no mysterious and hidden quality in them, so that one enjoys them from the first and enjoys them always.

Charles Jacque was born in Paris in 1813 and died there in 1893. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to an engraver of maps, but even at that early age he had aspirations toward higher things, for it was then that he made his first etching, and he made a good beginning, for his first plate was a copy of Rembrandt's "Head of a Woman," which the Dutch master had etched in 1637. Jacque very soon tired of the drudgery of map-engraving, and in 1830 he enlisted in the

French army. He served for seven years, taking part in the siege of Antwerp, and retiring with the modest rank of corporal.

Most well-constituted boys begin by making pictures of soldiers. Whistler did it, and so did Jacque. Monsieur Jules Claretie, in his monograph on Jacque, tells us that he made a number of "not drawings but sketches" of this character, and they are still preserved in two little books of a convenient size to be carried about in a soldier's pocket. The sketches they contain were done between the eighteenth and the twenty-fourth year of the artist's life. In his twenty-fifth year Jacque went to England, remaining there for two years and working as an illustrator of books. His work at this period gave good promise of his future fame.

Returning to Paris, his first essay there was the publication of a series of military sketches. He sold the original drawings to a publisher named Henriot at the price of *one franc* each, but as Monsieur Henriot never paid him for them it was not an auspicious beginning; but it may have taught Jacque a lesson, for he died a very rich man.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to repeat here a part of what I said of him in a lecture delivered before the Grolier Club shortly before his death:

"Jacque was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, pioneer in the great nineteenth century revival of etching, and he did more than any other one man to bring it about. A famous

LA BERGERIE BÉARNAISE

Size of the original print, 18 by 14½ inches.

From the original etching by Charles Jacque. This fine plate won for M. Jacque the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exposition of 1889. In his book *Les Graveurs du XIXe Siecle*, M. Henri Beraldi calls this etching a "superbe pièce" — and so it is.

LA BERGERIE

Size of the original print, 11¾ by 17½ inches.

From the etching by Charles Jacque. This plate and La Bergerie Béarnaise are usually considered Jacque's masterpieces. Beraldi in his work "*Les Graveurs du XIXe Siecle*," calls this etching "Cette estampe célèbre." It has become very rare and now brings a high price.

painter, as well as the creator of nearly five hundred notable etchings, he was the comrade and friend of such great men as Millet, Troyon, Corot, Théodore Rousseau, and Daubigny, and he outlived them all. His etched work embraces a period of more than sixty years, and his later plates are considered his best, because in them he entirely emancipated himself from the laborious and painstaking traditions of the line engravers. "In Jacque's work there is sweet rusticity everywhere. He draws domestic animals, including swine, with a loving fidelity, and no artist has ever sketched poultry so well — nor, I may add, written about them so well."

To come back to a later time, I may say that I knew Jacque well, and, indeed, have had many a squabble with him, as well as many a pleasant and peaceable hour. These little quarrels troubled him not at all (however they may have troubled me), and so there was no difficulty in renewing our good relations whenever our mutual interests rendered a reconciliation desirable.

Jacque suffered more than most artists through the misdirected enterprise of the counterfeiters. His etchings are so clever in technic that they are out of the reach of imitators, but his paintings have been counterfeited unmercifully. A story related to me by his next-door neighbor, Monsieur Félix Buhot, shows that Jacque could on occasion be humorous as well as grim. A wealthy lady took a sudden notion that it would be the correct thing for her to collect works of art, and

hearing of a signed "Charles Jacque" which was for sale in a little shop on the outer Boulevard at the price of thirty francs, she went and bought it. Having hung it in her gallery she showed it with great satisfaction to her friends. One among them, who had "eyes to see," told her that she ought to show her picture to the artist himself, so as to have him to authenticate it. Jacque consented, but when he saw the frightful daub which bore his name he almost fainted. Mastering his emotion he said to the lady, "Madame, what is your own opinion of this picture?" "Oh, Monsieur Jacque," she replied, "it is the pride of my collection and I consider it an absolute masterpiece." "Well, then," said the artist, "I *did* paint it. Yes, it is my own work, madame!" The lady went away delighted, and Jacque vented his fury on the next man he met!

At one prolific period of his career as an etcher and lithographer — about the years 1864 and 1865 — Jacque had a hankering after minute prettiness of execution, and although he never etched a plate that is so minutely finished in all its parts as is Rembrandt's magnificent portrait of the "Burgomaster Six," yet during the same period he produced some of his boldest and strongest work.

Like some other famous artists, Jacque received scant recognition at the Paris Salon, so that he ceased exhibiting there during the last, and best, thirty years of his life. Up to the year 1864 he had won seven medals at the Salon, but they were

LES PETITES MAISONS KERCASSIER
Size of the original print, 5½ by 8¾ inches.

LE BUISSON KERCASSIER
Size of the original print, 4⅜ by 5¼ inches.
From the etchings by Charles Jacque.

"Of all the rustic artists Charles Jacque has the simplest and purest feeling. . . . His deep and sincere love of simple country-life gives a great charm to many of his etchings, and is entirely conveyed to the spectator." — *Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

DANS LE BOIS

Size of the original print, 7½ by 5⅝ inches.

LA VACHÈRE

Size of the original print, 8⅝ by 6¾ inches.

From the etchings by Charles Jacque. In Jacque's work there is sweet rusticity everywhere; he draws domestic animals, including swine, with a loving fidelity; and no artist has ever sketched poultry so well — nor written about them so well.

all third-class; while second medals, first medals, and even the great Medal of Honor, had been awarded to artists who, in comparison to Jacque, were ephemeral nobodies. However, the Paris Exposition of 1889 gave him a tardy vindication by awarding him the Medal of Honor for his etching, "La Bergerie Béarnaise." This plate, the work of the artist's old age, is called by Beraldi in his work, "The Engravers of the Nineteenth Century," *une pièce superbe* — and so it is.

Such a thing as a complete collection of Jacque's etchings and lithographs does not exist in any one place. The master himself has told me that the fullest collection existing is that of Mr. Samuel P. Avery, who bequeathed it to the New York Public Library.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET was born in the little village of Gruchy, on the Norman coast, on the 4th of October, 1814. There for generations his family had cultivated their small piece of ground, and there the future artist was brought up in the laborious thrift of the poorer French peasantry.

As his mother could not be spared from her daily labor in the fields, the care of the child fell to the grandmother. Of this devout and excellent woman Millet always cherished the most affectionate remembrance, and to her training he was chiefly indebted for those strong principles of right and morality which he always maintained.

In the intervals of his labor in the fields, the boy received some instruction from the Curé of Gréville. This worthy man encouraged him to study Latin, telling him that through it he could become a doctor or a priest. Millet did learn Latin, but declared that he would be neither priest nor doctor, but would help his father on the farm.

The elder Millet appears to have been an enlightened man. From the first he encouraged his son's propensity to make sketches of the scenes

and persons about him; and when, at the age of eighteen, Millet proposed to adopt the career of an artist, the father replied: "My poor François, I cannot well spare you while your brothers are so young; but we will go together to Cherbourg and show some of your drawings to an artist there, and if he considers that you have real talent, I will consent."

At Cherbourg they showed two drawings to Mouchel, who was a pupil of the school of David. This artist at first refused to believe that the drawings which were shown him could be the unaided work of a peasant-boy; and when at last convinced that they were, he declared that the boy had in him the making of a great artist.

Millet then commenced his art studies at Cherbourg, and while there he also read with avidity all the books he could procure. Besides the French authors he was passionately fond of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, and the American, Fenimore Cooper. He removed to Paris at the age of twenty-three, and although he was then a simple peasant, he was far from being an ignorant one. His letters show that Millet was a man of intellect and refinement, and in after life it was his habit to read his Bible and his Virgil in the Latin.

The artist has left a record of his first experiences in the great city. His main desire was to visit the pictures in the Louvre, but he was too shy to inquire his way, and wandered about until he came upon the building by chance.

He was chiefly impressed by the works of Mantegna, Michael Angelo, and Nicolas Poussin; but the artificial prettiness of Watteau and Boucher gave him no pleasure, and he had a feeling that the performing puppets in their pictures should be shut up in a box after their masquerade was over.

He became a pupil of Paul Delaroche, but could never adopt the academic formality of that popular painter.

Although his resources in Paris were very slender, Millet contrived to make several visits to the beloved homestead in Normandy. During one of these visits in 1841, he painted several portraits (some sign-boards also), and among these portraits that of the young girl of Cherbourg whom he married.

Millet was then a large, strong, handsome young man of twenty-seven. His first wife died within three years, and in 1845 he married the woman who became the mother of his large family, and who remained — until his death, thirty years afterward — his devoted companion in his few joys and many sorrows.

Thus far fortune had, in a moderate way, smiled on the artist, but now his troubles began to come thick and fast; and they only ended with his life. Returning to Paris in 1845, Millet and his wife endured years of dire privation. In the winter of 1848 a friend found them in a room without fire, and learned that for two days they had had nothing to eat. Several pictures

SHEPHERDESS KNITTING

Size of the original print, 12½ by 9¼ inches.
From the etching by J. F. Millet.

"This beautiful plate was intended for publication by the *Société des Aquafortistes* (Cadart), but the publisher having asked Millet to withdraw the plate, the artist ceased to be a member of the Société (1862)." — *Alfred Lebrun.*

THE WOOL-CARDER

Size of the original print, 10⅛ by 6¼ inches.
From the etching by J. F. Millet.

"This admirable print narrowly escaped suppression. Millet considered it overbitten and did not wish to publish it. By inadvertence he left the plate an entire night in the acid. — *Alfred Lebrun.*

"The essence of the painter's feeling is here, in these few strokes of black and white; and the essence of his feeling is more valuable than even the splendid glow of color by means of which he enhanced, on canvas, its effect." — *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer.*

were refused admission at the Salon, and those that were admitted found few admirers and fewer purchasers. It was the oft-repeated tale of so many men of great original genius (those innovators and prophets whose tombs are devoutly built by posterity): first, total neglect; next, encountering opposition and detraction; after that, occasioning violent controversies; still later, seriously considered, and finally taking their place among the immortals. When at last renown came to Millet, it came too late. The strong, vigorous man was worn out by long years of neglect, poverty, and disappointment; no strength remained to gather the harvest — and so he died.

Surely commonplace mediocrity leads a happier life than inspired genius! And may there not be among us some unknown *Millets* living and suffering to-day?

Millet never took kindly to Paris. The artificial glare and glitter were repugnant to his simple, serious nature, and he was fain to escape in 1849 to the little village of Barbizon, on the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. Here he rented the cottage where he lived for twenty-seven years, and where he died on the 20th of January, 1875, in the sixty-first year of his age.

After the master's death his widow and children continued to occupy the now famous little cottage at Barbizon, and in 1886 some of his admirers purchased this cottage and made Madame Millet its owner. It was there that she resided to the end of her life.

Millet's development in art was steady and gradual. It was only after he had definitely devoted himself at Barbizon to the delineation of peasant life that his masterpieces in painting and etching were produced.

Although he was wretchedly poor during this period, yet a few of his contemporaries recognized him even then as a great artist. Among these were Théodore Rousseau, Charles Jacque, and the American painter William Hunt.

It is well known that Alfred Sensier filled a *rôle*, with regard to Millet, not unlike that which was filled by James Boswell a hundred years before with sturdy old Dr. Samuel Johnson. Sensier, as well as Boswell, recognized the greatness of his hero, and sought his society on all occasions; and each has left an admirable biography of the man of his admiration. No one could read Sensier's *Life of Millet* without being filled with esteem as well as pity for the true-hearted man it portrays.

In etching, as in painting, Millet was thoroughly original and entirely himself. A consummate draughtsman, he despised all tricks of mere prettiness and "finish," and having given the essentials of a composition, he wisely stopped and carried it no farther.

There is little that is distinctively French in his work; no coquetry, no superficial adroitness or vivacity; but in their place are direct and serious honesty combined with transcendent ability. Some extracts from his letters to

TWO MEN DIGGING

Size of the original print, 9⅛ by 13¼ inches.

From the etching by J. F. Millet. No etcher has better understood or better expressed action and motion than Millet, and the entire process of digging is portrayed, once for all, in this magnificent etching, one of the strongest, if not one of the most beautiful, of Millet's plates. Of the weary and hopeless toil of the poor, Millet himself writes, "To me this is true humanity and great poetry."

THE GLEANERS

Size of the original print, 7¼ by 10 inches.
From the etching by J. F. Millet. The eminent critic, Kenyon Cox, writes of this subject, "One of the most perfect of all his pictures — more perfect than *The Sower* . . . is *The Gleaners*."

an intimate friend will show how this poet of the poor saw his vocation: "To paint well and naturally, I think an artist should avoid the theater." "The human side of art is what touches me most; the gay side never shows itself to me." And of the weary and hopeless toil of the poor, he writes: "To me this is true humanity and great poetry."

Millet's etched work was produced at a time when the art had not as yet become popular, and hence some of his finest plates have become very scarce; indeed, several prints, or states of prints, are unique.

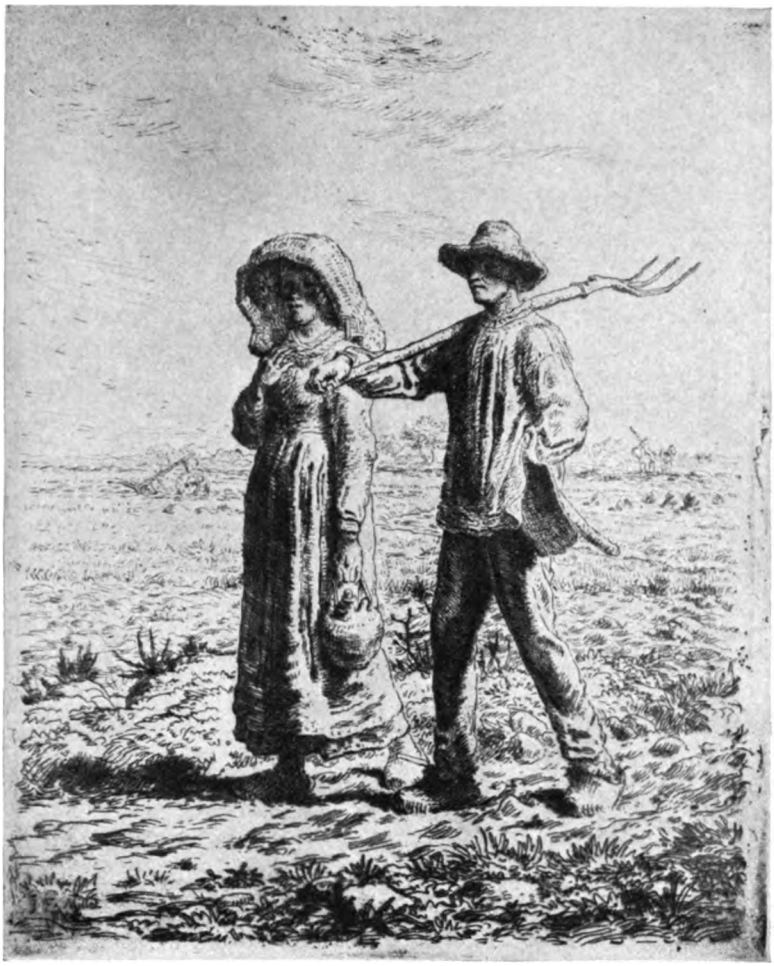
His paintings being so well known, either through the originals themselves or through etchings (done by other hands) and by photographs taken from them, our present concern is with the original etchings which the master executed with his own hand. Of these there existed twenty-one plates, and they include some eight which are mere studies made by Millet of the etching process, so that his finished etched plates numbered only thirteen.

Nearly every one of these thirteen etchings is of special interest because it is the original finished study which the master afterwards elaborated into some famous painting. There is a saying among the French artists to the effect that a man paints every day, no matter how he feels; but that when he etches it is only on his *good* days.

Of Millet's thirteen finished etchings the first

place is generally accorded to his plate of the "Woman Carding Wool." We may allow this to be "the chief among equals"; these equals being the "Two Men Digging," the "Women Gleaning," the "Man with a Wheelbarrow," the "Woman Churning," the "Shepherdess Knitting," and the "Peasants Going to Work."

There is perhaps no other great etcher whose works gain or lose so much according to the good or the bad quality of each individual proof. Millet was not himself an expert printer; and judging by the very poor quality of some proofs which were unquestionably printed for himself, he did not always seem to know whether a proof was good, middling, or bad. Probably the true explanation is that Millet could seldom afford to pay for the services of an expert printer, and an incompetent one is likely to ruin the effect of the finest plate in the world; for a badly printed proof is no better than a libel on the artist. If one man pays five times more for a suit of clothes than another man can pay, the former is very apt to be the better dressed of the two. The dull, heavy, and lifeless impressions of Millet's plates which sometimes shock the connoisseur do not exist through any fault in the plates themselves; for when the plates were printed by such a master craftsman as Auguste Delâtre the result is harmonious, luminous, and altogether beautiful. He generally printed Millet's proofs on thin old Japanese paper of a golden tone, or else on fine old Dutch paper. These latter, equally fine, but



PEASANTS GOING TO WORK

Size of the original print, 15⅛ by 12⅛ inches.

From the etching by J. F. Millet. This subject was a favorite one with Millet. He repeated it with slight variations, in many mediums, but in none of them with greater force or more directness than in this etching.

A WOMAN CHURNING

Size of the original print, 7 by 4⅝ inches.

PEASANT WITH A WHEELBARROW

Size of the original print, 6½ by 5¼ inches.

From the etchings by J. F. Millet. These two etchings, though smaller in size than several others by Millet, are not less powerful in effect, nor less masterly in treatment and drawing. Nothing finer than the figure of the peasant with a wheelbarrow has been done in etching since Rembrandt.

different in effect, were often printed with a brownish ink. Delâtre was by no means the only expert printer who understood how to get out of Millet's plates all that the master had put into them, and this fact makes it the more astonishing that Millet could have tolerated a considerable number of bad impressions.

It is, then, through fine proofs only that Millet's etchings should be judged, and they seem already to have taken rank among the permanent masterpieces of the art — beginning with the prints of Dürer and Rembrandt and coming down to those of Seymour Haden and Whistler.

Besides his etchings and lithographs, Millet also tried his hand at wood-engraving, and with eminent success. He had the intelligence to see that the laborious and over-elaborate wood-cuts of his day were no more than feeble imitations of engravings on copper or steel, and so he brought wood-engraving back to the simplicity which had been so triumphantly practised by Albrecht Dürer three centuries before. Dürer's engravings on copper still remain models of minute elaboration, but when he made a wood-cut he changed his method entirely. The effect in his wood-cuts is mainly achieved through the bold and even coarse outlines. Millet has done the same — and with admirable results. He seldom actually engraved the wood blocks upon which he had drawn designs (any more than Dürer did), but, having made some studies in the art, he had his designs engraved by one or other of his

two brothers, Pierre or Jean-Baptiste. The large wood-cut of the "Shepherdess Seated," engraved by J. B. Millet, and the "Digger Leaning on his Spade" and the "Woman Filling Water Cans," engraved by Pierre Millet, are equally full of the spirit of their great brother.

Fashions in art will change. Some living artists who have acquired great fame have perhaps already "outlived their immortality," while others to-day unheralded will some day be famous. But in the roll of honor of the nineteenth century there is no name more certain to go down to posterity as that of a master in art than the name of Jean-François Millet.

MILLET AS AN ETCHER

The distinguished American painter and etcher, Thomas Moran, once made to me the following pregnant comment on the works of Jean-François Millet: "I admire his etchings still more than I admire his paintings. When Millet was painting he was thinking of his color, but when he was etching he was thinking of his drawing."

Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, one of the most sympathetic critics of Millet's etchings, writes: "A man who had given his whole life to painting and not to etching could not have been more truly and markedly a born etcher than Millet showed himself to be — few though were the plates and many though were the canvases he worked upon. To depend upon lines, not tones, for expression;

THE SOWER

Size of the original print, $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

From the original lithograph by J. F. Millet. This lithograph, executed in 1851, was done for *L'Artiste*, — but that journal never published it. This was a favorite subject with Millet, and one which he repeated, with variations, many times, but never more nobly than in this unpretentious lithograph.

DIGGER LEANING ON HIS SPADE (WOODCUT)

Size of the original print, 7⅞ by 5⅛ inches.
From the woodcut done in 1875 by Pierre Millet, a brother of the master, from the drawing by J. F. Millet.

THE SHEPHERDESS SEATED (WOODCUT)

Size of the original print, 10⅜ by 8⅝ inches.
From the woodcut, drawn by J. F. Millet, and cut on the block by his brother, Jean-Baptiste Millet.

to make every line 'tell,' and to use no more lines than are absolutely needed to tell exactly what he wants to say; to speak strongly, concisely, and to the point; to tell us much while saying little; to suggest rather than to elaborate, but to suggest in such a way that the meaning shall be very clear and individual and impressive — these are the things the true etcher tries to do. And these are the things that Millet did with a more magnificent power than any man, perhaps, since Rembrandt. Other modern etchings have more charm than his — none have quite so much feeling. Others show more grace and delicacy of touch — none show more force or certainty, and none a more artistic 'economy of means.'"

The king of all etchers, Rembrandt, seldom or never etched a design which he had painted, or painted one which he had etched; but Millet's method was the opposite. In several cases an etching by him was the earliest expression of his subject, but he often repeated the same artistic conception in a painting in oils, a water-color drawing, a pastel — or, on occasion, all three. Among his few lithographs is the characteristic and beautiful "Man Sowing Grain," and his finished wood-cuts — although actually engraved by one or other of his two brothers — are in the best spirit of wood-engraving as it was done nearly four centuries earlier by Albrecht Dürer.

What may be called the personal history of Millet's etched plates is peculiarly interesting.

The spirit of painter-etching was at its best about the year 1860 — "there or thereabouts." Meryon, Whistler, Seymour Haden, and Millet were, at that time, producing their masterpieces. Millet could sell very few proofs, and so he printed very few — although his plates were so strongly etched that they could have yielded a larger edition. When the master died, the French law required that the copper plates must be sequestered until the coming of age of one of the heirs who was then a minor. So the plates were enclosed in a strong box which was then officially sealed by a legal functionary. When the time arrived that the Millet family could enter into possession of them, I myself was present when the seals were broken and the plates taken out. I saw at once, by the unpolished surface of the coppers, that no proofs had been printed from them for many years, and also that they were entirely unworn from use.

It was then arranged that I was to take the plates to London and entrust them to Mr. Frederick Goulding, who was the ablest plate-printer of his day. He knew how to get out of Millet's plates just what the master had put into them, and Goulding printed, with his own hands, a small edition from each of the plates. These plates were then destroyed. The destroyed copper-plates became the property of an eminent American collector who is an enthusiast in his love for Millet's work.

These proofs printed by Goulding are unques-

tionably the finest that Millet's plates ever yielded—although they are the latest. A similar anomaly happened in the case of the sixteen plates of Whistler's superb "Thames Set." In their case also the latest printing — as Whistler admitted — was much the best, and all art-lovers have to thank Goulding for this result.

A NOTABLE MASTERPIECE BY MILLET

Reprinted, by permission, from the "Century Magazine"

IT is very well known that although the pictures of Jean-François Millet were sadly neglected during the artist's lifetime, yet very shortly after his death not only were his finished paintings, aquarelles, drawings, and etchings eagerly collected, classified, and studied, but even the slightest scrap of a sketch from his hand was dignified into a "lot" and eagerly competed for at the auction sales of the Hôtel Drouot in Paris; and it may be regarded as an extraordinary thing that his "Wood-Sawyers" — a finished painting which may rank among his very finest — should with propriety now be presented in a monthly magazine as a sort of novelty.

Why is not "The Wood-Sawyers" as well known as the universally known "Angelus"? Both the pictures are the product of about the same period, are of nearly similar size and importance; and on one memorable though little-known occasion, when these two masterpieces were placed side by side and offered for sale to an enlightened and wealthy collector, he selected "The Wood-Sawyers" and rejected "The Angelus." It was not long after the time when Millet was very

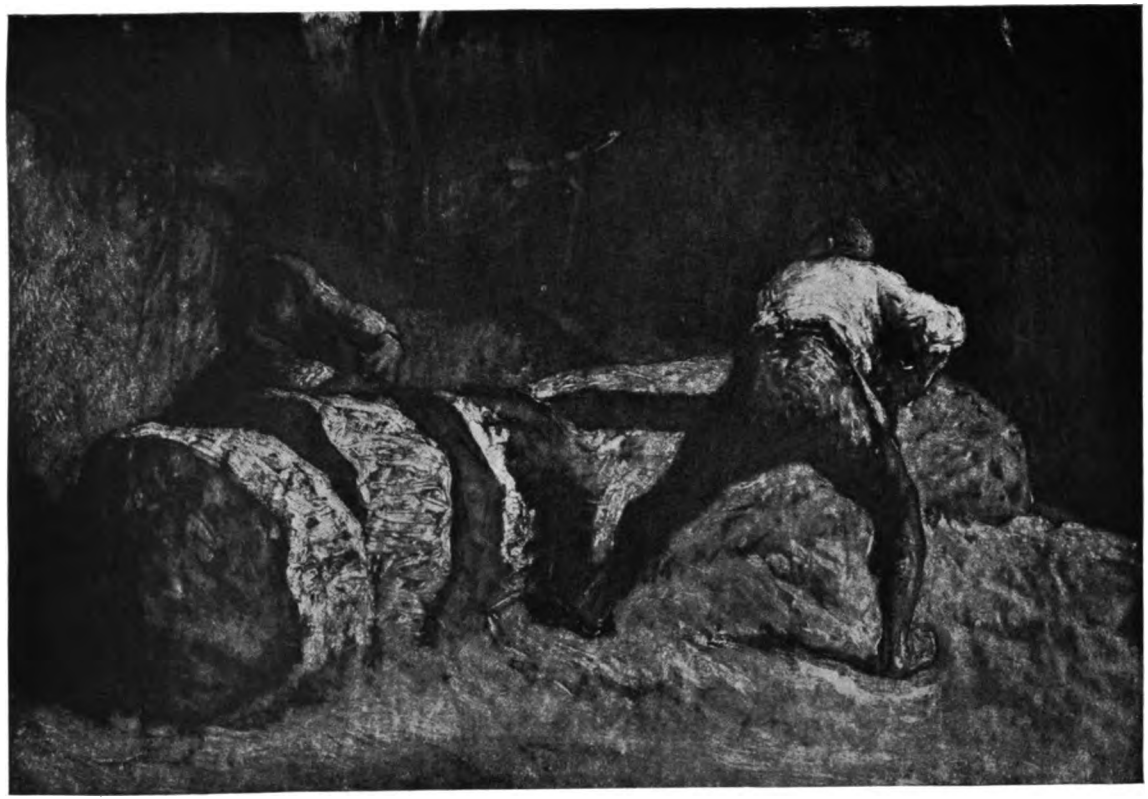
glad to sell the latter picture for two thousand francs (but long before M. Chauchard of Paris paid seven hundred and fifty thousand francs for it) that it drifted into the possession of M. Deschamps, a Frenchman of great taste and knowledge of pictures, who was at that time doing business in London. One of his clients in England was the eminent Greek merchant Constantine Ionides, who long resided at Brighton, where he recently died after having made a collection of pictures of unsurpassed quality. M. Deschamps, knowing that Ionides had long desired to procure an example of Millet which would satisfy his exacting requirements, sent word to the great merchant that he could offer him not only one but two such pictures. It is known that Ionides was himself a capital judge, yet he seldom would venture to buy a picture unless his own opinion of it could be indorsed by that of still another eminent foreigner resident in England. This was Alphonse Legros, painter, sculptor, etcher, and for twenty years Slade Professor of Art at University College, London. (It will be remembered that John Ruskin filled the corresponding Slade professorship at Oxford.)

This was the man, then, whom Constantine Ionides took with him when he went to the house of Deschamps to purchase a picture by Millet. The two paintings were placed side by side before the visitors. "The Wood-Sawyers" was slightly the larger canvas, measuring about thirty-six inches in width, and its price was five hundred

pounds sterling, while the price of "The Angelus" was eight hundred pounds. Ionides, desiring to have the better picture, was inclined to take the dearer one, but declared that he would be guided in his choice by Legros. Thus appealed to, Legros made answer: "If you want the really great picture of these two, take 'The Wood-Sawyers'"; and thus the choice was made. The picture has since been cloistered in the mansion at Brighton, while its companion was destined to cross the Atlantic twice before finding its present resting-place in Paris.

The seclusion which has been the fate of the picture under consideration seems, in a measure, also to have followed the single reproduction of it which has hitherto been made. This reproduction is the wonderfully able etching done from Millet's painting by the Scottish artist William Hole.

It is well within the province of the best reproductive etching or engraving to suggest the color-scheme of the painting reproduced, and sometimes even to improve upon it; yet it is beyond the scope of a print in monochrome to record this or that detail of color which exists in the picture copied. Thus by looking at our illustration it is easy to see that the woodman whose back is turned towards us is the dominant figure in the composition, but not so easy to realize that, in Millet's painting, this woodman's trousers are the dominant color-note of the whole picture. They are of that strong blue velveteen which is so much worn by



THE WOOD-SAWYERS

From the etching by William Hole, after the painting by Jean-François Millet.

THE ANGELUS

Size of the original print, 21 by 25 inches.

From the etching by Charles Waltner, after the painting by J. F. Millet.

"It is impossible not to feel the deep sense of rustic devotion in this most impressive work. . . The etcher has entered quite heartily into the sincere and earnest spirit of the painter, and has etched the picture with so much good taste and feeling that the effect on the heart is quite that of the original painting itself." — *Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

French working-men. This cheap cotton stuff is really beautiful in color, reflecting the light where the light falls on it, and shading almost to black in the shadows. It was thus that Millet painted it, and it was with deliberate intent that he put it there. This artistic purpose was quickly recognized by at least one visitor to the painting, one who had "the art of putting things," if ever a man had — the late Robert Louis Stevenson. When he saw Millet's painting his first remark was: "See how that vivid blue explodes like a bombshell in the middle of the picture and illuminates it all!"

What a picture it is! It is almost colossal or titanic in its energy. One might imagine that two of the Cyclops, whose work it was to forge thunderbolts for Zeus, had temporarily left their smithy for the purpose of sawing to pieces an immense tree. What workmanlike force is in the action of the two men who wield the great saw! What grip of the hands, what planting of the feet, what setting of the shoulders as the men "buckle down" to their heavy task! No wonder that Millet, the poet of the poor, should have repudiated the "prettified" rural pictures of the fashionable Watteau, declaring them to be artificial and false. Watteau's point of view was that of court lords and ladies masquerading as honest peasants (aristocrats whose heartless trifling afterward brought on the French Revolution), while Millet was born a peasant and did a peasant's work until the time when, through his pictures,

he began eloquently to plead the cause of his own people.

It is possible that the definitive biography of so great a master in art as Millet has yet to be written. Sensier's biography has the great advantage of being a "human document" written by a friend who had known the artist long and intimately; but it also has the disadvantage of presenting Millet's life from Sensier's point of view alone, and in consequence the book lacks historical perspective. Still, it is a book that no serious student of Millet can afford to neglect, and for purposes of study the American translation seems to be the more useful, because in it a good deal of irrelevant matter has been eliminated, while the essentials remain.

After Sensier's death, many people came forward with the declaration that the biographer, instead of having been Millet's good angel, had taken advantage of the artist's necessities, and had exploited him unmercifully. Undoubtedly Sensier bought Millet's works for years at a small fraction of the price which the same works would fetch to-day, and it is equally true that after the master's death he sold them at a great profit; but it was "that or nothing" with the artist in those early years, and this was not Sensier's fault. It may be of interest here to record on this question the opinion of two of Millet's own children with whom the present writer conversed on several occasions during the summer of 1900. Charles Millet declares that his father was much indebted

to his future biographer for sympathetic aid of various kinds; and his sister, Mme. Saignier, who was grown up long before Millet died, frankly says: "My father taught his children to love and reverence Alfred Sensier next after *le bon Dieu*."

SIR SEYMOUR HADEN[1]

PAINTER-ETCHER

Being a Condensation of the Lecture delivered before the Grolier Club and afterward repeated at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Yale University, etc.

THE time is happily past when an "etching" was supposed to be a drawing done with pen and ink, and when a collector exhibiting some fine proof was liable to have the unmeaning question put to him: "Now is this *the* original?" — as if there were only one. People now know what an etching is and how it is made, they know that a painter-etching is one designed as well as executed by its author, and knowing all this they understand why, of all forms of art-expression, painter-etching is the most personal and the most intellectual. The time is also past when an etching was vaguely believed to be an alleged work of art, of mysterious and obscure significance, "to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness." We now know that there is no mystery about it, and that what to an educated eye looks right and true *is* right and true, while what looks wrong and false *is* wrong and false.

[1] Sir Seymour Haden died June 1, 1910, in his ninety-second year.

To the superficial and unsympathetic observer an etching may appear a very simple and trifling thing, but in reality it is a most difficult thing to produce worthily. We have, alas, too many etchings — such as they are — but the world has never had enough really fine ones. Master-etchers of the first rank are and always have been very few indeed, and the master does not always rise to the height of a masterpiece. The masterpiece in art must be perfect, and perfect from every point of view: it must embody a noble scheme nobly expressed, and above all it must be entirely original and entirely personal to the artist who creates it.

These things being so, the genuine master in etching would simply be stupid if he were devoid of a proper sense of his own importance. Rembrandt must have known that he was a very great man; Van Dyck was the associate of kings and nobles; the unhappy Frenchman, Meryon, while slowly going mad from neglect and absolute hunger, yet indignantly spurned every aid that looked like charity; Whistler, through evil report and good report, always insisted upon the dignity of the artist. This he never forgot even while waging his "never-ending, still-beginning" fights and quarrels.

This noble respect of the artist for his art was once quaintly illustrated by the great singer Malibran. Having traveled to St. Petersburg with her troupe, the Empress Catherine the Great asked her to name her price for a series of operatic

performances there; and, astonished at what she considered the exorbitant demands of the artiste, the Empress exclaimed, "Why, that is more than I pay the major-generals of my army!" to which the artiste made answer, "Your Majesty should make your major-generals *sing* for you!"

Probably no artist — certainly no etcher — has vindicated his art with so much intellectual power, such convincing authority and such success as has Seymour Haden. I speak now not of his etchings, but of his published writings and of his leadership in the revival of painter-etching.

It is curious how the impetus toward some public movement seems to be generated almost simultaneously in the minds of several men, often residing far apart and holding no communication with each other. It was so with this interesting revival. Seymour Haden was by no means the only etcher or the only writer; but he stands alone in this: that he combined in himself the double *rôle* of etcher and writer of the first rank. To these we must add still another qualification: he is by nature a man of affairs, a leader of men — and a leader of artists, which I take to be a very rare qualification indeed!

He found painter-etching almost forgotten and unknown, — a vague tradition of the seventeenth century, — and it is in a great measure due to this strong and earnest man that in his own country the Association of Painter-Etchers has been raised, by decree of the Sovereign, to the dignity of a British Royal Society — the equal

Portrait of Sir Seymour Haden, Sketched (unknown to him)
in the Print Room of the British Museum, by J. Wells Champney
of New York. Sir Seymour afterwards wrote on this sketch "Excellent! S.H. 1899."

PORTRAIT OF SIR SEYMOUR HADEN
Size of the original drawing, 9 by 8 inches.
Sketched (unknown to him) in the Print Room of the British Museum, by J. Wells Champney of New York. Sir Seymour afterwards wrote on this sketch, "Excellent! S. H. 1899."

Etching being an art which expresses itself by lines, and the line since there are none in nature, being the acme of conventionalism, how comes it that we attach either beauty or value to the etched line? It is precisely because the best art is conventional — that is to say suggestive rather than imitative — that we may properly do so. With the relatively coarse materials at his disposal, the painter does not seek to reproduce the morning mist & the noon-day haze — he seeks to suggest it. The sculptor does not make his statue of marble because marble is like human flesh but because, while it permits perfection of form, marble suggests for human flesh a purity which it is the graceful province of art to claim for it. If he painted the eyes and eyebrows to make his statue like nature he would descend at once from the region of art into the abysses of Realism, and instead of exalting humanity degrade it.

T. Seymour Haden

REPRODUCTION, IN REDUCED SIZE, OF A PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT IN THE HANDWRITING OF SIR SEYMOUR HADEN — PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS, LONDON.

in rank of such a national institution as the Royal Academy of Arts.

In the year 1768 the Royal Academy was founded. The painter, Joshua Reynolds, became its first president, and King George III created him Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in 1894 Queen Victoria conferred the same title of knighthood on Seymour Haden: founder and first president of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

Seymour Haden was born at number 62 Sloane Street, London, on September 16, 1818. His father was an eminent physician, and the artist afterwards practised surgery for many years in the house where he was born. He was educated at University College, London, and spent some time in Italy. As a young man he filled the office of *prosecteur* (or anatomist) at the military hospital at Grenoble, France.

In a recent conversation Sir Seymour Haden said to me: "I have never been a reading man — I mean that very little of what I may know has been acquired through reading. My aim through life has always been to be an observer, an investigator, an original thinker — always with some definite aim and with some progressive purpose."

On another occasion, when he was speaking of his passion for salmon and trout fishing, I said to him that for my own part my sympathies were always with the fish, that I was glad when they got away, and that I never could understand why men of eminent mental force (such as some Presidents of the United States) could find pleas-

ure in angling, a sport which to me seemed idle and empty. I even ventured to fortify my own opinion by quoting Dr. Johnson's famous definition of the angler's implement, "A long rod and line, with a fly at one end, and a fool at the other." But to this he made answer: "You are altogether wrong, and if, as you say, angling has a peculiar charm for men of powerful and active intellect, it is because it calls into play all the powers of observation."

These details may indicate that, in whatever he has done, Sir Seymour could be nothing if not original. In Addison's *Spectator* there is a passage to the effect that every good man has a hobby, while the bad supply its place with a vice; and it sometimes happens that a man's hobby proves to be the most valuable part of his life-work. It was so with Seymour Haden, and his hobby was etching.

Instances are not rare of men who, having utterly failed in one career, have afterwards succeeded in another totally different. But for a busy surgeon first to achieve eminence in his own exacting profession, and then, comparatively late in life, to take up painter-etching, the most difficult of all the graphic arts, and in it to produce work which ranks him throughout Europe and America as the greatest living landscape-etcher, is only another proof that genius is not tied down by ordinary limitations; that where it exists it will assert itself triumphantly; and that the artist, like the poet, is "born, not made."

"How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" is the question recorded in the gospel; but though Seymour Haden, fortunately, was never taught art in the schools, yet any one who supposes that he is not a most thoroughly trained artist makes a very great mistake. No artist's work is further removed from being what is called "amateurish."

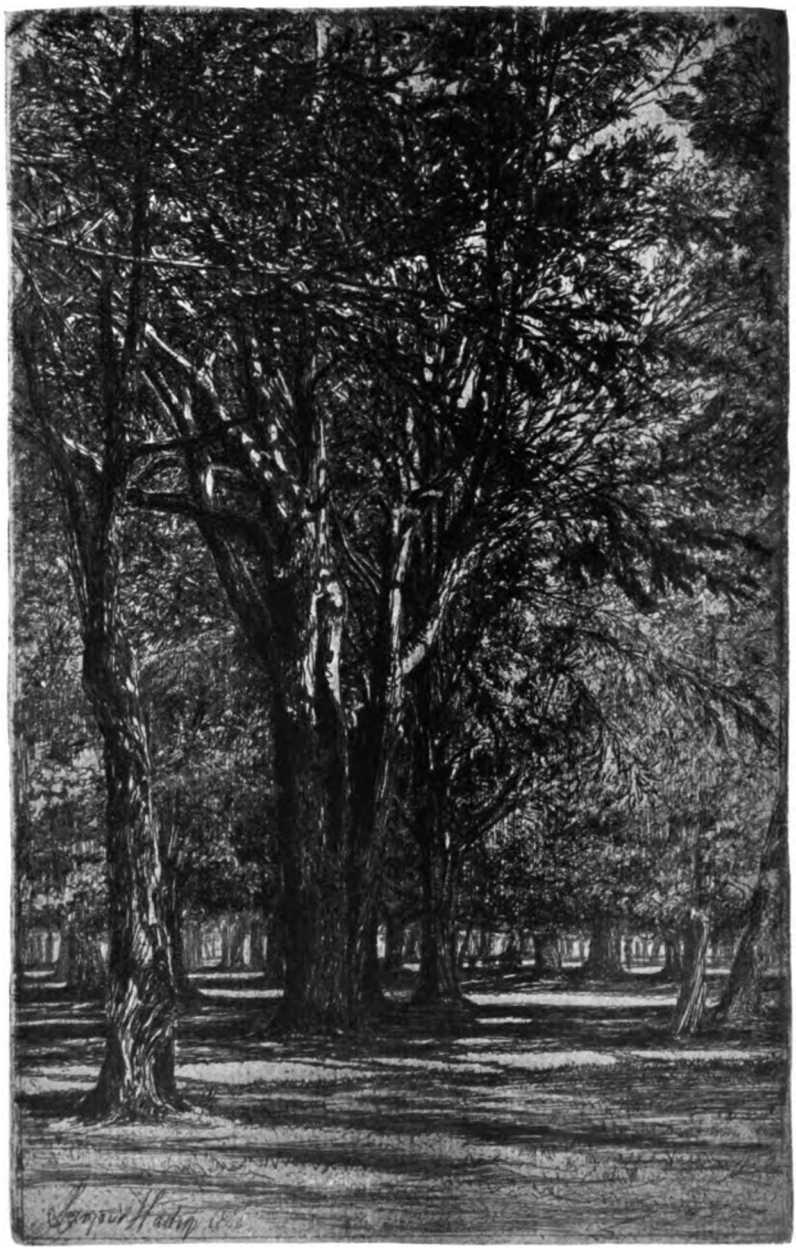
Perhaps the highest attainment in every art is a certain noble and learned simplicity — never to be mistaken for the awkward simplicity of ignorance. A French critic says that no one does a thing thoroughly well unless he does it with ease. The "art which conceals art" — which can hide all evidences of effort — is a very high attainment.

Seymour Haden's work is instinct with this masterly quality. It is full of what he himself calls "the labor of omission." Of etching as compared with painting, he writes: "The painter, by overlaying his work, may modify and correct it as he goes on. Not so the etcher. Every stroke he makes must tell strongly against him if it be bad, or prove him a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for a rigid selection is therefore constantly present in his mind. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than ten in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the ten by which he would have arrived at his end." "The faculty of doing such work supposes a

concentration and a reticence requisite in no other art." And he goes on to say that, for these reasons, etching, of all arts, is the least suited to the half-educated artist. We have all, alas, seen too many demonstrations of the truth of this! I confess that in thus quoting from Seymour Haden's writings, I am putting my own efforts at a great disadvantage. The quotation stands out like the new patch in the old garment.

Admitting that Seymour Haden was a born artist, richly endowed with the creative faculty, how was it that he also became the superb technician that he is? This did not come to him by nature — nor does it come to any one. It came to him through long, hard, earnest study and practise. He studied the best models — Rembrandt's etchings above all. He was never afraid to pay the necessary price for a faultless proof by Rembrandt. But even before he began to form his unsurpassed collection of the old masterpieces it was his custom to borrow a portfolio of such etchings from a London dealer whom I myself remember as a very old man, Mr. Love, of Bunhill Row, and carrying home such treasures he would sit up at night with them — not only delighting in their beauty, as other amateurs do, but also studying and analyzing the method and technic of each master. Then, after long practice in drawing, and with an intimate technical knowledge of the recognized masterpieces of etching, he himself began to etch.

Thereafter his hard-earned holidays in the

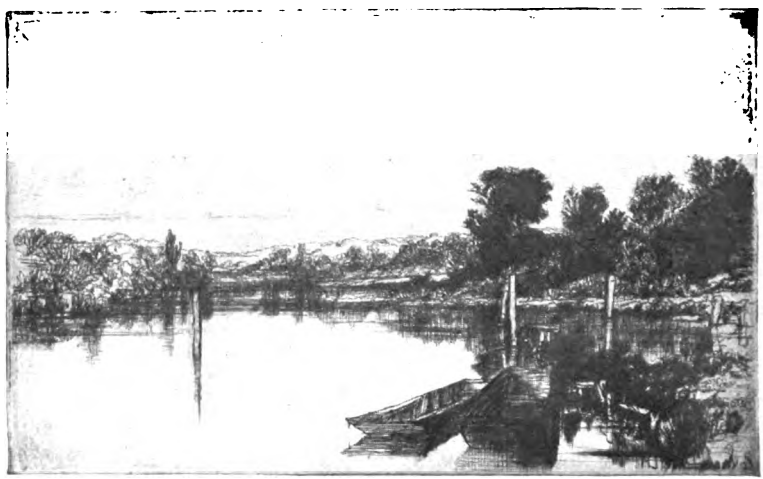


KENSINGTON GARDENS

Size of the original print, 8 by 5 inches.

From the etching by Seymour Haden. This is a splendid example of the artist's masterly drawing of tree-forms. Among modern etchers of landscape Seymour Haden easily ranks first.

EGHAM LOCK
Size of the original print, $5\frac{7}{8}$ by $8\frac{7}{8}$ inches.



EGHAM
Size of the original print, 5 by $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches.
From the etchings by Seymour Haden. These two etchings were done upon the same day and from the same place — one looking up and the other down the river Thames.

country were devoted to etching the beautiful English landscape. These plates were etched out of doors, on the spot, and generally at a single sitting.

If he had been one of the regular makers of pictures for sale, he would have first ascertained what sort of pictures the public were buying, and would then have tried to produce something to suit the market. Or else, knowing that the works of some artists were popular, he would have made an imitation of them. But, happily for art, every one of Seymour Haden's etchings, from first to last, was done in his own way, solely to please himself, and (except in the case of a very few of his later plates) with no view whatever to publicity or sale.

Indeed, he was thus producing masterpieces for nearly twenty years, when, at the instance of a few enlightened amateurs on the Continent of Europe, he finally consented, in 1865, to the publication of a selection of twenty-five of his plates.

These were published in Paris; for it was supposed that in England nobody would understand them. But when France set the example England eagerly followed, and the whole edition was very soon sold.

But notwithstanding this, in England thirty years ago taste in art was in a very sad condition generally. A picture, to please the public, had to be of a formal, prim, "goody-goody" character, and was expected to tell some sort of a pretty little story. The nobler attributes of

art — the imaginative, the suggestive, the really artistic qualities — were generally ignored. He who could most slavishly imitate the external form and texture of an object was the best artist. The great John Ruskin had nothing better to say of etching than that it was "a blundering art": and I well remember an elderly English painter saying to me, when denouncing the French school and all its works: "Even their very landscapes are immoral!" But, as General Grant once said, "a bad law is sure to work its own cure"; and the impulse toward a freer, more suggestive, more intellectual art came to England and to America mainly from France — and the French got it from such masters as Rembrandt. And yet it was at this very discouraging time that Seymour Haden and Whistler were producing those etchings that all the world now accepts as masterpieces. The earlier proofs of them only got into circulation through being given away by the artists; for at that time nobody would dream of *buying* a contemporary etching.

Truly the ancient Israelites were not the only people who first stoned their prophets and afterwards built sepulchers in their honor; and Whistler — a man who conciliates nobody — most pungently says to the critics who now lavish their praise on his London etchings of over forty years ago: "If they are so good now, why were they not also good when you first saw them?"

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will conclude with a criticism on my own lecture!

WHISTLER'S HOUSE, OLD CHELSEA

Size of the original print, 7 by 13 inches.

From the etching by Seymour Haden. Of this etching the distinguished critic, Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes: "There is magnificent power of drawing in this etching, and brilliant arrangement of lights and darks. The foreshortening of the bows of the barges, as seen from the sterns, is as good a piece of work as one might hope to find in the Royal Academy, and there is not a marine painter living who would have drawn these barges better."

CARDIGAN BRIDGE
Size of the original print, 4½ by 6 inches.

NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN
Size of the original print, 4½ by 6 inches.
From the etchings by Seymour Haden. These two plates and three others of similar subjects were etched in one day, August 17, 1864. Though not among the rare plates, they are among the finest from the standpoint of artistic quality.

It is that I may have said too much about Seymour Haden the man, and not enough about Seymour Haden the artist. As to his art, wiser heads than mine have expounded it and will go on expounding it in the time to come; and I am only one of the many who believe that these etchings of his are to be included in the permanently great art work of the nineteenth century.

But for my own part, if I speak of him at all, I must speak as I feel, and I cannot make my words impersonal and abstract; and (to quote what Shakespeare makes Mark Antony say of his friend Julius Cæsar):

> "That they know full well
> That gave me public leave to speak of him."

It is because I have known Seymour Haden long and well, and because there is no man living for whom I have a greater regard or a higher esteem.

SIR SEYMOUR HADEN

PAINTER–ETCHER

Reprinted, by permission, from "The Outlook"

IN writing of a celebrity who has already been much written about, it is sometimes not easy to avoid the "rethreshing of old straw"; but even admitting this, we must also admit that very much depends upon the particular sort of straw we may be threshing.

Among the makers of pictures some artists yield us their little all, very quickly, while others may be compared to certain mines where the precious ore is almost inexhaustible, and where the more you delve the more you get.

In any creative art — whether it be pictures or poetry or music or fiction — it often happens that the shallow and adroit practitioner wins his reward more quickly and more largely than does his profounder and more original brother. The former is like a bird that sings one little song. His message is obvious and is quickly understood of all; while the truly original and creative artist brings a message so unusual, so unheard of, that it is at first like Saint Paul's new doctrine — "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." Still another thing which militates against the immediate success of the artist of

real originality is that he never repeats himself; each picture is a new problem worked out in a new way, and it never is a disguised repetition of some former success of his. In speaking thus I by no means intend to intimate that, in art, what is clear and obvious is bad, while what is obscure and hard to understand is good. Indeed, I believe that obscurity — which is not profundity — is my "pet aversion." Furthermore, Seymour Haden is not obscure, yet it took him many years to win recognition.

A signal demonstration may be found in the careers of two renowned French contemporaries — Meissonier and Millet. Meissonier's brilliant monetary success as painter and etcher began early and increased to the end of his long life. He had consummate dexterity, but he went on repeating variations of just one artistic idea. Millet's sad story is too well known to be repeated here. He was the profound originator, whose style was a surprise to the public, and so he struggled on in dire poverty during the years when he was producing paintings and etchings which were then despised and neglected, but which, according to the verdict of a later generation, now rank as masterpieces; and among the great masters in art Millet has surely "come to stay."

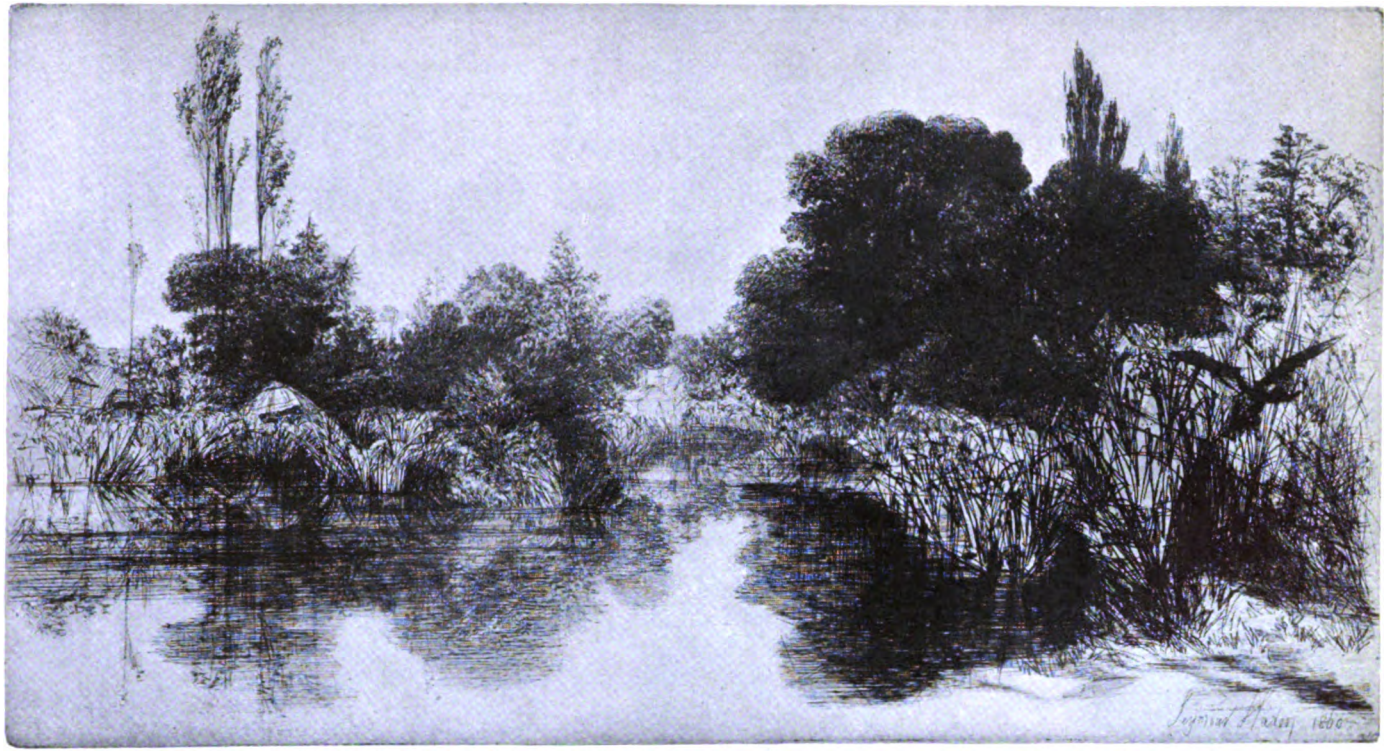
Unquestionably the art of Seymour Haden has come to stay also. Within the modest limits of pictures in black and white, and in the opinion of the best judges, his etchings must assuredly

rank among the permanently great art works of the nineteenth century.

Before more definitely considering the etchings, dry-points, and mezzotints of Seymour Haden, it may not be amiss for us to recall the elementary a b c of the etcher's technique, so as better to understand an etching when we examine it. This may have the same good effect that athletes derive from the daily practise which keeps them "fit," or it may be compared to the lifelong daily habit of the great singer Adelina Patti. Every day of her professional life she sang the simple do, re, mi of her early girlhood, and thus she conserved her glorious voice so that it outlasted the voices of all her contemporary rivals.

Etchings, then, are impressions printed from a copper plate upon which the etcher has drawn and "bitten" or corroded his composition; and the prime advantage of the etching process is that it does not hamper the etcher with the tedious difficulties of line engraving, but allows him absolute freedom and lightness of touch while he is at work. Hence the prime virtue of a good etching is its spontaneity and freshness, and Sir Seymour Haden declares that his finest plates were etched at a single sitting. But danger lies in this same advantage of facility. The French artist Paul Rajon well expressed this danger when he said, "It is so easy to make an etching, and so hard — so very hard — to make a good one."

But while the mere drawing of the design on the copper plate is mechanically a simple matter,



SHERE MILL POND

Size of the original print, 7 by 13 inches.

From the etching by Seymour Haden. Of this plate Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes: "With the single exception of one plate, by Claude, this is the finest etching of a landscape subject that has ever been executed in the world."

OUT OF STUDY WINDOW
Size of the original print, $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $10\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

EARLY MORNING — RICHMOND
Size of original print, $4\frac{3}{8}$ by $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

FULHAM
Size of the original print, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 inches.

From the etchings by Seymour Haden. "*Out of Study Window*" (etched in 1859) is a view from an upper window in Sir Seymour Haden's house in Sloane Street. In the mid-distance is the suburb of Brompton. "*Early Morning — Richmond*," was done actually at sunrise, and is dated 1859.

the subsequent "biting in" of its lines on the copper is full of danger to the unskilled. Even in the prints of Rembrandt, who was the king of all etchers, the treacherous acid occasionally played him ugly tricks, some of his plates being overbitten and hence too heavy, or underbitten and hence too light.

While in pure etching the lines which make the picture are bitten or corroded into the plate by an acid — the rest of the surface being protected by a sort of varnish — the dry-point process is quite different. In dry-point the artist dispenses with the coating of varnish and also with the use of acid, for he scratches the lines of his design, with a steel point, upon the bare copper plate.

The mezzotint process is radically different from all others. In it the artist puts in the *whites* of his picture, while in line engraving, etching, and dry-point he puts in the *blacks*. Also, the mezzotint shows us a picture composed, not of lines, but of tones ranging in gradation from black to white, and giving an effect somewhat like that of a glorified photograph.

Still another important matter in the making of an artistic etching or other print is the printing of it from the prepared plate. Unlike typography — which prints from the inked surface of the type, and prints very rapidly — etchings, etc., are printed, not from the surface of the plate, but from the incised lines which form the picture. The printer first covers the whole surface of his

plate with a thick, oily ink. Having thoroughly filled the lines with it, he wipes off what remains on the surface, and this wiping supplies the *white* of the picture. Meanwhile the ink remains in the incised lines of the copper. The printer is now ready to "pull" his proof; so he lays his plate on the platform of a roller-press, lays a sheet of dampened blank paper over it, passes both under the heavy roller, and then, in carefully lifting the paper from the plate, he finds that the pressure has transferred the ink from the etched plate to the sheet of paper — which latter, when carefully dried, becomes a "proof etching" — and the printer goes slowly on "pulling" other similar proofs. Some eminent artists, including Whistler and Pennell, have found it best to do their own printing, so as to have each proof exactly what it was intended to be; and so important is fine quality in each impression or proof that a very fine print by such an old master as Dürer or Rembrandt will sell to-day for quite fifty times the price that could be obtained for a bad or worn impression from the very same plate.

Francis Seymour Haden was born at number 62 Sloane Street, London, on September 16, 1818. To those of us who are no longer "as young as we used to be," it is a comfort to remember that, in general, the human intellect is likely to outlast the rest of the human machine, and also that the more a man's mind is worked the better it grows and the longer it lasts. To-day it is thus with Sir Seymour Haden. He can no longer

A SUNSET IN IRELAND

Size of the original print, 5½ by 8½ inches.

From the dry-point by Seymour Haden. This plate was done in the park of Viscount Hawarden, in the most beautiful part of Tipperary. The artist considered it one of his finest plates. Sir Seymour Haden has predicted that this is the plate of his which will fetch the highest price in centuries to come.

TOWING PATH
Size of the original print, 5½ by 8⅝ inches.

A WATER MEADOW
Size of the original print, 6 by 8⅛ inches.
From the dry-point and the etching by Seymour Haden. Of "*Towing Path*" the artist writes, "Mr. Haden always thought this one of his best plates;" and of "*A Water Meadow*," "I like this plate, which is saying a great deal. S. H."

climb a mountain or spend a long day at his favorite sport of angling for salmon; but his mental activity and force might well be coveted by many a man young enough to be his grandson. In character he has always been a strong, positive, emphatic man, and the virility of his nature is clearly apparent in his pictures. Like the present German Kaiser, Sir Seymour never tires of praising his own grandfather, and he loves to relate how, a century ago, when a great mob of rioters had surrounded the old man's factory, and were about to burn it down, old Thomas Haden, of Derby, then past eighty, armed himself with a stout horsewhip, mounted his horse, rode all alone into the thick of the rioters, flogged every man of them off the premises, and sent them all scampering away like so many wild rabbits!

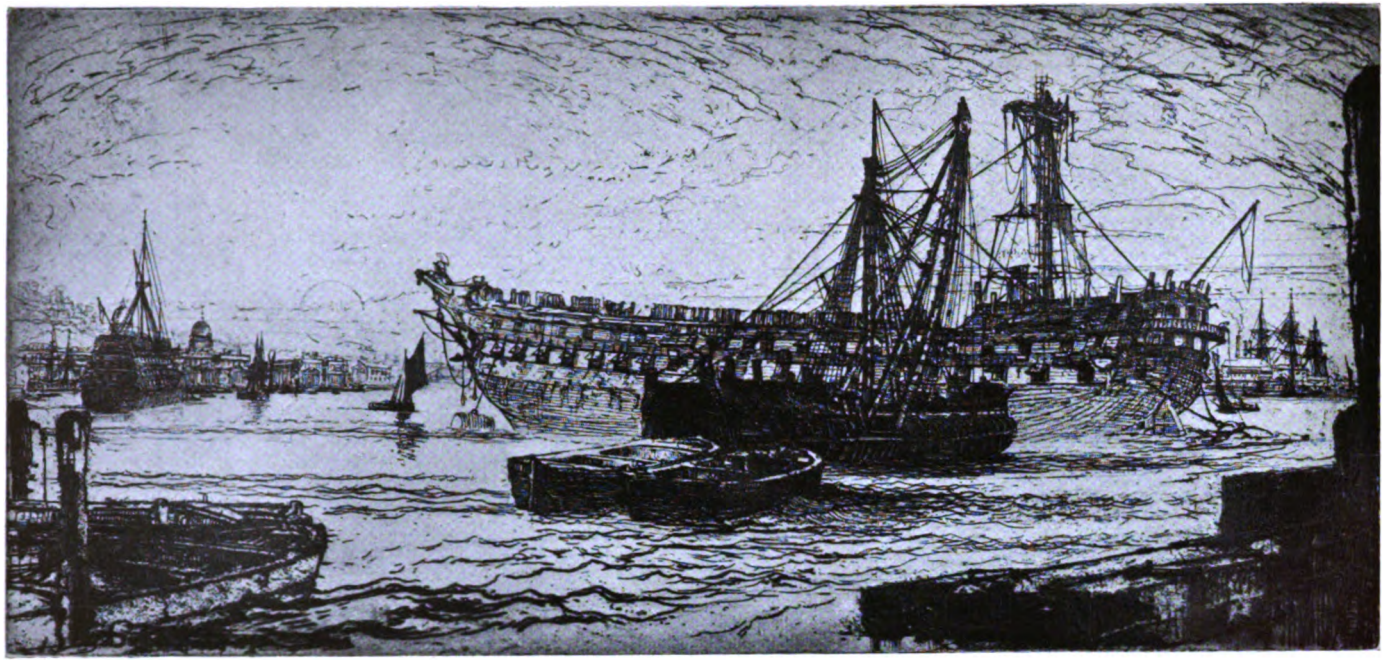
Like the Kaiser again, Sir Seymour has less to say about his own father, but it is known that he was an eminent physician and highly respected as a man, and after his death his son Seymour succeeded to his practise in the Sloane Street house where he was born. There he rose to eminence as a surgeon, and he is still one of the Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons. But, in accordance with the antiquated British usage, he never was "Doctor"—only plain "Mister"—Haden, until the day when Queen Victoria conferred a title of knighthood on him as President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and in recognition of his great achievements as an etcher.

Other signal honors were not lacking. At the Paris Exposition of 1889 he won the *Grand Prix*, or Medal of Honor, for his etchings, and this supreme distinction was a second time conferred upon him at the Paris Exposition of 1900 for his mezzotints, most of these mezzotints being the work of his extreme old age.

In Dr. Holmes's fine poem, *The Voiceless*, he says: "Alas for those who never sing, but die with all their music in them!" Sir Seymour (who was a friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes) might have died with all his music in him if he had not taken long and laborious pains to make himself a consummate draughtsman. Shakespeare makes his clown Dogberry say that "reading and writing come by nature"; perhaps they may — but masterly power in drawing certainly does not. It can come only through long and hard study, and even with that it comes only to one man in ten thousand.

Nearly all of Seymour Haden's works were done out of doors and with the landscape before him; and, excepting a few later ones (after fame had overtaken him), they were all done solely to please himself and with no purpose of exhibiting or selling them. The greater number of his plates are in pure etching. In some cases he enriched the effect of his etched plate by adding touches of dry-point, and among his mezzotints some are done over an outline or skeleton of etched lines, while others are entirely mezzotinted.

No artist has depicted trees quite so truly and



BREAKING UP OF THE AGAMEMNON

Size of the original print, $7\frac{5}{8}$ by $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

From the etching by Seymour Haden. Collectors differ as to the relative merits of the various etchings by Seymour Haden, but all are agreed in ranking this as a masterpiece. Moreover, it was the first etching to be treated in this particular manner and it has become the model for many imitators. This fine plate was etched on the Thames, at Greenwich, in 1870. Sir Seymour devoted the money obtained from the sale of the proofs to the aid of the London Hospital for Incurables.

ERITH MARSHES
Size of the original print, $9\frac{3}{8}$ by 15 inches.

ENCOMBE WOODS
Size of the original print, $8\frac{3}{8}$ by $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

From the etchings by Seymour Haden. *Erith Marshes*, etched in 1865, was done in company with Daubigny, the eminent French painter. *Encombe Woods*, etched in 1882, is a fine example of the artist's later, bolder manner.

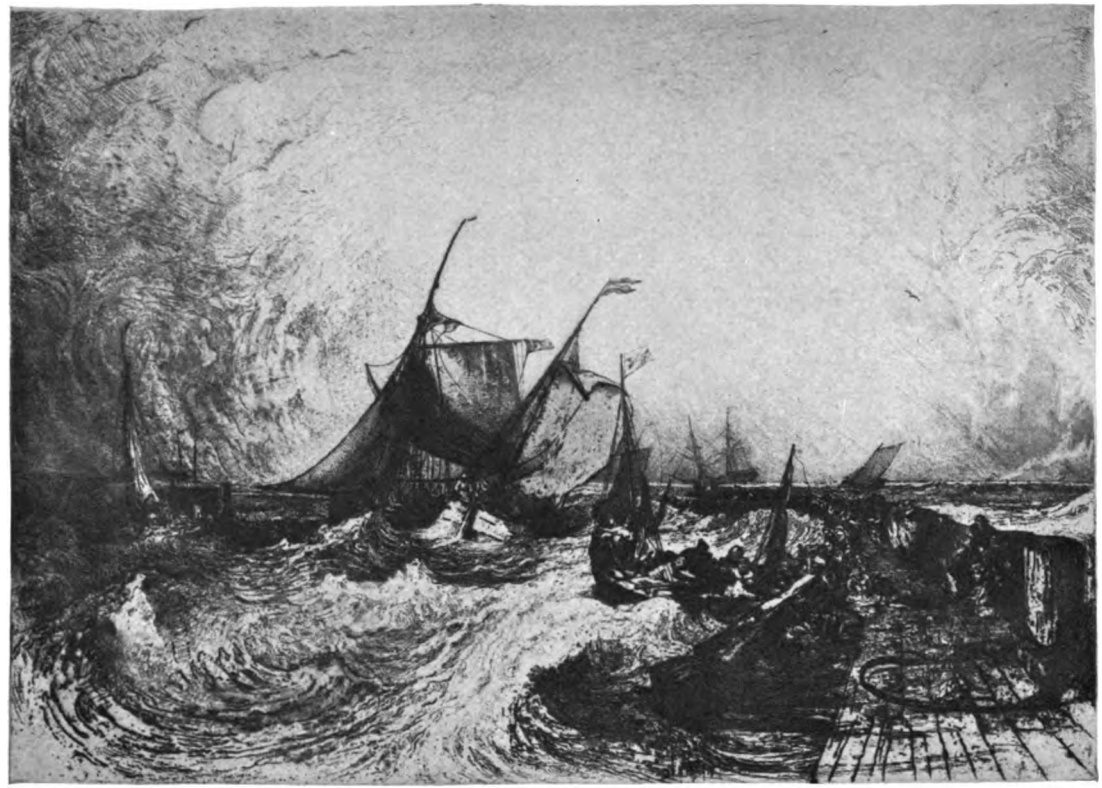
so beautifully as he. In seeing the work of many other landscape artists we have a feeling that their trees were somehow stuck down into the ground; but Seymour Haden always makes his trees grow out of it. He once put the question to me: "At what season do you think a tree is most beautiful?" I answered that I thought it must be at midsummer, when the foliage was at it richest. But he answered, "No, it is in the spring, when you see not only the tender young leaves, but also the whole construction of branches and twigs."

Sir Seymour Haden married an American wife. Lady Haden was the daughter of Major George W. Whistler, of the United States army, and half-sister of Whistler, the great artist. Major Whistler was eminent as an engineer. It was he who really was the "brains" in designing and constructing the famous first railroad in Russia, which runs between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Some years before her death Lady Haden became totally blind; but that terrible affliction did not disable her. With a beautiful, quiet courage, she conducted the affairs of Sir Seymour's fine old residence, Woodcote Manor, Hampshire. She wrote her own letters, and, on occasion, I have heard her laugh as heartily as a young girl. All the art of the Whistler family was manifested in the music of Lady Haden. To have seen her groping her way to her piano, and to have heard her play, superbly and from memory, some great composition of Beethoven or Chopin was one of the most affecting

things that I have ever witnessed in my life. Years ago Lady Haden developed musical skill among the rustics of the neighboring village of Bramdean. She taught the violin to Tom the shepherd, the flute to Dick the cowherd, and the trombone to Harry the plowman; and it was not long before her rustic orchestra learned to play very respectably, while that sweet and gentle old lady wielded the conductor's baton. As to the pictorial art which might be expected from one of the name of Whistler, Sir Seymour has proudly said to me of his wife, "She could make as good pictures as anybody if she liked."

Besides his achievements in etching, Seymour Haden has done valuable work through his writings in promotion of his favorite art. When he began to write and to lecture on the subject, many educated people thought that an etching was a sort of scribbled drawing done on paper with pen and ink. The great tradition of Rembrandt and of Claude Lorrain in the seventeenth century was forgotten, and when Seymour Haden began to assert himself, art in England was in a sad state. Every picture was expected to tell some "goody-goody" pretty little story, and the "artist" who could make the closest imitation of external textures and surfaces was the great man of the hour. The intellectual and suggestive qualities of a picture were quite ignored, and it is greatly due to this strong and earnest man that we now see things differently.

The reader of this article may have noticed



CALAIS PIER — AFTER TURNER

Size of the original print, 23½ by 33 inches.

From the etching by Seymour Haden after the painting by J. M. W. Turner in the National Gallery, London. This superb etching stands alone in the history of the art. The scene could not be more strongly felt nor more vividly presented had the etcher been working from nature instead of from a painting by another hand. When this etching appeared Seymour Haden received an enthusiastic letter from John Ruskin in which the latter exhorted him to devote the remainder of his life to etching the paintings of Turner.

NINE BARROW DOWN
Size of the original print, $5\frac{7}{8}$ by $8\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

WINDMILL HILL, NUMBER TWO
Size of the original print, $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

From the dry-points by Seymour Haden. These two plates were done in 1877, in the immediate neighborhood of Swanage, in Devonshire. Of "Windmill Hill" the artist writes, "I like this plate. S. H."; and it certainly is one of his finest.

that I do not waste his time by attempting to give lengthy verbal descriptions of the style, manner, and effect of Seymour Haden's pictures. The reading of a printed description of a work of art is about as unsatisfying as the reading of a bill of fare by a hungry man — when no dinner is forthcoming. Fortunately, such attempts at description are not necessary on this occasion. In ancient Greece a youth was urged to go and hear a man who gave a wonderful imitation of the nightingale. To this the young philosopher quietly replied: "I have heard the nightingale herself." The illustrations in this book must take the part of "the nightingale herself."

Three centuries ago "rare Ben Jonson" gave a wise piece of advice in the verses which he appended to the engraved portrait of Shakespeare which is found in the precious first folio edition of the great poet's plays.

This advice to those who would know "the gentle Shakespeare" was — "To look, not on his picture, but his book." In the present case the circumstances are reversed, and to those who would know the art of Seymour Haden I would give the counsel that they look less upon my pages than on his pictures.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

The notable revival of painter-etching in the nineteenth century, that is to say, works which were designed as well as etched by the artist,

was directly inspired by the etchings which Rembrandt had done two centuries earlier.

The main characteristic of such etchings is that each artist is free to express himself in his own personal way and is not tied down by a set of hard-and-fast rules and traditions, as was the case with the old line engravers.

About the year 1820, in England, Sir David Wilkie and Andrew Geddes (both of them Scotchmen) practised etching and dry-point in what may be called the true manner. A few years later the French artists burst into activity on the same lines, and in both countries etchings of genuine artistic value were produced. The years 1858 to 1862 have given us many etched masterpieces. In these years Seymour Haden, Whistler, Meryon, and J. F. Millet were working in the plenitude of their power. Many other etchers were producing more or less good work also; but some of the latter have — as a witty Frenchman puts it — "already outlived their own immortality."

But the reverse is the case with the four artists whose names are cited above. With regard to these the estimation of their work grows and increases more and more, and it is likely to go on increasing while the etchings of many good second-class artists are now neglected. The motto of discriminating art-lovers to-day seems to be— "Let us have the very best or else none at all." Meryon, Whistler, and Millet all "rest from their labors," but Sir Seymour Haden is still alive and fairly well at the patriarchal age of ninety-three.

GREENWICH

Size of the original print, 13⅜ by 20½ inches.

From the etching by Seymour Haden. Etched in 1879. A superb example of the artist's powerful draughtsmanship. It is difficult to say which is the finest in treatment — the buildings, the boats, or the noble sky.

HARLECH
Size of the original print, $7\frac{1}{8}$ by $10\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

THE TEST AT LONGPARISH
Size of the original print, 7 by $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
From the mezzotint and the etching by Seymour Haden. In "Harlech" the artist has first mezzotinted his composition and has then strengthened and defined the outlines with etched lines. This is the reverse of the method employed by Turner in the *Liber Studiorum*. Turner first etched the main lines of his composition and then finished the plate in mezzotint.

Seymour Haden was born in London in the year 1818. He is the senior, by seven years, of Meryon, and by sixteen years of Whistler, while he is the junior of Millet by four years; but he has outlived the other three and Millet died thirty-five years ago.

Of the four great modern masters of painter-etching whose names I have cited, only two were professional painters; namely, Millet and Whistler. Meryon began his career by attempting to paint, but when he exhibited these paintings it was discovered that he was hopelessly color-blind, and thereafter all of his work was done in black and white.

Seymour Haden was never an artist by profession and never studied in any art school. He was a very eminent surgeon, and he only practised etching as a recreation; but as an artist he had "the root of the matter" in him, and although he was never the pupil of any master, yet his etchings of British landscape have been accepted as the very best of their kind, not only in artistic conception, but also by reason of their technical and manual superiority. He still remains President of the London Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and he is recognized throughout Europe as being perhaps the very best living judge of the quality of etchings done by other hands.

Sir Seymour has always been most scrupulous as to the fine quality of any proof which he parted with; defective proofs he tore up relentlessly — even such as were very saleable — when they did

not come up quite to his own fastidious standard, and when any etched plate of his began to deteriorate through the wear-and-tear of the printing-press, such a plate was at once destroyed so as to make it impossible that it could print any more.

Thus has Sir Seymour Haden safeguarded, for posterity, his own artistic reputation, — for an impression from a worn-out plate is no better than a libel on the artist. But this fastidiousness had cost him dear, and I have often known him to repurchase, for his own collection of his etchings, rarities which the collection lacked, and at enormous advances on the prices for which he had originally sold them.

Although these prices have greatly increased within the past thirty years, yet it is pretty certain that they will never diminish, but that they will still go on increasing in value in the time to come.

On September 16th, 1909, Sir Seymour Haden celebrated his ninety-second birthday — or rather, the British press and the art-loving people of Europe and America celebrated it for him.

So many artists of great promise have died in their early prime that we can the more heartily congratulate Sir Seymour upon his long and fruitful career — which has been still fuller of honors than years.

The French artists and critics, who in general have but a poor opinion of British art, have nevertheless on two memorable occasions awarded

their highest official recompense to Sir Seymour Haden. At the Paris Exposition of 1889 his etchings won the *Grand Prix*, or Medal of Honor, of the highest grade, and at their latest exposition (1900) Sir Seymour's original drawings and mezzotints won the same supreme distinction. This is the more significant when we remember that no other British artist — whether painter, sculptor, architect, or etcher — has ever before twice won the *Grand Prix* of the Paris Exposition.

It is a hopeful sign when contemporary art in its humbler phases is influenced and improved by the work of a genuine master; and it is not too much to say that throughout Europe and America the average product, not only of the original landscape etchers, but also of the producers of similar subjects in books, periodicals, and even newspapers, is distinctly better and more artistic by reason of the sound and wholesome influence of Seymour Haden.

CHARLES MERYON

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

ALTHOUGH Charles Meryon would not be a very old man if he were living to-day, yet the difficulty of procuring his etchings is almost as great as it would be in the case of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, or Claude. Few were printed, because few were wanted, and to-day these few are eagerly sought for, or jealously hoarded by those who possess them.

During his whole career as an artist Meryon would gladly have sold one of his finest prints for the price of his breakfast. The value to-day of that same etching would have sufficed to maintain him in comfort for a year; but neglect, disappointment, and want drove him insane, and he died miserably in the madhouse of Paris in 1868.

"The case of Charles Meryon is one of those painful ones which recur in every generation, to prove the fallibility of the popular judgment. Meryon was one of the greatest and most original artists who have appeared in Europe; he is one of the immortals; his name will be inscribed on the noble roll where Dürer and Rembrandt live forever. . . . He was sorely tried by public and national indifference, and in a moment of bitter

LE STRYGE

Size of the original print, $6\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

From the etching by Meryon, dated 1853. In the middle distance is seen the Tour St. Jacques. This brooding demon of stone, perched high up on the northwest tower of the cathedral of Notre Dame, has taken rank as a masterpiece of mediæval Gothic imagination.

LE PONT NEUF

Size of the original print, 7¼ inches by 7¼ inches.

Le Pont Neuf is still one of the most picturesque of Paris bridges, though the little turrets are no longer there. The view is taken from the water's edge. As it happens, this "New Bridge" is the oldest bridge in Paris; just as in Oxford "New College" is the oldest of them all.

discouragement he destroyed the most magnificent series of his plates. When we think of the scores of mediocre engravers of all kinds, who, without one ray of imagination, live decently and contentedly by their trade, and then of this rare and sublime genius actually plowing deep burin lines across his inspired work, because no man regarded it; and when we remember that this took place in Paris, in our own enlightened nineteenth century, it makes us doubt whether, after all, we are much better than savages or barbarians."

Since Mr. Hamerton wrote the eloquent paragraph just quoted, we have had formal biographies of Meryon, and learned and critical commentaries on his etchings, while public museums vie with wealthy amateurs for their possession; but all too late for poor Meryon! His brother etcher, Sir Seymour Haden, who was his senior, is alive to-day and enjoying the renown that his works have brought him; while Meryon "sleeps well," after what surely was to him "life's fitful fever," and lies buried in the cemetery of the asyluun at Charenton.

Charles Meryon was born in Paris on the 23d of November, 1821. He was the son of Charles Lewys Meryon, an English physician. His mother was Pierre Narcisse Chaspoux, a French ballet dancer. The father seems to have neglected him utterly, while his mother did all she could for her son—watching over his education with tender care, and at her death leaving him 20,000 francs.

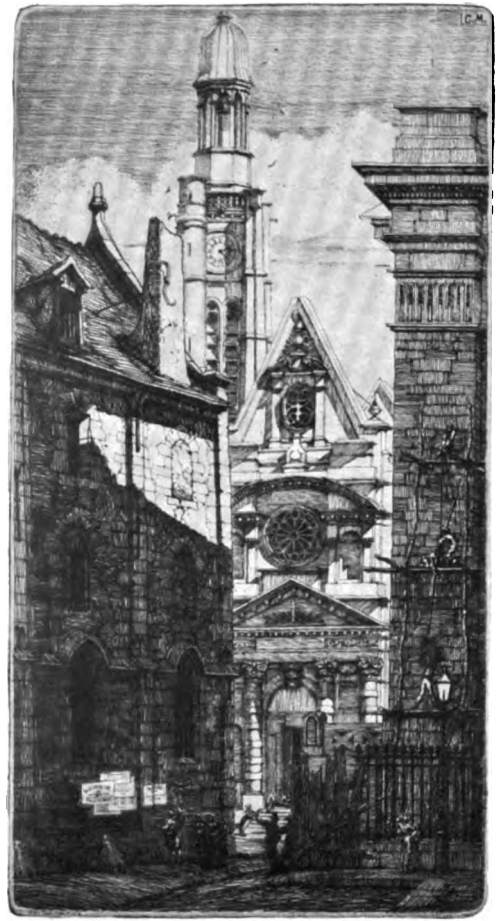
In his seventeenth year Meryon entered the Naval School at Brest, and after two years of study went to sea as a cadet, and in due time rose to the rank of lieutenant. During the seven years spent in the Navy he visited New Zealand, Australia, and New Caledonia, as well as the seaports of the Mediterranean; and it was in 1846 that, owing to the feebleness of his constitution, he resigned his commission, and, taking a studio in the old Latin quarter of Paris, resolved to study painting. He soon found this career closed against him by reason of his color-blindness, and he did not discover his true vocation until his attention was directed to etching by Eugène Bléry, whose pupil he became for six months. Bléry worked somewhat in the conventional style of De Boissieu, and he evidently taught his pupil nothing except the mere technique of the process. Meryon's real master in art was Reinier Zeeman, a Dutch etcher of the seventeenth century, whose views of the Paris of his day inspired our artist to undertake the great work of his life — his "Eaux fortes sur Paris."

At this time Baron Haussmann, under the commands of Louis Napoleon, was constructing his monotonously handsome modern streets and boulevards out of the picturesque labyrinth of old Paris; not reverently restoring and preserving, but ruthlessly demolishing and obliterating; and Meryon's passionate artist-soul was grieved at a destruction which he was powerless to pre-

L'ABSIDE DE NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

Size of the original print, 11¼ by 6 inches.

From the etching by Meryon, dated 1854. To the left the three arches of the Pont aux Choux span the river, and beyond are seen the ancient buildings of the Hôtel Dieu. This plate is usually accounted Meryon's masterpiece. Not only is it his loveliest plate, but in it are displayed the greatest amount of knowledge of drawing, composition and taste. One very eminent New York authority calls Meryon's Apse of Notre Dame "The finest etching in existence."



ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

Size of the original print, 9¾ by 5⅛ inches.

TOURELLE, RUE DE LA TIXÉRANDERIE

Size of the original print, 9¾ by 5¼ inches.

From the etchings by Meryon. Writing of *St. Étienne-du-Mont*, Frederick Wedmore says, "The *St. Étienne-du-Mont* is one of those etchings which possess the abiding charm of perfect things. In it a subject entirely beautiful and dignified is treated with force and with refinement of spirit, and with faultless exactitude of hand."

vent. Had those men but known what a rare genius was among them, and had they then commissioned him to do adequately and with authority what he did furtively and incompletely, the world would have been the richer by a completed masterpiece, and the precious life of Meryon might have been preserved. But the great opportunity was lost, and it was amid discouragement, sickness, and poverty that Meryon etched "the most magnificent series of his plates." The enlightened committee of the Salon refused admission to these superb works; wealthy publishers would not touch them, and the artist was fain to leave a few here and there "on sale" among the *petits marchands* of the Latin quarter.

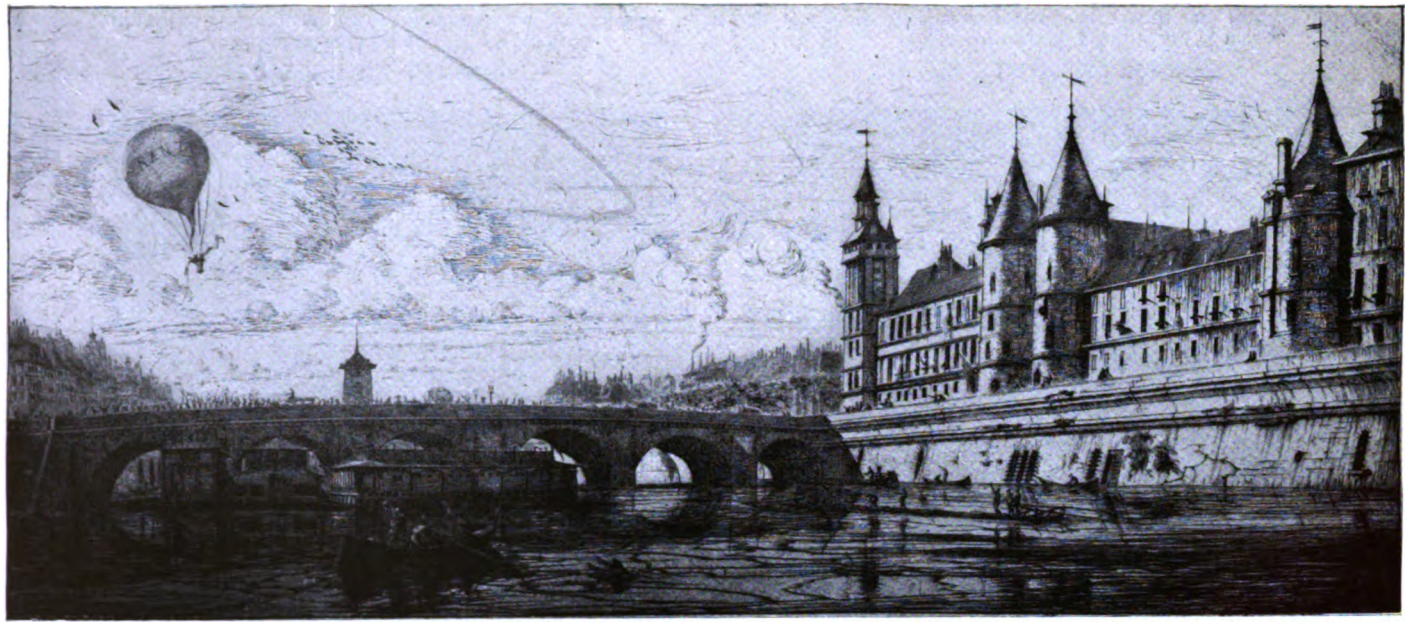
A pathetic story of this period, never before published, was related to the writer by Monsieur Beillet, a patriarchal old man, who, after having worked at the same printing-press for forty-eight years, retired on a competency of six francs a day: "Meryon came stealing into my atelier, looking even more nervous and wild than usual, and bringing with him two sheets of paper and the plate of his 'Abside de Notre Dame.' 'Monsieur Beillet,' said he, 'I want you to print me two proofs of this plate,' and added, timidly, 'I cannot pay you till I sell them, — don't refuse me!'" "How much did you charge him for the printing?" I queried. "*Oh, dix sous les deux.*" (Ten cents, that Meryon could not pay for two proofs of his loveliest plate!) An exclamation of pity on my part was mistakenly appropri-

ated by the practical old printer, for he added: "*Mais oui, Monsieur,* — I never got the money."

Such an accumulation of troubles might well have broken down a healthier mind. In a fit of frenzy he destroyed his finest plates, and peace only came to him when they laid him in a lunatic's grave. He died on the 14th of February, 1868.

Our first impulse is to be angry with those who, knowing him to be a great artist, yet allowed him to perish; but Meryon was a man whom it was not easy to befriend; he was morbidly suspicious and irritable, and would accept nothing that looked like a charity.

Seymour Haden, Philippe Burty, and Monsieur Niel, all tried to aid him, but were repulsed in a manner that would have been inexcusable in a sane man. Sir Seymour Haden writes: "One day, though I knew the difficulty of approaching him, I went to see Meryon. I found him in a little room, high up on Montmartre, scrupulously clean and orderly; a bed in one corner, a printing-press in another, a single chair and a small table in another, and in the fourth an easel with a plate pinned against it, at which he was standing at work. He did not resent my visit, but, with a courtesy quite natural, offered me, and apologized for, the single chair, and at once began to discuss the resources and charms of etching. He was also good enough to allow me to take away with me a few impressions of his work, for which, while his back was turned, I was no less scrupulous to leave upon the table



LE PONT AU CHANGE

Size of the original print, 13 by 6½ inches.

From the etching by Meryon, dated 1854. In the distance, above the bridge, is seen the roof of the Pompe-à-feu, to the right is the Palais de Justice, and beyond, the trees on the Quai aux Fleurs. This superb plate, in the opinion of connoisseurs, shares with *L'Abside de Notre Dame* the honor of being Meryon's masterpiece.

LA TOUR DE L'HORLOGE

Size of the original print, 10¼ by 7⅛ inches.

LE PETIT-PONT

Size of the original print, 9⅝ by 7¼ inches.

From the etchings by Charles Meryon. In "La Tour de L'Horloge" the Pont au Change crosses the composition. Further off is the Palais de Justice whose buildings stretch along the Quai. In the "Petit Pont" the view is taken from the towing-path at the foot of the Quai, but in order to make a more effective composition and to give the Towers of Notre-Dame their due importance Meryon drew them, not from the water's edge, but from the street level.

what I was sure was more than the dealers would then give him for them; and so we parted, the best of friends. But what followed shows how, even then, his mind was unhinged. I had walked fully two miles in the direction of Paris, and was entering a shop in the Rue de Richelieu, when I became aware that Meryon, much agitated, was following me. He said he must have back the proofs I had bought of him; that they were of a nature to compromise him, and from what he knew of 'the etched work which I called my own,' he was determined I should not take them to England with me! I, of course, gave them to him, and he went his way."

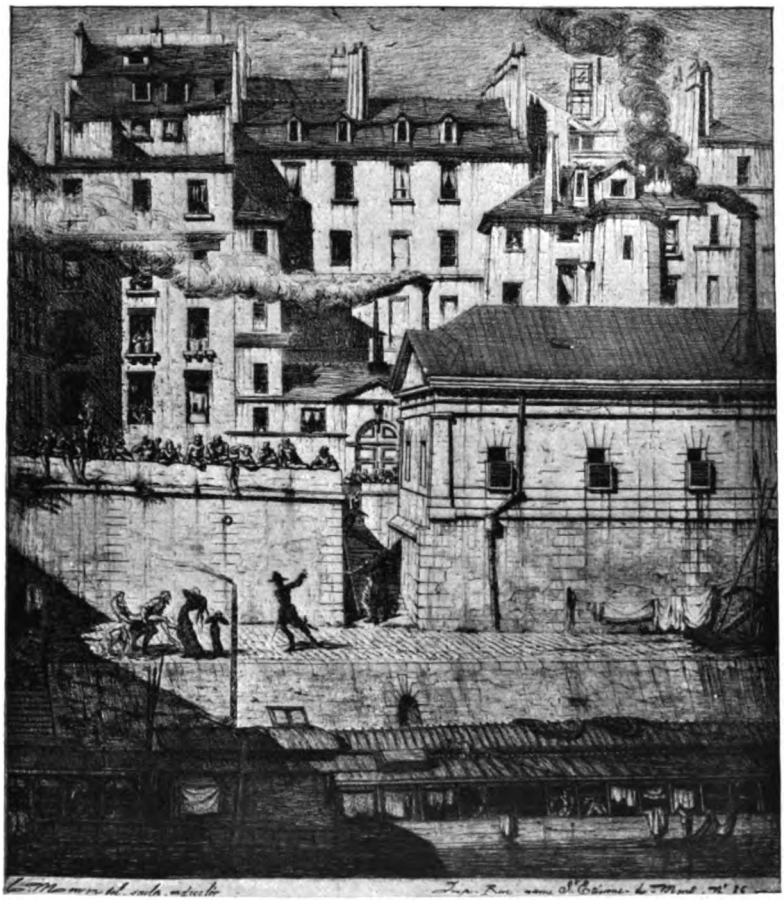
The same eminent authority says: "The art of Meryon stands alone. Like the work of every true genius, it resembles in no one feature the work of any one else. His method was this — First, he made not a sketch, but a number of sketches, two or three inches square, of parts of his picture, which he put together and arranged into a harmonious whole. What is singular, and a proof of his concentrativeness, is that the result has none of the artificial character usual to this kind of treatment, but that it is always broad and simple, and that the poetical motive is never lost sight of." Mr. Hamerton says: "His work was sanity itself," — and Victor Hugo wrote during the artist's lifetime: "These etchings are magnificent things. We must not allow this splendid imagination to be worsted in the struggle. Strengthen him by all the encouragements possible."

While the renown of Meryon must always rest upon the twelve principal plates of the "Paris Set," yet his personality — if not his great art — is maintained in several prints of fantastic verses composed as well as etched by himself. These verses remind one of the similar productions of William Blake; but here the parallel ends, for the English artist, though always poor, lived a happy life, and died at a good old age.

Others of his works (notably some of the portraits) were done for bread, and the etcher evidently had little heart in his work. But though some of those prints are greatly inferior to others, yet everything from the hand of this unique genius is worthy of study.

Thus lived, suffered, and died the unhappy Meryon. To him, of all artists, was reserved the power to make stone walls eloquent. Rembrandt could paint or etch the soul of a man in his face; Corot made every landscape a poem; but Meryon, while giving exact pictures of the buildings of his native city, imparted to them at the same time his own intense personality to a degree never before achieved.

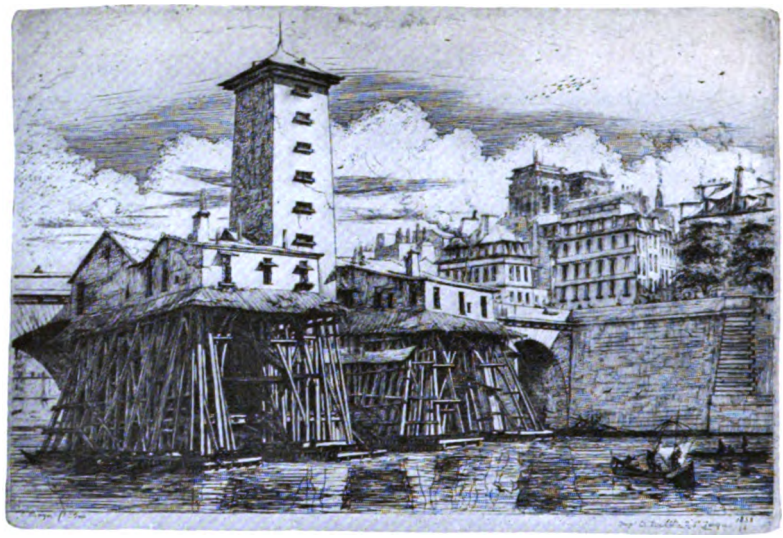
The style and touch of any great artist are easily recognized — for example, the Italian Piranesi, whose etchings of ancient Roman ruins have a grandiose splendor almost greater than the buildings themselves; but style is a different endowment from this intangible gift of personality. John Stuart Mill gives us an intellectual impersonality; but who can read the *Vicar of*



LA MORGUE

Size of the original print, 9⅛ by 8⅛ inches.

From the etching by Meryon. This building — "The Doric little Morgue" — was demolished years ago. The new Morgue is far away from this. This etching — one of Meryon's most powerful works — is dated 1854. From a technical point of view it is a masterpiece, and in it are eminently visible his power of instilling poetry and picturesqueness into the most uninteresting material.



LA POMPE NOTRE DAME
Size of the original print, 10 by 6¾ inches.

L'ARCHE DU PONT NOTRE DAME
Size of the original print, 7¾ by 6 inches.
From the etchings by Meryon. *La Pompe Notre Dame* is dated 1852. *L'Arche du Pont Notre Dame*, 1853. Beneath the arch are seen the Pont au Change and the Towers of the Palais de Justice.

Wakefield and not feel the intimate presence of Oliver Goldsmith? Or the *Essays of Elia* without thinking of Charles Lamb more than of his book?

Similarly, the man Meryon seems present in every line that he drew, and now that he is at rest, posterity will keep his memory green.

MAXIME LALANNE

PAINTER-ETCHER

THE first exhibition of Lalanne's etchings took place in Paris in 1874. The second, in the same year, at Bordeaux (where the artist was born in 1827). The third was at Marseilles in 1875; and a very full exhibition of etchings and drawings was in preparation for London in 1886, but the project was frustrated by the artist's death in that year.

The proofs which Lalanne himself had selected for exhibition in London were purchased from his widow and were exhibited in New York in 1889.

Lalanne's etchings are numbered according to Beraldi's catalogue, which is identical with Lalanne's own numbering of his works. His arrangement is sometimes a little arbitrary as to their chronological sequence, and he also saw fit to omit and disown a few plates which did not satisfy him; but we follow a safe guide in following the artist himself.

Maxime Lalanne's influence on landscape etching has been very great and also very salutary. His strongest influence on his contemporaries arose from his habitual use of the "frank, open line" at a time when other etchers (and among them Charles Jacque and Samuel Palmer) were

RUE DES MARMOUSETS

Size of the original print, 9½ by 6⅞ inches.

From the etching by Maxime Lalanne. This is one of Lalanne's strongest etchings. The spirit of the place is seized at once, and presented in a masterly manner. The drawing of the houses, as they incline backward, could hardly be bettered. It was the Paris custom, three or four centuries ago, when building the front of a city house, to make it slope backward.

À BORDEAUX (VUE GÉNÉRALE)
Size of the original print, 8⅜ by 11⅞ inches.

VUE PRISE DU PONT SAINT-MICHEL (LE PONT NEUF ET LE LOUVRE)
Size of the original print, 7⅞ by 11½ inches.
From the etchings by Maxime Lalanne. In these two plates the gradation of tone, from the rich blacks in the foreground to the delicate grey of the distance, is beautifully rendered, and is done in pure line.

still hampered with reminiscences of the laborious methods of the line engravers.

His treatise on Etching, published in 1866, still maintains its position as the standard textbook for the etcher. It was translated into English by Mr. S. R. Koehler of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and published by Estes and Lauriat of Boston.

Another valuable book by Lalanne is his work on Charcoal Drawing. He was himself the most eminent artist of his time in this species of work, and he also maintained a distinguished rank as a painter in oils.

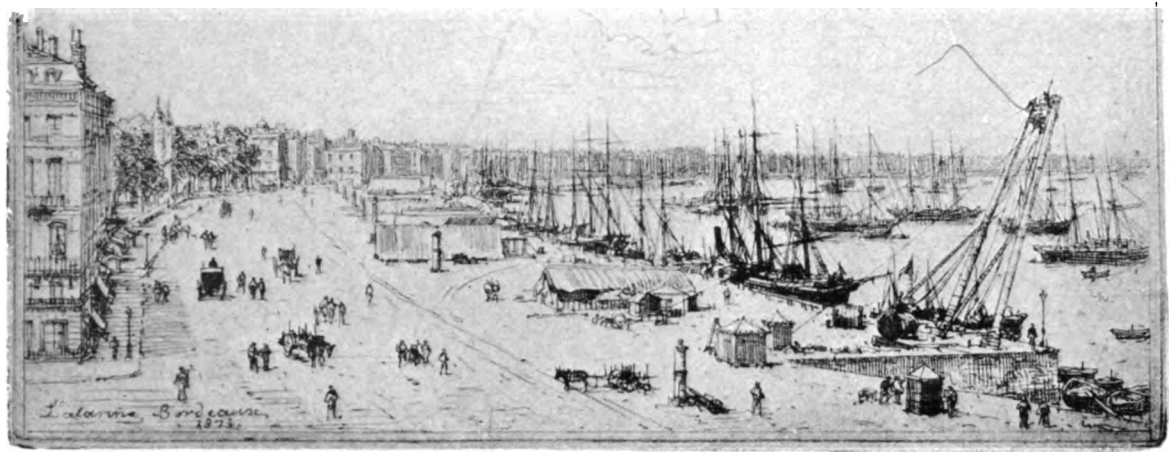
Our space cannot admit the long list of medals and other distinctions which he has won. They include a title of nobility from the late King of Portugal (who was himself a good etcher), also a medal for both painting and etching from the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, and finally the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

All of his distinctions are detailed in the official *Archives de la Légion d'Honneur*, where they can be seen.

But it is through his etchings that Maxime Lalanne's name is likely to live. There is in them a grace and elegance that no other artist has achieved. His drawing is always correct and true, and he had no sympathy with the ugly and the repulsive — even though it was sometimes practised by such masters as Legros, Bracquemond, and Rembrandt himself. Lalanne confined himself within the safe limits of the "frank,

open line," and his work remains admirable so far as it goes. He did not enliven it with more or less successful experiments and innovations. He was not a *chercheur* like Félix Buhot or Henri Guérard. But Alexander Pope was a famous poet, although he refrained from such wild flights as were afterwards taken by Shelley, or Browning, or Walt Whitman!

It is a common thing, but most unfair, to condemn a work of art for the lack of those features or qualities which the artist had never intended to put into it; and if we take Lalanne within his own limits, we will find his work thoroughly good and right.



BORDEAUX, QUAI DES CHARTRONS

Size of the original print, 4 by 5¾ inches.

From the etching by Maxime Lalanne. No one ever etched more gracefully than Lalanne, nor had a greater command over the resources of etching. In this particular he resembles Jules Jacquemart, whose plates are unsurpassed marvels of "biting" — or corroding of his etched copper plate.

PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER

From the drawing by Paul Rajon

Size of the original drawing, 9¼ by 7 inches.

In this excellent portrait the white lock of hair, of which Whistler was so proud, is well in evidence, also the single eyeglass.

WHISTLER AS AN ETCHER

Reprinted, by permission, from "The Outlook"

IN introducing the subject of Whistler as an etcher I cannot do so better than by citing the opinion of the man whom I believe to be the best living authority on the subject. I mean Joseph Pennell, the American artist and critic, who was the stanch friend of Whistler to the end, and who, in collaboration with his distinguished wife, has written a biography of the master which must prove to be the standard for all time to come, although other biographies are also in preparation. "There is no man so fit for the sea as a sailor," and there is no man so competent to write on the etchings of Whistler as is a brother etcher, who not only knows fine etching when he sees it, but goes beyond the intelligent outsider by also knowing just why, from a technical and constructive point of view, the etching is so signally good. Mr. Pennell's superlatives in writing of Whistler's etchings are not the ravings of some irresponsible enthusiast, but the words of a recognized critical authority.

Here, then, is a condensed extract of what Mr. Pennell has written in a London magazine on the subject of Whistler's etchings: "Whistler was the greatest etcher and the most accomplished

lithographer who ever lived. All his work is alike perfect. It has only been produced under different circumstances, and is an attempt to render different effects or situations. Therefore the methods vary, but the results are always the same — great; the greatest, the most perfect, as a whole, that any etcher has ever accomplished." After the death of Whistler in 1903 Mr. Pennell also wrote of him, in the *North American Review:* "The greatest artist of modern times is dead. These are strong words, and I mean them to be. Not one since Velasquez and Rembrandt has had such an effect on the art of the world. He knew he was making great art. He was so sure of it that, even during his lifetime, he compelled an unwilling public to admit it. But for those of us of the younger generation it is impossible to understand the compulsion. Because he was so serious, because he was so honest and strong, they (the critics) think he must have been a fraud. He was the most intensely American of Americans. But though Whistler passed almost all his life in England and but a few years in France, he followed American affairs with the feelings and the emotions of a patriot. No tribute that can be bestowed upon him by the United States will be too great for his glory."

I quote liberally from Mr. Pennell because I heartily concur with his opinions on this subject. Artists are supposed to be, in general, jealous of one another; but the intimate intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell with Whistler shows us a beauti-

THE KITCHEN

Size of the original print, 8⅞ by 6¼ inches.

From the etching by Whistler. This is one of the "French Set," etched in 1858. Not many copies of the set were printed, and only the trifling sum of two guineas was asked for each set, twelve subjects and an etched Title. In the present year (1910) the price of a fine proof of this one of the set of twelve is about a hundred guineas.

THE MUSTARD WOMAN

Size of the original print, 6¼ by 3½ inches.

THE RAG GATHERERS

Size of the original print, 6⅛ by 3⅝ inches.

From the etchings by Whistler. These two plates belong to the early period of Whistler's work, 1858, and *The Mustard Woman* was issued in that year as one of the now famous "French Set." These two beautiful little plates are among the finest of Whistler's early period.

ful example of absolute loyalty to a great man, just because they knew so well how great an artist he was. Although very few people could avoid quarreling with him, with the Pennells "the King could do no wrong," and I remember that when Whistler, as was his habit, arrived an hour or so late for dinner at their house in London, not a word of reproach from hostess or host was ever expressed or implied; although we cannot blame the French servant, Augustine, when, on admitting the honored guest upon such an occasion, she shook her finger at him and said, "*Ah, Monsieur Veestlaire, vous avez gâté mon diner, vous savez!*" A dozen such dinners might have been spoiled without a word or a look of reproach from one or other of the two accomplished art critics who had invited their hero to dine.

I must relate a quaint incident to illustrate this immense admiration of one artist for the work of another.

Having shaken hands with Mr. Pennell on arriving at his house, I said to him: "You have a hand like Whistler's, very delicate and frail, but your hand is bigger than his because you are a much bigger man." To this, Mr. Pennell, wilfully misunderstanding me, exclaimed: "A *bigger* man than Whistler — oh, I wish to heaven I were!"

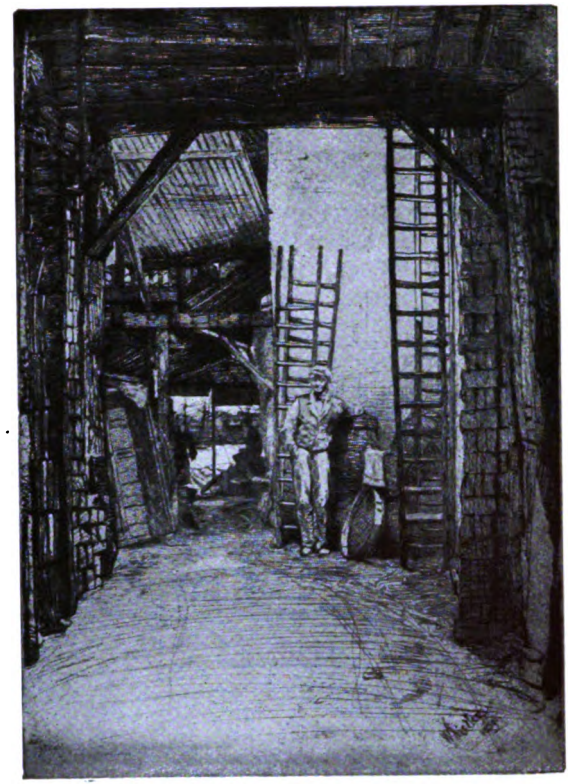
The mere list of books or of detached articles on Whistler is already a long one, and more are forthcoming. Even writers who scorned his work during the years when he was producing it have

now rushed in to proclaim that he was a great master. This state of things had already begun before his death, and Whistler, who was always an aggressive and valiant fighter, used to say to critics of this sort: "If you now find my works to be masterpieces, why were not these same things masterpieces long years ago when you neglected them totally or when you ridiculed them?"

The serious student of the best original etchings is often confronted with a dangerous obstacle in the form of the deceiving counterfeits which have been fabricated on the masterworks of the art. Rembrandt's etchings were shamefully and shamelessly copied by dishonest anonymous etchers even during his own lifetime and by later forgers for two centuries, and within the last fifty years some deceiving counterfeits have been made of the etchings of such masters as Meryon, Millet, and Seymour Haden. But no man has ever successfully counterfeited an etching by Whistler — for the good reason that no man could. The master's exquisitely delicate and intensely personal style and touch stand hopelessly above and beyond the reach of the counterfeiter. If such a falsification were attempted by the etching process, the result would surely remind us of Dickens's description of the wig of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, which was so obviously an imitation of natural human hair "that it could hardly be called false." Yet even with this protection to collectors, based on Whistler's unattainable superiority of style and technique, there is still some danger that

ROTHERHITHE

Size of the original print, 10½ by 7½ inches.



THE LIMEBURNER

Size of the original print, 10 by 7 inches.

From the etchings by Whistler. These plates formed part of the famous "Thames Set." "The Limeburner" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860 as "W. Jones, Lime-Burner, Thames Street," and "Rotherhithe" was also exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1862. Of "Rotherhithe" Mr. Joseph Pennell writes: "A scratch across the sky is in some of the prints. Whistler told me that this was caused by a brick from a chimney, which was being repaired, falling behind him and making him jump so that he scratched the plate with his needle from top to bottom."

ANNIE, SEATED

Size of the original print, 5 by 3¾ inches.

BIBI LALOUETTE

Size of the original print, 9 by 6 inches.

From the etchings by Whistler. The little girl to the left is Miss Annie Haden, daughter of Sir Seymour Haden, and Whistler's niece. It is one of Whistler's most beautiful portrait etchings. The little boy to the right was "the son of Lalouette, who kept a restaurant near the Rue Dauphine, at which Whistler, Legros, Fantin, and others used to take their meals in those early days." (Wedmore.)

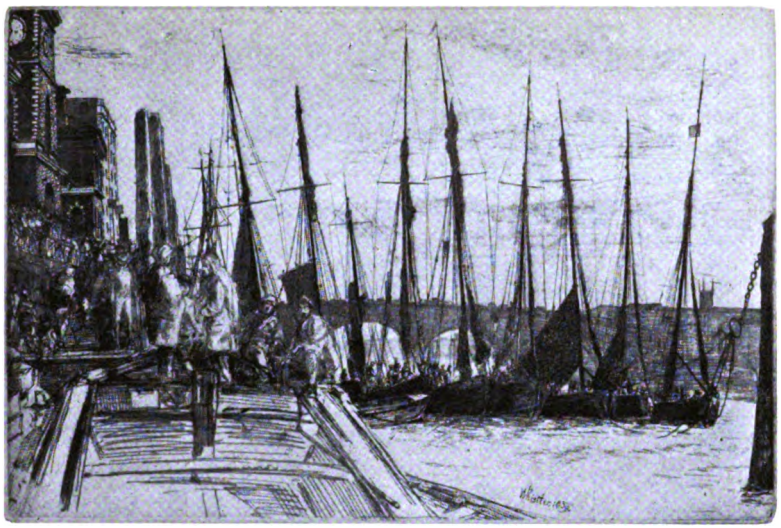
passably good imitations of the etchings might be made by some mechanical process founded on photography, although such imitations would be speedily detected by any expert.

James McNeill Whistler was born on the 10th of July, 1834, in Worthen Street, Lowell, Massachusetts, and he died at Chelsea, London, on the 17th of July, 1903. He really was baptized with the name of James Abbot, but he repudiated the latter name, and substituted for it the maiden name of his mother. His father, Major George W. Whistler, was an eminent engineer in the United States army, and it was he who was the real designer and constructor of the first Russian railway, which runs from St. Petersburg to Moscow, although, as so often happens, he was by no means the chief beneficiary from his own work. Major Whistler, having lost his first wife — who left him one daughter, the late Lady Seymour Haden — married Miss McNeill, a Southern lady, who was the mother of our artist. At the age of ten young Whistler was living in St. Petersburg with his father and mother, and I must quote an extract from his mother's diary of that time, which shows how true it is that "the child's the father of the man." She writes: "While visiting the Czar's palace we were allowed, as a special favor, to see some pictures of feathered fowl which were made by Peter the Great. I thought they were beautiful — *but our Jimmie had the impudence to laugh at them.*" Poor fellow! he continued to laugh at the productions of other

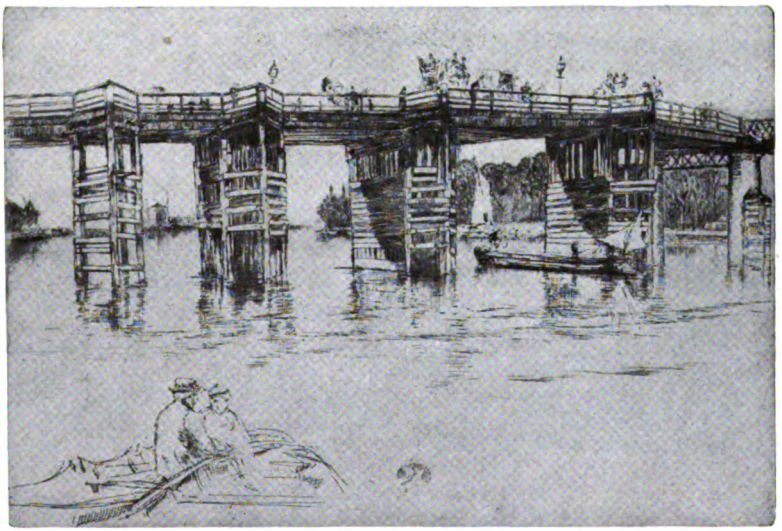
artists all his life long. Later we find Whistler a cadet at West Point. That was more than fifty years ago; yet his memory is still a potent memory there. His engaging personality and bright wit made him a favorite among his comrades, but he was found to be deficient in his studies, especially in chemistry, and the authorities had to dismiss him. Long years afterward he gave his own whimsical version of this dismissal: "I would have been a United States officer to-day except for a difference of opinion between the authorities and myself; they maintained that silicon was a mineral, while I insisted that it was a gas."

While on the tempting subject of Whistler's witticisms I must relate one of his latest and least known. During his last visit to Paris he was making a call on a lady of exalted rank, and she said to him, "You are well acquainted with King Edward of England." "Well, no," said Whistler, "not personally." "Why," said the lady, "his Majesty was speaking to me in London recently, and he said he knew you well." "Oh," said Whistler, "that was only his *brag*."

Whistler's very first etching was, characteristically enough, the cause of storms and tempests; and then began his life-long habit, which recalls to us the prophecy concerning Ishmael of old, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him." After his dismissal from West Point he found employment in the United States Coast Survey at Washington, where the director ordered him to etch a plate for the



BILLINGSGATE
Size of the original print, 6 by 8¾ inches.



PUTNEY BRIDGE
Size of the original print, 7⅞ by 11¾ inches.

Two characteristic London scenes etched by Whistler. The "Billingsgate" was done in the year 1859 and the "Putney Bridge" about twenty years later. Fine proofs of Whistler's etchings have, of late, attained to prices as great as those of the works of any master, old or modern.

THE ADAM AND EVE TAVERN, OLD CHELSEA
Size of the original print, 7 by 11¾ inches.

THE RIVA — NUMBER ONE
Size of the original print, 7⅞ by 11½ inches.

From the etchings by Whistler. "The Adam and Eve Tavern" was etched in 1879, and is especially interesting inasmuch as it marks the transition by Whistler from his early to his later manner — that of the Venice series, of which "The Riva" is a characteristic example.

guidance of marines. He had no chance to make a work of art of this plate, for it was a slavishly accurate picture of one part of the coast line. The young Whistler etched this uncongenial subject very accurately, although in a perfunctory and "tight" manner, but he "let himself go" by decorating the sky of Uncle Sam's formal plate with a series of fantastic little heads which were spun from his own imagination. The bureaucratic authorities were shocked, the plate was confiscated, and the too imaginative young etcher was cashiered.

At about the age of twenty Whistler drifted to Paris, and it was there that the budding master first "found himself." Paris, indeed, has for long years been the mother and the nurse of artists. Among the French, art in any form is a very serious matter indeed; while, in comparison, both in England and America art is generally looked on as a trifling, non-essential, outside matter, and one that any educated person may notice or not, as he thinks fit. In this it may be compared to the religion of some of us — a sentimental, idealistic emotion, and one that we may take on if we are in the humor, or lay off if our humor drifts the other way.

The incurable refractory bent which so often caused trouble to Whistler as a man was altogether favorable to his development as an artist. It was simply impossible for his independent nature to shut his eyes and tamely swallow rules and methods which were not of his own making. It

was this *intransigeant* spirit, combined with his own inherent genius, that made him the thoroughly original master that he was. He was a master in a double sense — first, through his great pictures, and, secondly, through the dominating influence which these pictures exercised on so many other artists throughout the civilized world. Many of these men would fiercely deny that they were imitating Whistler; but they *were*, whether they knew it or not. Thus, when a recent exhibition of new etchings was held in London, the *Saturday Review*, in noticing it, said that these etchings were "mainly penny-Whistlers," and, just because they were more or less gross imitations of the style and method of the master, they were of no more value artistically than a child's penny whistle.

It was in Paris, at the age of twenty-four and in the year 1858, that Whistler published his first series of etchings — the "French Set," as it is now called. There were thirteen in the set, and the price for it was fifty francs, or ten dollars. Happy were the few enlightened Frenchmen who invested fifty francs in the modest little portfolio of the young and unknown etcher. If they or their "heirs, administrators, and assigns" still possess them, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they could sell them at nearly a hundred times the price which they originally cost. The "French Set" included some veritable masterpieces — such as the "Kitchen," the "Mustard Woman," the "Vieille aux Loques," and the

THE VELVET DRESS

Size of the original print, 9⅛ by 6⅛ inches.

From the dry-point by Whistler. This is a portrait of Mrs. F. R. Leyland, and is, according to Joseph Pennell, a study for the portrait in oil, which Whistler painted later; but in the painting she wears a gown of pink and white, not of velvet. The folds of the dress are indicated by a very few touches, and the hair and ruff are drawn with peculiar delicacy. It was done in 1873 and is very rare, as are all the dry-point portraits of Whistler's "middle period."

FLORENCE LEYLAND

Size of the original print, 8 by 5¼ inches.

THE MODEL RESTING

Size of the original print, 8¼ by 5¼ inches.

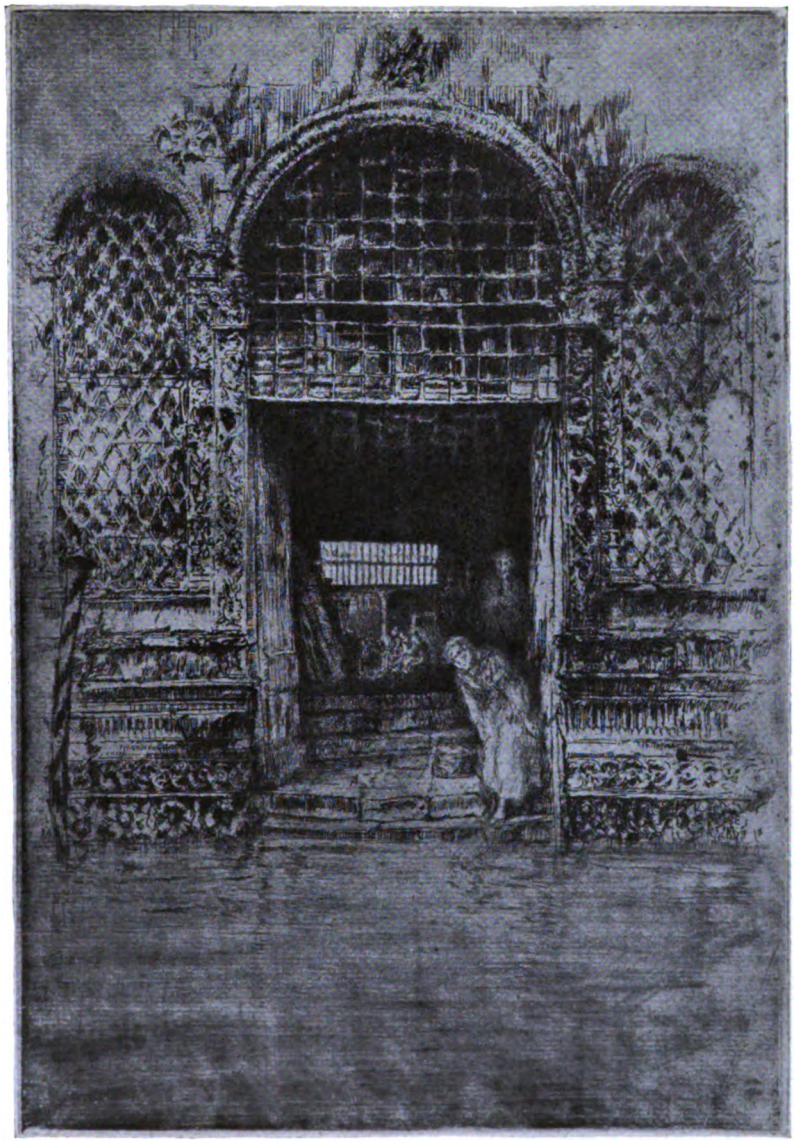
From the dry-points by Whistler. The figure-pieces of the Leyland period — dry-points nearly always — are very rare. They include not only a little succession of portraits, but likewise a succession of studies, of which *The Model Resting* is one of the most beautiful. Of the portraits that of *Florence Leyland*, with its perfect grace of line and pose, is perhaps the most completely satisfying.

"Street in Saverne," which last-named print must be about the first of Whistler's magnificent series of night scenes, or Nocturnes as he called them. At about the same period he produced the "Rag Shop" and the two charming portraits of French children, "Bibi Lalouette" and "Bibi Valentin."

From Paris Whistler went to London and made his home with Sir Seymour Haden, who was then an eminent surgeon, but who afterward attained so much wider fame as an etcher of landscapes. It was while he was living there with his half-sister and, shall we say, his *half*-brother-in-law, that Whistler etched most of the magnificent plates which are known as the "Thames Set." It consisted of sixteen etchings, and although he did very beautiful things in later years, my own conviction is that the Thames Set includes several of his supreme achievements. This opinion is fortified by that of Mr. Pennell. In writing of one of them, the "Black Lion Wharf," he calls it "one of the greatest engraved plates that has been produced in modern times," and he adds, "I would even say that it is the greatest etching of modern times were it not for the fact that it is but one of a set." Mr. Pennell goes on to commend other prints of the series, such as the "Forge," and the "Limeburner," and he adds, "This series alone is enough to win immortality for any man."

Mere verbal description of a picture cannot be otherwise than unsatisfying, but, fortunately for Americans in general and for New Yorkers in

particular, one of the very best collections of Whistler's etchings is on free exhibition to every one in New York. It can be visited at the Public Library, where the very competent curator, Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, will show to visitors this magnificent collection, which was formed by the late Samuel P. Avery and donated by him to the Public Library. No amount of money could duplicate it to-day; this could be done only in one way, and that is the way by which Napoleon Bonaparte enriched the gallery of the Louvre. He first conquered nearly all the nations of Europe, England excepted, and he then carried off their finest art treasures to Paris. But this high-handed operation can never be repeated, and Mr. Avery was a man of peace. He already knew Whistler when the latter was a merry, harum-scarum young fellow in Paris, who took little care of the masterpieces he was producing. In those early and happy-go-lucky years Whistler would etch some great plate, and, not having the money to pay for the printing of a sufficient edition of proofs from it, he would pay for perhaps half a dozen. Then the etched copper would drift into the mysterious limbo whither all lost things disappear and whence they never return, or else — as plates of copper cost money — Whistler would have the surface of the plate planed off and use the old copper for a new etching. It was in these earlier years that Mr. Avery got possession of such rarities as the dry-point portraits of Riault the wood-engraver, and of



THE DOORWAY

Size of the original print, 11¼ by 8 inches.

From the etching by Whistler. This superb etching is one of the "Venice Set," issued in 1880; and is one of the most beautiful. It has now become very scarce and very costly.

THE LITTLE MAST

Size of the original print, 10½ by 7⅜ inches.

THE PIAZETTA

Size of the original print, 10 by 7⅛ inches.

From the etchings by Whistler. These etchings were part of the "Venice Set" issued in 1880. Whistler himself printed the proofs. He was forced to do this because he could find no professional printer who could satisfy his fastidious requirements.

"Jo," the latter a beautiful portrait of a young girl. These two prints are now absolutely unprocurable, as is many another of which the noble-hearted Samuel P. Avery has made a free gift for the use of his fellow-citizens in New York and for the whole nation.

With regard to Whistler's etchings, after twenty years of useful service Mr. Wedmore's book is likely to be superseded partly by two exhaustive catalogues of Whistler's etchings, both of them compiled by competent New York authorities. Mr. Howard Mansfield's handsome book was published in 1909, by the Caxton Club of Chicago, and Mr. E. G. Kennedy's, which was issued by the Grolier Club in New York, in 1910. Mr. Kennedy's book, in particular, is a monument of patient and intelligent labor. I believe that no man living can realize more than I can the immense amount of patient research which has enabled Mr. Kennedy, apart from his volume of text, to give to the subscribers three portfolios of reproductions including every one of Whistler's plates, and not only that, but to give us a separate picture of every one of the different states of each plate. This, I think, must be the final authoritative word on Whistler's etchings.

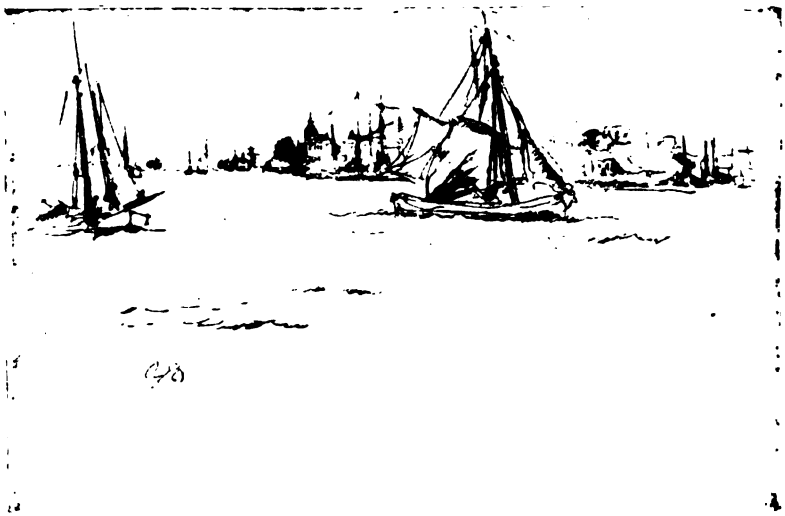
Most of the plates of the Thames Set were etched in the year 1859, but — "O fools and blind!" — no publisher would touch them until twelve years later, in the year 1871. All this is only a modern repetition of the action of the ancient people, who first persecuted and stoned

their prophets and afterwards built sepulchers in their honor.

The copper plates of the sixteen Thames etchings were destroyed years ago, so that no more proofs from them can ever be printed; but how these beautiful things could have remained neglected for twelve years is still an unaccountable thing.

Besides the two sets of etchings already mentioned other sets were to follow, but in addition to these Whistler continued to produce detached etchings of high artistic value. About the year 1870 his method underwent a radical change. He temporarily discarded etching proper — where the lines of the plate are corroded or "bitten" with an acid — and took up dry-point, a process in which the copper plate is worked upon direct and without any "biting." Whistler's dry-points are characterized by extreme delicacy and refinement. Of necessity they are very rare, because a plate thus prepared wears out very quickly in the printing. In the case of some very delicately cut dry-points not more than half a dozen fine proofs could be obtained. Whistler was equally master of the dry-point and the etching method whether he was making portraits such as those of the Leyland family or depicting some fascinating and elusive view of the Thames at London, the river that he loved so faithfully.

One of his views on the Thames deserves special mention because it was, in style, the precursor of the two magnificent "Venice Sets" which were



DORDRECHT

Size of the original print, $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

AMSTERDAM, ETCHED FROM THE TOLHUIS

Size of the original print, $5\frac{1}{8}$ by $8\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

From the etching and the dry-point by Whistler. "*Amsterdam, Etched from the Tolhuis*," was the first of Whistler's Dutch plates — made probably on his first journey to Holland. It was done in 1863. It is interesting to note how, even in those early years, his style was unmistakably his own. *Dordrecht* was etched just twenty-one years after the *Amsterdam-Etched from the Tolhuis* — in 1884 — but the same "economy of means" is visible in both plates.

PRICE'S CANDLE-WORKS
Size of the original print. $5\frac{7}{8}$ by $8\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

THE THAMES TOWARD ERITH
Size of the original print, $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
From the dry-points by Whistler. *Price's Candle-Works* are at Battersea. Both this and *The Thames toward Erith* are very rare. Writing in 1909, Joseph Pennell said of this impression of *The Thames toward Erith*, "This is the first good proof I have ever seen of this very rare plate. It was not shown — we could not get it — for the London memorial exhibition."

to follow. I mean the "Adam and Eve Tavern, Old Chelsea." It was etched, not dry-pointed, and was wrought in a manner then new to him, but which he afterward continued to practise to the end of his life. In the "Adam and Eve" the innovation is the short and broken character of the lines. In it, as well as in the succeeding Venice etchings, the result is an effect of the most charming vivacity and freshness. Whistler hated dulness in every form. The man, the artist, the writer, was never dull. Whistler *couldn't* be! After the Venice etchings came views in Holland and in France, as well as a series of little plates depicting war-ships on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee. These later plates of his are still almost unknown to the public. For many years before his death he printed his own proofs because no outside printer could satisfy him, and after he died his heiress and her advisers decided that never again should a proof from any plate of his be printed by another hand. I think that this was a most pious and wise decision, made to do honor to the memory of the fastidious and exquisite artist.

It is a comfort to know that the greater part of Whistler's works are owned in America, and in America we have the most serious and most accomplished students of the master. I must here relate an extraordinary illustration of this. Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, whose precious collection of Whistler's works will be given to the Nation, was examining, at his home, some

unfinished trial proofs of Whistler's lithographs. In Mr. Freer's company was an eminent professional artist. Mr. Freer pointed out to him what he thought to be a slightly false line on one of the prints. "Pooh!" said the artist, "Whistler will never trouble himself to correct a trifle like that." "But I am *sure*," said Mr. Freer, "that Whistler will never allow that line to remain as it now is." When the lithograph was definitely published, the defective line had been corrected by the master, although he had heard not a word about the matter.

It may be an audacious thing for me to venture to say, but I think Whistler made a mistake when, late in life, he adopted the system of cutting off every shred of margin from his proofs — except a little tab which he left in one spot below, and which bore his mystical signature in the form of a sort of butterfly. This leaves the print itself unprotected from any little accidental abrasion of the edges, and the sight of the etching when the margins are all cut away has the same unpleasant effect on me as has the sight of the finger-tips of a person who has the little vice of biting his nails. However, Whistler, in matters of taste, was very apt to be most refined and correct. His "Propositions," on the small dimensions to which an etching should be limited, are here reprinted from his famous book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"; and I agree with it all except his pronouncement that the four blank margins of the print should be mercilessly cut away.

PROPOSITIONS BY MR. WHISTLER

I. That in Art it is criminal to go beyond the means used in its exercise.

II. That the space to be covered should always be in proper relation to the means used for covering it.

III. That in etching, the means used, or the instrument employed, being the finest possible point, the space to be covered should be small in proportion.

IV. That all attempts to overstep the limits insisted upon by such proportions are inartistic thoroughly, and tend to reveal the paucity of the means used, instead of concealing the same, as required by Art in its refinement.

V. That the huge plate, therefore, is an offense — its undertaking an unbecoming display of determination and ignorance — its accomplishment a triumph of unthinking earnestness and uncontrollable energy — endowments of the "duffer."

VI. That the custom of "Remarque" emanates from the amateur, and reflects his foolish facility beyond the border of his picture, thus testifying to his unscientific sense of its dignity.

VII. That it is odious.

VIII. That, indeed, there should be no margin on the proof to receive such "Remarque."

IX. That the habit of margin, again, dates from the outsider, and continues with the collector in his unreasoning connoisseurship — taking curious pleasure in the quantity of paper.

X. That, the picture ending where the frame begins, and in the case of etching the white mount being inevitably, because of its color, the frame, the picture thus extends itself irrelevantly through the margin to the mount.

XI. That wit of this kind would leave six inches of raw canvas between the painting and its gold frame, to delight the purchaser with the quality of the cloth.

It was greatly his own fault that for long years Whistler did not win the recognition which was his due. He loved to paint, he loved to etch, he loved to joke (and sometimes to joke very wickedly), but above all, he loved to quarrel. This very costly pastime of his brought its inevitable consequences; many well-meaning and influential people who would gladly have been his friends were driven into the ranks of his enemies, and even so peaceable a person as the present writer has been forced into more than one battle royal with him. But now that he has gone to the Silent Land — whither we must all follow him — these frailties of his are already fading from our memories, while "the immortal part of him" grows greater and brighter; and it will continue so to grow unless some still greater artist shall arise to push him from his pedestal. And even if such an unlikely thing should ever happen, still there never can be another Whistler.

ONE DAY WITH WHISTLER

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WHEN Whistler died in London on the 17th of July, 1903, the considerable stream of literature, already printed about him, suddenly increased to a torrent; and this unprecedented output of authorship on the artist and his works has hardly abated in the ensuing seven years — while Whistler's renown has steadily grown from great to greater.

In the excellent catalogue issued in March, 1910, by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in connection with their exhibition of Whistler's paintings and pastels, there is a bibliography which mentions no fewer than sixty-seven books on Whistler. This formidable list is not complete, nor does it pretend to include the great number of magazine articles and serious newspaper articles on the subject.

But among this mass of literature on Whistler there is one work which, I think, must outshine and outlast any of the others: it is the master's Biography written by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and her husband, Joseph Pennell, and the joint authors were *par excellence* the ones to write the

Life of Whistler. Published in 1908, the work has already gone through several editions.

If the old-time author's *apologia* for the appearance of some new book or treatise were still the fashion, I could make mine by simply stating that the present article contains nothing on the subject which has been printed before; seeing that it is the "unvarnished tale" (also the hitherto unpublished tale) of Whistler's intercourse with me and mine with him.

Our first meeting, long years ago, took place at his rooms in Tite Street, Chelsea. My errand did not concern myself at all: I simply undertook to deliver to him a picture entrusted to me at Whistler's request by an absent friend of his who told me in French parlance the master would be *visible* from nine to ten o'clock every morning. I reached his house at about half past nine and was admitted by a servant who showed me into a reception room in which the prevailing color scheme was a pale and delicate yellow. The room at first looked bare and empty, yet its general effect was both novel and pleasing. Having sent up my card, upon which I had written a memorandum stating the cause of my visit, I soon heard a light step, and a moment later I set eyes on Whistler for the first time. It was his humor not to enter his own reception room, but to remain at the threshold glaring at me through his monocle and holding his watch open in his hand. There he was — the Whistler of so many portraits and so many caricatures — a

slender, alert little man, but so gracefully proportioned that, as he stood framed in his own doorway, it was not easy to determine whether he was big, middle-sized, or small. All the external attributes or trade-marks were in evidence: the white lock above the middle of his forehead, carefully segregated from the black curls around it; the monocle stuck in his right eye and protected from breakage by a thin black cord which ran through a hole drilled near the edge of the crystal; the aggressive cravat and the very long black coat. Suddenly, with a disconcerting little detonation caused by the abrupt parting of his closed lips and with a simultaneous grimace, he caused the eyeglass to bounce outward from his eye, and having, like the patriarch Job, "opened his mouth," he said: "Now, I have just four minutes to spare: what is it that you want?" Let me here confess that I felt somewhat nettled at this unexpected reception — seeing that I had come long miles out of my way solely to oblige an absent friend of his and, incidentally, to oblige Whistler himself — and so I set myself to break down the repellent pose which he saw fit to assume. Having delivered to him the little picture which I had brought I gave him no immediate opening to snub me further. With this intent I talked about the friend who had sent me to him; I described to him the fine position in which his own contribution to the Paris Salon had been hung; I told him some flattering things which had been said by the right sort of people about it; I gave him

news, which I knew would interest him, of other friends of his, and, like Browning's hero, I kept up "any noise bad or good," until he so far unbent as to enter the room where I was. Abruptly he then put the question to me: "Are you fond of pictures?" To this I made answer: "Such pictures as may be seen *here*, yes." "Come to the studio," said he; and thus began a memorable day which only ended when he had to go out to dine at eight in the evening, and even then he delayed — calmly remarking that people always waited dinner for him, no matter how late he came. This long day was passed in the studio except when we adjourned to the dining-room for lunch, where I remember that the table was decorated with yellow flowers and that the dishes were hollow, the hollow space being filled with boiling water for the purpose of keeping the eatables hot.

But it was in his studio that Whistler was at his brightest and best. Surely never was a man so far removed from being commonplace. His alert wit kept flashing like summer lightning, and the pronouncement which Dr. Samuel Johnson delivered on his friend David Garrick might with equal force be applied to Whistler: "Sir, for sprightly conversation he is the foremost man in the world." Much of his talk that day was of a denunciatory character. Some eminent personages were severely castigated, but the vials of his bitterest wrath were poured on the devoted heads of certain prominent artists and more

especially on those who painted portraits. While speaking on this subject he gave expression to one opinion which seems to be so sound and right that it should be recorded here: "To paint what is called a great portrait in England," said he, "the artist must overload everything with strong contrasts of violent colors. His success with the rich ignorant public is assured if only he succeeds in setting his colors shouting against each other. Go to the exhibition at the Royal Academy and see what is called the picture of the year — Mr. A's portrait of Mr. B. You can easily find it by seeing the crowd that stands staring at it all day long. Mix with this crowd and get near to the picture; fill your eye with it; then turn round and look at the faces of the living spectators, — how quiet in tone *they* are! If A's portrait is right, surely every living man and woman you see in the crowd must be wrong!"

From all this depressing pessimism he rapidly turned to another subject which he proceeded to treat with enthusiastic optimism; for he began to talk of his own works. His delight in these was as frank and complete as the delight of some little boy who has triumphantly constructed a satisfactory mud pie.

There was standing on a perpendicular easel in the studio his superb portrait of the violinist, Sarasate — the same picture which afterward created such a sensation at the Paris Salon, and which is now the pride of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. The delighted artist conducted me

through a doorway which faced the picture and, further on, to the end of a long corridor. There turning round, we gazed on the picture framed in a vista of corridor and doorway. Laying his hand on my shoulder he said to me: "Now isn't it beautiful?" "It certainly is," I answered. "No," said he, "but *isn't* it beautiful?" · "It is indeed," I replied. Then raising his voice to a scream, with a not too wicked blasphemy, and bringing his hand down upon his knee with a bang so as to give superlative emphasis to the last word of his sentence, he cried, "—— —— it! Isn't it *beautiful?*" If I could do no other thing so well as Whistler, I could at least shout as loud as he could scream, so turning to him and adopting his little "swear word" (as a quotation, of course) I shouted into his face "—— —— it, it *is!*" This third declaration seemed to satisfy him, and so we returned to the studio.

More manifestations of delight in his own work were to follow: he had just received the proof-sheets of his now famous printed lecture, the "Ten O'Clock" (first delivered in London, at 10 P.M.) and he asked me to read some of it aloud so that he could "hear how it sounded." Now I believe it is not possible for any one to read a piece of fine literature aloud and to do it well, unless he has read it before and knows what is coming in the text; and so I was not at all surprised when, after I had read a few pages to him, he called out "Stop! You are murdering it! Let me read it to you." He was quite right;

I *was* murdering it! So we changed places. He read his own book admirably, and kept at it for about two hours, but this comprised many digressions. My enjoyment was, however, interrupted by a characteristic incident: his man-servant entered the studio: "Well?" said Whistler. "Lady Somebody, sir," said the servant (she was one of the great ladies of the British peerage). "Where is she?" "In her carriage at the door, sir." Whistler took no further notice of his servitor but resumed the reading of his proof-sheets to me, and the puzzled footman, who was standing behind his master's back and facing me, shook his head slowly up and down, and — like Longfellow's Arabs — "silently stole away." Thus the reading went on for quite ten minutes longer, and the reader's sole auditor fidgeted more and more, till, realizing how deadly cold it was on that March day, I called out to him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Whistler, but I think I overheard your servant telling you that a lady was waiting to see you." "Oh," said he, "let her wait, let her wait, — I'm *mobbed* with these people!" Then he went on reading for fully fifteen minutes more, and after that (his voice was getting tired, I dare say) he condescended to go downstairs and receive her shivering ladyship.

Another incident of that day was the visit of a foreign artist, an old acquaintance, with whom Whistler had not — as yet — quarreled. He was received with genuine cordiality, and, artist-like,

he ran round the studio looking at everything. One small picture seemed to charm him especially, and he said, "Now that is one of your good ones." "Don't look at it, dear boy," said Whistler, airily, "it's not finished." "Finished!" said the visitor. "Why, it is the most carefully finished picture of yours that I have ever seen." "Don't look at it!" persisted Whistler. "You are doing injustice to yourself, you are doing injustice to my picture—and you are doing injustice to *me!*" The visitor looked bewildered, when Whistler in a theatrical tone cried out, "Stop, I'll finish it now!" Then he procured a very small camel's-hair brush, fixed it on a long and slender handle, mixed a little speck of paint on his palette, dipped the tip of his brush into it, and then, standing off from his picture, and with the action of a fencer with his rapier, he lunged forward and touched the picture in one spot with his pigment. "Now it's finished," said he. "Now you may look at it!" This was all highly dramatic, and indeed very well acted, but as in the case of some stage plays, the final act of Whistler's performance proved to be an anti-climax: the foreign artist took his leave, but finding that he had left his umbrella behind him, called for it next day. The servant, recognizing him, told him that Mr. Whistler had gone out for the day, but invited him to go to the studio and seek his umbrella. He went there and found it, but also took the opportunity of having one more look at the picture which had been "finished" for

his special benefit the day before; and then he saw that the little dab of wet paint which Whistler had so dramatically put on he had afterward scrupulously wiped off again!

The kindly old Latin maxim which exhorts us to "Speak nothing but good concerning the dead" is appropriate for the millions of ordinary nobodies who disappear and are forgotten; but historical verity is most essential in the case of eminent or notable personalities whom the world will not forget. Thomas Carlyle was one such man and Lord Byron was another; but Mr. Froude so "edited" Carlyle's diary that no one is satisfied, and Thomas Moore suppressed Byron's diary altogether. Thus these two eminent men are not known to posterity as they each had deliberately planned to be known, and a serious danger of the same kind threatens the memory of Whistler. He was no coward—whatever other faults and eccentricities he may have manifested — and his life was consistent (in an inconsistent way) from first to last.

Yet some of the biographical notices which have appeared try to make of him a sort of milk-and-water saint. This falsification may possibly do honor to the hearts of these writers — but certainly not to their heads! — and Whistler would never have approved of it. He took infinite pains, indeed, to let the world see his character as it actually was, and those who knew him best would agree with me in the opinion that all posthumous records of him should be written

in the spirit of Othello's manly request when, knowing that he was about to die, he said:

> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

It is in this spirit that I now venture to give, as dispassionately as I can, the results of my long years of study of this extraordinary "human document," Whistler; and if I do not render my verdict worthless by covering him over with an indiscriminate coat of "whitewash," I have the precedent of his own book, "*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*," to warrant me in telling the truth without fear or favor. Indeed, I shall not go so far as Whistler went, for in that book of his (with its felicitous title) he did not scruple to print numbers of letters from persons still living, and certainly without the consent of the several writers. It is quite another and an allowable thing to print private letters after the writers of them are dead; and many delightful books are made almost entirely from this source.

Whistler has often been called the greatest painter of his day — and he was certainly the greatest etcher. If this proud position was accorded to him too tardily it was mainly through his own fault. It was his humor to antagonize the world in general, and naturally the consequences reacted upon himself. The same cause would have brought about the same results in the case of Corot or Millet or Sargent or any other man of genius, for it was Whistler himself who

deliberately made the hard bed in which he had to lie for many years. "To the froward thou wilt show thyself froward" remains as true to-day as when it was written long ages ago.

It is remarkable that no writer has as yet pointed out the strong resemblance between the man Whistler and the man Benvenuto Cellini. Whistler flourished some three and a half centuries later than the famous Florentine sculptor and goldsmith, who was born in the year 1500; each of the two has left an extraordinary book in which the author is the extravagantly vaunted hero; each of them spent much of his life in waging conflicts of his own making, and each records his own exploits with the most complacent self-satisfaction.

Mr. John Addington Symonds — the translator, apologist, and vindicator of Cellini — feels constrained to write of the Florentine: "Great though his talents were he vastly overrated them, and set a monstrously exaggerated value on his works of art. The same qualities made him a fierce and bitter rival; he could not believe that any one with whom he came into collision had the right to stand beside him." Does not this extract make us almost feel that we are reading a paragraph from some current biography of Whistler?

But notwithstanding these self-created drawbacks his genius as an artist, coupled with his brilliant powers of pleasing (when he chose to please), resulted in the fact that Whistler's

society was eagerly courted by the most eminent artistic and intellectual men and women of his day and generation. His faculty for inspiring people with enthusiasm for himself and for his pictures was simply marvelous. This effect, which he wrought on his devotees, was wittily described by the Paris writer, M. Henri Beraldi, as "the malady of Whistlerium Tremens," and (while it lasted) it was naturally delightful; but the day was sure to come when Whistler would suddenly "turn and rend" his former friend, and after that the friend was never forgiven. So often did this happen that it would be easy to make a tabular list of say a hundred names of more or less distinguished and amiable people who once stood high in the Whistlerian esteem, but of whom nearly every one had the misfortune unconsciously to wound the master's enormous vanity and so to be written down in his black books with indelible ink. Yet even in these sad circumstances Whistler never allowed his own interest to modify his wrath against the unconscious offender; indeed, if it was his special interest — monetary or otherwise — to maintain good relations with any man, *that* was the man of all others whom he was surest to "clapper-claw"!

Shakespeare tells us that "troops of friends" are one of the blessings which should accompany a happy old age, and Whistler's last years would have been desolate indeed were it not that a few — a very few — faithful souls clung to him to the end. I have particularly in mind an Ameri-

can couple residing in London, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, who acted as his very efficient guardian angels to the last; "and all for love, and nothing for reward" — as old Edmund Spenser has it. Theirs was the untiring fidelity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"!

If I were asked why it was that Whistler so assiduously practised "the gentle art of making enemies" (instead of the still gentler art of making friends) I should answer: *primarily because he liked it!* He has on occasion recounted to me with high glee the details of one or another of his quarrels, and it must be admitted that he was a brilliant fighter; but such little matters as the logic or the equity of the question in dispute never troubled him at all. His faculty for "making the worse appear the better reason" was quite extraordinary, and often he first put himself entirely in the wrong and then fought a valiant, if a losing battle.

Another of his peculiarities was the histrionic cast of his nature. Queen Victoria once complained of her prime minister, Gladstone: "He harangues me as if I were a public meeting." Similarly, Whistler was forever performing as if he were playing a comedy-part before an audience, and it was never easy to determine when he was in serious earnest and when he was only "poking fun." This same theatrical cast of his mind led him, years ago, to change his own name — for Whistler had no more right to assume the

middle name of McNeill than the present writer would have to appropriate the middle name of Plantagenet or Hohenzollern. He was baptized James Abbott Whistler. This fact concerning his legal name is not known to many, but there is incontestable evidence of it; and in his later years there was no surer way of infuriating him than by giving him the name which he received in baptism. The poet Swinburne committed this unpardonable sin in the dedication of one of his poems. Another of these inconvenient little matters about which Whistler loved to mystify and befog the public is the fact that he was born on the 10th of July, 1834, in Worthen Street, Lowell, Mass. Such a stubborn fact as this, however, did not deter him from swearing, during the Sir William Eden lawsuit in Paris, that he was born in Russia! But in Whistler's case, as in the case of very imaginative little children (girls oftener than boys), we should be very careful of condemning them for deliberate lying when they only dramatize a series of imaginary things until at last they come to believe them.

People have often suggested to me that, in view of his eccentricities, Whistler must have been a little wrong in the head. Not he! I have never known a man whose intellect was clearer or more alert. His memory also was very accurate — more especially with regard to all the ins and outs of his numerous quarrels.

Still another of his characteristics was his way of imparting a look of careless precipitation to

his later paintings and prints — the truth being that, to the very last, he took infinite care with every detail of his work, and every one who has sat to him for a portrait can testify that the master almost killed his sitter with fatigue by reason of his scrupulous exactions and repetitions. So long as he was at work on a picture he was intensely in earnest, and it was only in his intercourse with his fellowmen that he assumed the *rôle* of poser and performer. He would very rarely answer a letter, but, like Napoleon, generally assumed that a letter would answer itself through the subsequent event. One of the last friendly epistles which I received from him was in acknowledgment of a cutting from the *New York Tribune*, which I had sent him and which contained the announcement of his own marriage. This paragraph being printed at the top of one of the pages of the newspaper, I utilized the inch of blank margin above by writing on it the following verse:

> One Whistler more, one Godwin less,
> Two Artists wed this day;
> Long may you each the other bless,
> So prays your friend F. K.

But the inevitable hour was to come when Whistler — like some supposedly tamed wild animal — must suddenly and unprovokedly turn and *bite*. In my case it happened in this wise: Two well-known American librarians had collaborated in compiling a pamphlet which was entitled "Guide to the Study of James Abbott McNeill Whistler."

It was published by the University of the State of New York at Albany, and bore on its title-page the names of the joint authors. The sole motive of both the compilers and the Regents of the University was to do honor to Whistler, but it appears that in the little book the incense burned was not pungent enough to suit the nostrils of the illustrious subject. Three copies of the pamphlet were sent to me. One of them I kept and the remaining two I sent respectively to Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Ernest Brown in London. If I had had a fourth I would have sent it to Whistler himself in the belief that it would have given him pleasure. Six months afterward I arrived in London and was told by Lady Seymour Haden (Whistler's half-sister) that "her brother Jimmie" had buried his wife that same day. I had known and esteemed the deceased lady, and so I at once wrote to Whistler telling him that his sister had just told me of his bereavement and assuring him of my deep sympathy. My letter made mention of this and of nothing else. Next day (the day after his wife's funeral) I received from him a registered letter, the envelope bordered in deepest black and sealed in black wax with his mystic emblem or device of a sort of Whistlerized butterfly. I had not expected so early a reply to my letter of condolence, but when I came to read what he had written to me I certainly stared at it in amazement. Here follows his letter, and I do not think that in his published book there is a more brilliant specimen of characteristic abusive Whistlerism than this:

NOCTURNE: PALACES

Size of the original print, 11⅞ by 7¾ inches.

From the etching by Whistler. A beautiful example of Whistler's printing, the effect being obtained by the most artistic wiping of the ink from the plate. The "Nocturnes" are substantially paintings on copper, in printer's ink.

GARDEN

Size of the original print, 12 by 9⅛ inches.
From the etching by Whistler. This is one of the famous "Twenty-six etchings," of which thirty sets only were issued, the artist himself printing all the proofs.

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE,
HEATH END, HAMPSTEAD.

Sir: I must not let the occasion of your being in town pass without acknowledging the gratuitous zeal with which you have done your best to further the circulation of one of the most curiously malignant innuendos, in the way of scurrilous half-assertions, it has been my fate hitherto to meet.

Mr. Brown very properly sent on to me the pamphlet you had promptly posted to him.

Mr. Pennell also, I find, you had carefully supplied with a copy — and I have no doubt that, with the untiring energy of the "busy" one, you have smartly placed the pretty work in the hands of many another before this.

Personally I am grateful to this activity of yours — for there is no obscurity into which the journalist will not, in time, pry for his paragraph — and, thanks to your unexampled perseverance, I have, though in a circuitous and doubtless unintended way, been enabled now to deal with the authorities of the American College, upon whose shelves is allowed to be officially catalogued this grotesque slander of a distinguished and absent countryman.

Had you sent to *me direct*, and to *me alone*, the libelous little book, it would have been my pleasant duty to have thanked you for the kind courtesy, and to have recognized, in the warning given, the right impulse of an honorable man.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.

When a man is conscious that he has done no wrong to another he resents a gratuitous and unfair attack, and Whistler, that same week, had laid himself open to a counter blow from me: Mr. T. R. Way's descriptive catalogue of Whistler's lithographs had just been published, and in a

conspicuous note, by way of preface, the author says: "The title-page was designed by Mr. Whistler. The frontispiece was drawn from a photograph supplied by Mr. Whistler, and has been worked upon by him." This frontispiece shows us nothing but the master's *back* as he stands in a garden. But it was in Whistler's wording of the title-page that he left himself vulnerable. Evidently his preoccupation was to parade his own name in large type at the top of the page, and so as to do this he deliberately misnames the catalogue. He had just been abusing me about a "libelous little book" which was highly obnoxious to him, — though I had no more to do with the making of it than the man in the moon, — and now I sent him a letter complaining about another book which was equally obnoxious to me. Under these circumstances I was enabled to incorporate in the following epistle much of the identical language of his own letter written to me two days before:

To James McNeill Whistler, Esq.:

Sir: "I must not let the occasion of *your* being in town pass without acknowledging the gratuitous zeal with which you have done your best to further the circulation of one of the most curiously" misleading announcements "it has been my fate hitherto to meet."

I refer to the *title-page* of Mr. Way's newly published Catalogue of your lithographs.

I read in this catalogue that "the title-page was designed by Mr. Whistler." On turning to the title-page I read, in big type and on the first and main line —

"*Mr. Whistler's Lithographs*"

and lower down, in small type, I read —

"The Catalogue compiled by T. R. Way."

Believing what your title-page tells me, I say to myself with *empressement:* "Mr. Whistler's Lithographs! Oh, let me see 'em, every one!" I turn to the first page, eager to see the first of Mr. Whistler's lithographs. It is not there. There are none of them there. The only lithograph I find is one representing a gentleman turning his back on his admirers — and this is not the work of Mr. Whistler.

Now why do you announce that the contents of a publication are "Mr. Whistler's Lithographs" when in fact they are no such thing?

"Had you sent to *me direct*, and to *me alone*, the libelous little book, it would have been my pleasant duty to have thanked you for the kind courtesy — and to have recognized, in the warning given, the right impulse of an honorable man."

Moreover, I would have told you that your specially designed title-page should read "*A Catalogue of* Mr. Whistler's Lithographs" and that you ought not to announce that the "pretty work" contained the lithographs themselves — thereby avoiding "this grotesque" bewildering "of a distinguished and absent fellow countryman" (meaning *myself*, this time!).

"I have no doubt that, with the untiring energy of the 'busy' one, and thanks to your unexampled perseverance, you have smartly placed the pretty work in the hands of many another before this."

"Personally I am grateful to this activity of yours."

"I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,"

FREDERICK KEPPEL.

Post Scriptum:

Note on the sentences enclosed in quotation marks:

All words so marked are Whistler's, every line;
For God's sake, reader, take them not for mine!

LORD BYRON (adapted).

Thus far I had kept my temper. "Bad had begun" but "worse remained behind." Having sent him, soon afterward, from New York, a detailed report of some business which I had transacted at his request, Whistler — with a refinement of insolence — called in the porter who worked in the house, and who, at the artist's dictation, wrote me a clumsily written and ill-spelled letter commencing: "Sir: Mr. Whistler, who is present, orders me to write as follows:" Then the letter went on to say that nearly every statement which I had made in my report was a deliberate lie! It was then that I first got angry with him; and so would *you*, "gentle reader," if he had given you the same provocation. Plain prose seemed inadequate to the occasion, so I "told him what I thought of him" in the rhymes which follow. To this communication he sent me a sort of receipt in duplicate, verbally, through two of his friends. His message in both cases was that when he saw me he would kill me; and through each of the friends I sent the return message: "Tell Whistler that I have no notion of allowing myself to be 'killed' in the simple manner which he proposes."

Here follows the poem for which Whistler twice declared that he would "kill" me!

". . . Oh that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The hornèd herd, for I have savage cause."

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh Jimmie Whistler, ever fighting;
In rows and "ructions" still delighting;
Small — as your fellowman's despiser;
Great artist — as self-advertiser!
Like cackling hens or cocks a-crowing
Your tireless trumpet keeps a-blowing.
We can't forget you! You won't let us;
With flippant brag you still beset us —
(I grant these lines are flippant too,
But then, they are addressed to *you!*)
You pounce on all men, rend them, shake them;
You give hard knocks — and you must take them!
We know your foolish, glib verbosity,
But where's your moral generosity?
We know your moral color-blindness,
But where's your "milk of human kindness"?
Your least pronouncement full of venom is —
"*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*"!
Great men don't beat their drum, dear James M. —
Their *work's* their monument; bragging shames 'em;
"William the Silent" — glorious nickname!
Jimmie the Noisy! *There's* a "slick" name!
Artists make shows for fame or pelf,
But your great show-piece is — yourself.
"Oh, notice me! Oh, talk of me!"
That is your cry unceasingly.
In funny speeches you're untiring,
Thinking the world stands still, admiring;
Ne'er dreaming (while you pose like statue)
Men are not laughing *with* but *at* you!

Forget not, Whistler, but remember,
Your May is past, you're near December:
And when life's evening shadows close
One friend is worth a thousand foes.

It is obvious that at this point all my intercourse with this extraordinary man came to an end.

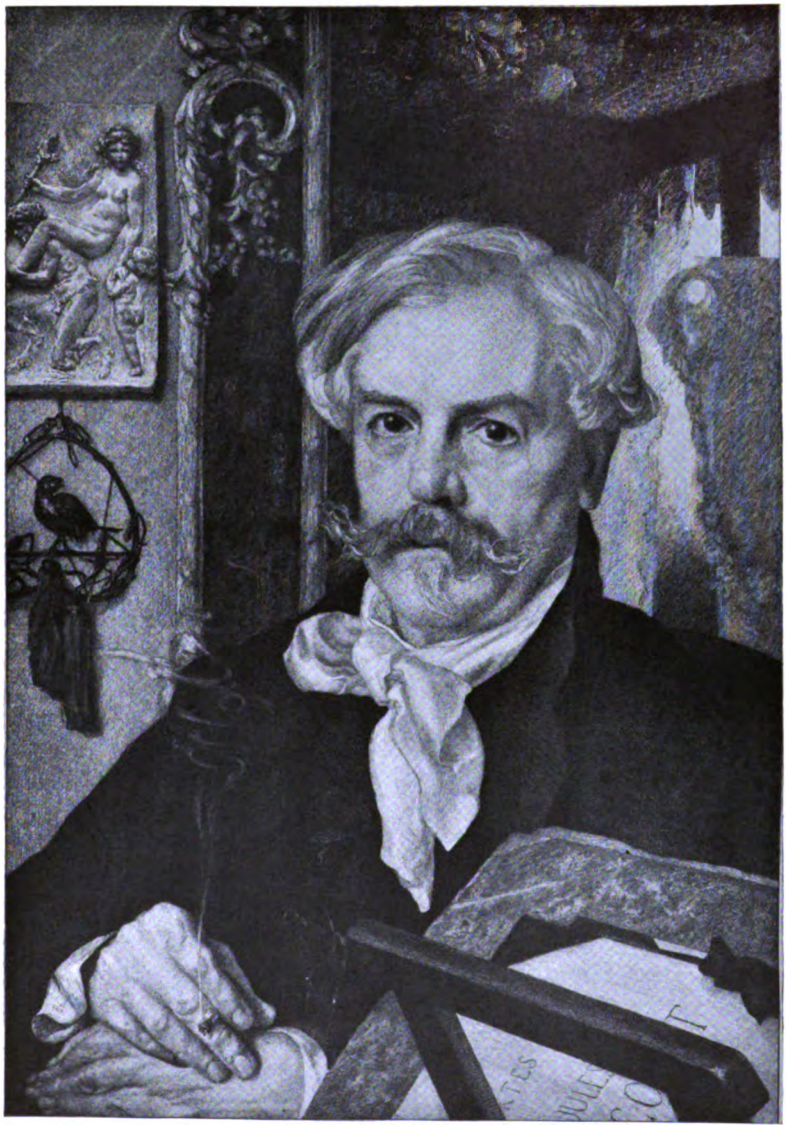
BRACQUEMOND AND BUHOT

PAINTER-ETCHERS

THE etchings of two contemporary French painter-etchers present a vivid contrast. The two have very little in common except the fine quality of their work, but each artist is pretty sure to retain a permanent and distinguished place in art by right of his genuine originality as well as because of his technical power as an etcher.

Bracquemond, who was born in Paris in 1833, has survived his younger contemporary and he is still hale and hearty; while Buhot, who was born at Valognes, Normandy, in 1847, died in Paris in 1896.

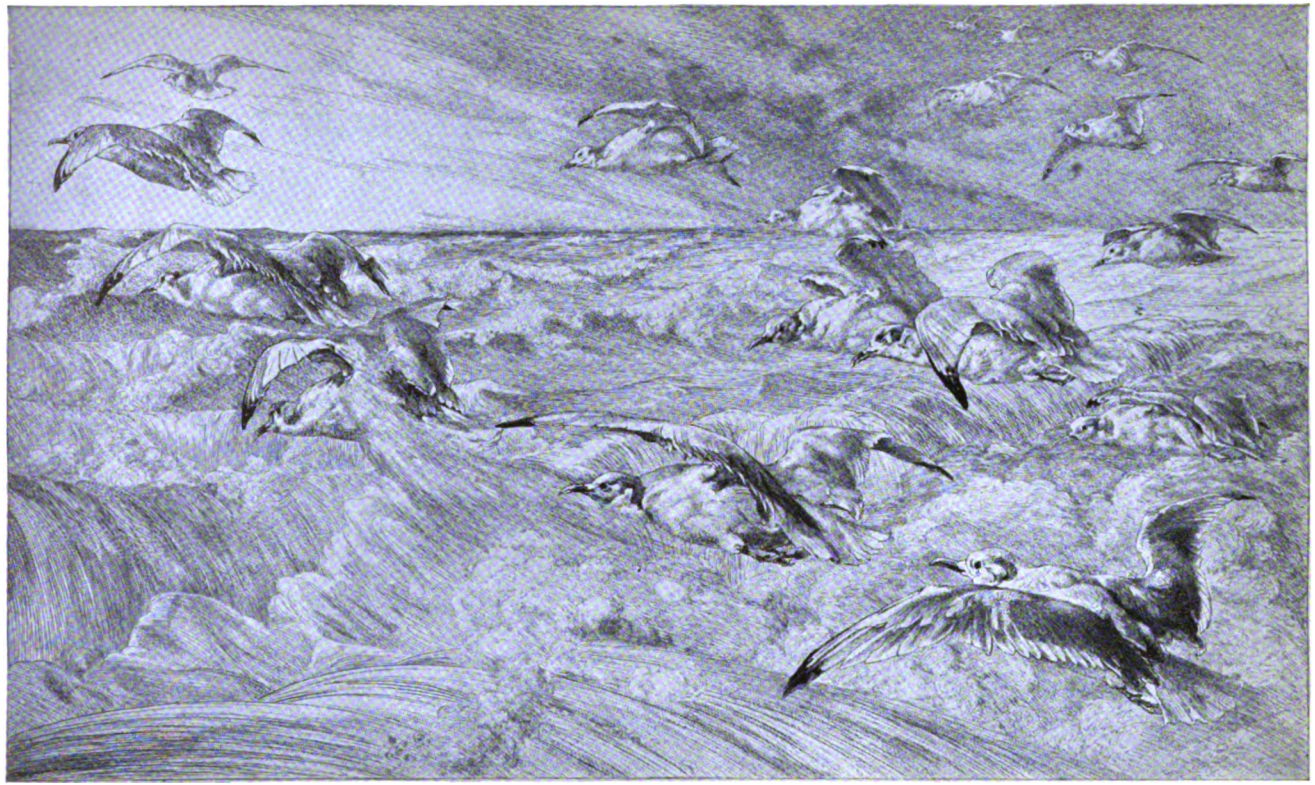
The etchings of Bracquemond are very like the man who made them. He is a great, strong, virile man, and his forceful personality is reflected in every picture that he has made. As a technician in etching he is, perhaps, supreme; but he is not as well known among American connoisseurs as he deserves to be, and for the reason that his robust nature always scorned to descend to more or less feeble prettiness; and such prettiness is the quality which is the first to attract the great public everywhere. To demonstrate this let us contrast some very popular picture by



PORTRAIT OF M. EDMOND DE GONCOURT

Size of the original print, 18 by 12¼ inches.

From the etching by Félix Bracquemond, after his own drawing, of the same size, which now hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. Edmond de Goncourt, the eminent author and art-collector, was born at Nancy, France, in 1822. In his will de Goncourt directed that, after his death, his art collections should not be "consigned to the cold tomb of some art museum," but that they must be dispersed at public auction, so that they would go into the possession of genuine art-lovers who could worthily appreciate them.



SEA GULLS

Size of the original print, 10⅜ by 17⅞ inches.

From the etching by Félix Bracquemond. When we remember that this etching was made before the days of instantaneous photography, and then consider how perfectly Bracquemond has understood and portrayed the rapid flight of this flock of gulls, we are filled with amazement that the human eye could see birds in flight and the hand record them so unerringly.

Angelica Kauffmann with one by Rembrandt. The former is undeniably "pretty" and the Rembrandt may be frankly ugly; but in greatness how the ugly picture towers above the pretty one!

Bracquemond has won all the official honors of the Paris Salon, — even to the supreme recompense of the Medal of Honor, — and in Beraldi's twelve volumes, *Les Graveurs du XIX^ime^ Siècle*, the author devotes the whole of his third volume to the etchings of Bracquemond. Beraldi writes of him:

"He is one of the artists who have most powerfully contributed to the revival in France of original painter-etching. The art could not have found a stronger champion. Robust in mind as he is in body, persevering, confident in himself in spite of those difficulties which beset so many budding artists of talent, such obstacles only served to make him stronger. He never had a teacher, but formed his style all alone. Having borrowed a volume of an encyclopædia he learned from it the technics of the etching process and then proceeded to etch without further teaching. His first attempt dates from 1849."

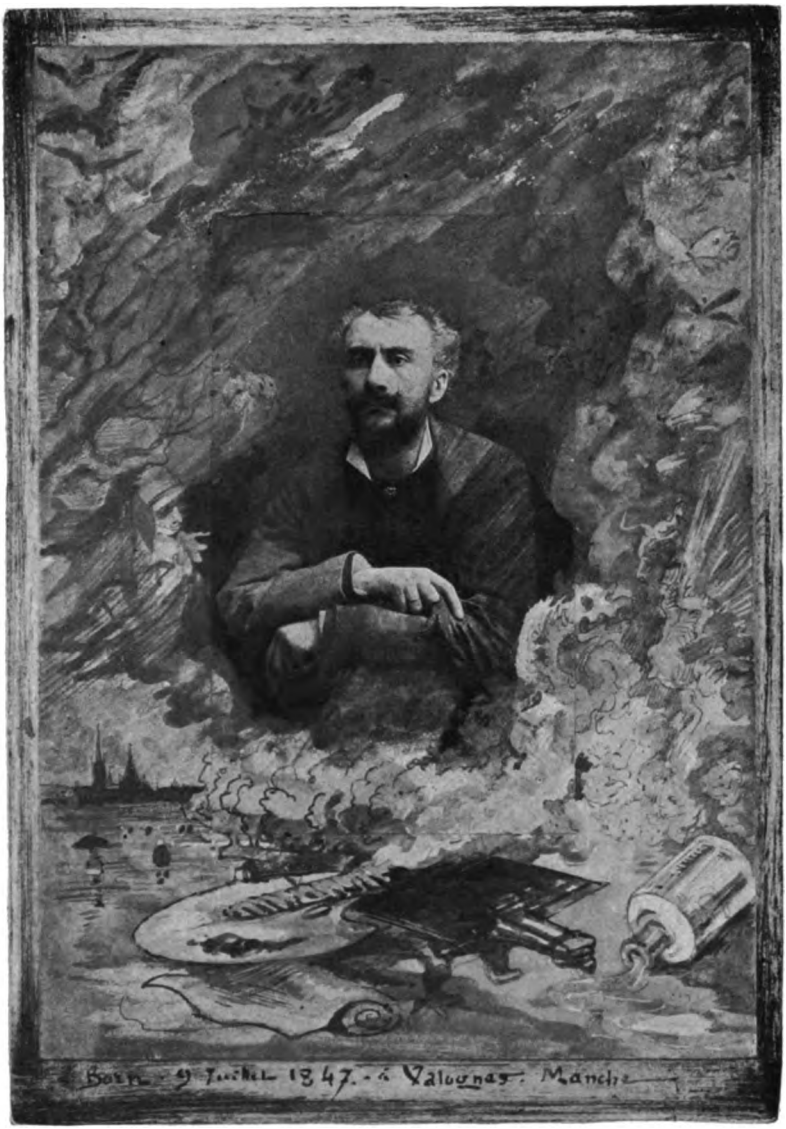
Beraldi goes on to state that Bracquemond's method of etching was always simple and direct and that he never troubled himself by making use of tricks or artifices — either of etching or of printing.

Félix Buhot's work is in strong contrast to that of Bracquemond. Bracquemond was always

strong — almost harsh in his work, while Buhot (without ever being weak) was delicate and refined, and made use of the whole gamut of the etcher's processes, — aquafortis, dry-point, aquatint, roulette; in fact his processes were very complicated, although they never overpassed what is legitimate to a very accomplished technician.

Personally he was a typical embodiment of the Gallic spirit, both in its vivid brilliance and in its unrest; one in whom the lamp of life burned with an intensity quite foreign to the nature of the slower (and perhaps surer) mentality of the Anglo-Saxon race. His brain might be compared to a newly opened bottle of soda-water or of champagne. While he was at work etching a plate this mental effervescence manifested itself in the "symphonic margins" which are so characteristic of his work. He would fly off from the main composition to some slight but brilliant sketch in the margin of the copper. On this subject of his "symphonic margins" he once said to the present writer: "*C'est une maladie, — je le sais.*"

Buhot was always the thorough gentleman. He was almost quixotic in this respect; but the refinement of his nature was very genuine and he was a highly educated and intellectual man. After his death in 1896 his etched work had the signal honor of being publicly exhibited for six months at the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris; and the distinguished Curator, Monsieur Bénédite, published a laudatory and sympathetic article



à Monsieur Frederick Keppel
hommage de son bien sincèrement dévoué
Félix Buhot

Paris, ce 11 Juin. 1887.

PORTRAIT OF FÉLIX BUHOT

Size of the original picture, 8 by 5½ inches.

The original portrait is a photograph from life, around which the artist has drawn a "symphonic margin." The distance, showing two steeples, represents Buhot's native town, Valognes, Normandy.

WESTMINSTER PALACE
Size of the original print, 11¾ by 15¾ inches.

WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER
Size of the original print, 11 by 15½ inches.
From the etchings by Félix Buhot. These two plates are usually accounted Buhot's masterpieces. They are among the surest and most completely satisfying of all his works, and, in the *Westminster Clock Tower*, especially, he has portrayed wonderfully the smoky but mysterious London atmosphere.

on him in a Paris magazine. No artist of the nineteenth century was more thoroughly original than Félix Buhot. We may or we may not admire his pictures, but, such as they are, they are entirely his own and there is no trace of imitation in them.

ALPHONSE LEGROS

SOME artists have attained to fame — or at least to notoriety — at a single bound; but Alphonse Legros is not one of these. As painter, etcher, and sculptor, he has been before the public for more than fifty years, and yet it is only within a comparatively recent period that he has been accorded his rightful place as a great artist and a great etcher. As early as 1859 one of his paintings was bought by so discriminating a judge as Seymour Haden, and from the beginning of his career a few clear-sighted persons recognized him at his true worth; but the general recognition which he now enjoys came long after.

It is not difficult to see the reasons for this. Legros never *flattered* the public — any more than Millet did. The first quality to attract popularity is superficial prettiness, and to this Legros would never descend.

The French make a wide distinction between the pretty and the beautiful in art. A less enlightened nation would never have adopted their common phrase — "*beau comme un Rembrandt*" — to express the highest praise they could bestow on a work of art; and we may so far compare Legros to the great Rembrandt as to say, that

PORTRAIT OF ALPHONSE LEGROS
Size of the original print, $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
From the etching by Félix Bracquemond.

THE CANAL

Size of the original print, 6¼ by 9¾ inches.

From the dry-point by Alphonse Legros. Probably the most beautiful of Legros' landscape plates. Unfortunately it is rare, as only fifty proofs were printed.

while the works of both artists are beautiful in the higher sense, not one of them is "pretty."

Moreover, the innovator and originator must always expect a period of neglect; and later of detraction and opposition, before his work wins its due recognition. Happily for Legros, this recognition has come to him while he still has, we trust, many years before him wherein to enjoy his honors; while in the case of Meryon and of Millet it came too late, and the attitude of the public toward these great artists was like that of the Jews of old, who reverently built the sepulchers of the prophets whom their fathers had stoned.

In America the superiority of contemporary French art is conceded; but along with this admitted superiority there are certain other characteristics which are supposed to be inseparable from it. Besides great technical cleverness we expect to find sprightly Gallic vivacity, which often degenerates into the theatrical, the coquettish, or the insincere. What place then shall we assign to an artist who is so serious, so profound, and so devoid of all that is meretricious and flippant, that we almost wonder he was not born in the solemn times of Dante, or Luther, or Savonarola, instead of being a modern Frenchman?

Born at Dijon in 1837, Legros removed to Paris in 1857, but in 1863 established himself in England, where he has become naturalized, and where he long and honorably filled the dignified post of Slade Professor of Art at the University of London.

In a lecture delivered by Mr. Howard Mansfield of New York, before the Grolier Club, on the etched work of Professor Legros, that distinguished connoisseur well says:

"This etched work, while at times frankly realistic, is at times highly imaginative; while often coarse in execution, yet shows examples of unsurpassed delicacy; while uncompromisingly ugly in some of its aspects, is in others strikingly beautiful. But through it all runs one unfailing note — the note of *sympathy*.

"Legros is a man of intense personality, an artist with rare singleness of purpose and a notable disregard of fashion or popular favor. From the first he has done his work in his own way, choosing his own time, and following with utter disregard of results, so far as the public are concerned, his own ideas and conceptions. As a consequence of this peculiar temperament and also, I think, of the sympathy to which reference has already been made, his work is unlike any other which this generation has seen. It is severe, it is formal, it is varying; does not aim to be beautiful, although it often is beautiful seemingly in spite of intention; and it is grave to such a degree as fairly to justify Mr. Wedmore, the London critic, in applying to the artist the title of 'Belated Old Master.'

"In no class of subjects has Legros shown deeper interest and in none does his art show a wider range of sympathy than in his treatment of various phases of the life of religious people. The

DEATH AND THE WOODMAN

Size of the original print, 12½ by 9¼ inches.

From the etching by Alphonse Legros. A very characteristic etching. There is not another artist of the nineteenth century who could have treated such a subject in a manner at once so simple and direct, and, at the same time, so poetical.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (LITHOGRAPH)
Size of the original print, 18 by 9 inches.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (LITHOGRAPH)
Size of the original print, 11¼ by 9¼ inches.

From the original lithographs by Alphonse Legros. Every portrait by Legros is worthy of study. Among modern artists none have more style than he, and his lithographs display the same qualities as his etchings, dry points, and paintings.

monks at their devotions or at their work, the men and women performing religious duties, the bell-ringers at their tasks — all of these appear in Legros' etchings; sometimes sketched with simple fidelity and sometimes with a rare delicacy and expressiveness, but always with a sympathetic appreciation of the sincerity and self-denial of their lives. The frivolous monk and the self-indulgent monk do not appear in Legros' pictures. For them he appears to have no thought. There is no gaiety anywhere in his work: no one even smiles. The serene pleasure in music comes nearest in expression to anything like joy."

Some etchers have become famous for their figure compositions only, others for landscape only, others again for their portaits; but Legros, like Rembrandt, has etched all these subjects — and it is not easy to say in which of them he excels, seeing that he has produced masterpieces in them all. His recent work in landscape far surpasses his earlier work in beauty, while some of his later portraits show a magnificent power of modeling, worthy of any sculptor.

It is not surprising that such a thoroughly original artist as Legros should impress his personality powerfully upon his pupils. At the Royal Academy exhibitions it is easy to recognize their work; while in the case of one of them — the able etcher William Strang — it is difficult to imagine what the work would have been if it had lacked the influence of Legros.

To show what sound doctrines these pupils are

taught, the following extracts from an address by Professor Legros to his class may be cited:

"I wish to impress more and more strongly upon you the necessity of studying your models with such a thoroughness as to get them by heart. To that end persistent *drawing* must be kept up. Drawing and drawing evermore should be the student's motto (and the true artist is ever a student). We see that the old masters made a practice of drawing, and drawing much, and with a pains and earnestness which, if imitated by us, would give us more of their power. Often the same figure, or parts of it, would be drawn over and over again, the artist mastering and learning it by heart.

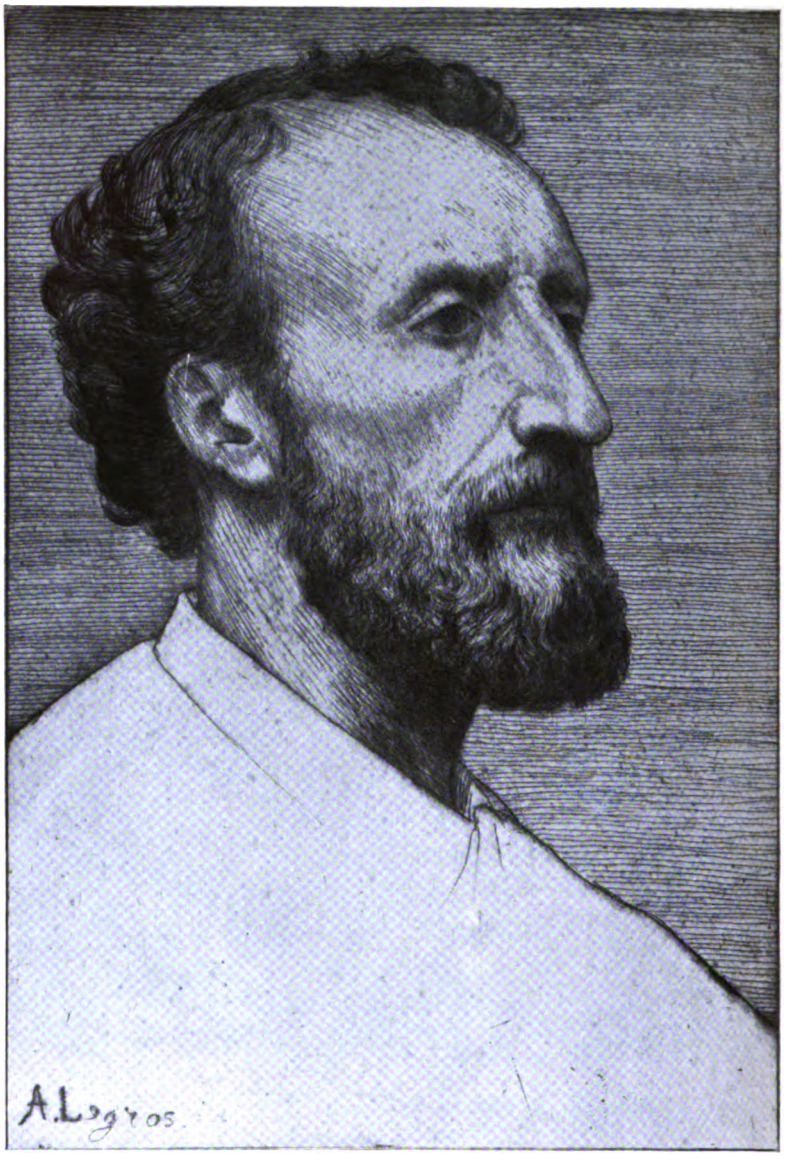
" . . . You have here, for instance, a reproduction of Michael Angelo's study for the figure of Adam, in the Sistine Chapel. The more we study it the better we shall learn to feel the beauty of its action, and form, and execution. Every stroke, every line, is an indispensable one: nothing without its use; nothing superfluous; the last stroke is put with certainty and judgment in its right place. It would be impossible to express with less work the massive litheness of the torso, or the modeling of the arms and legs. From this drawing he painted the beautiful figure in the immortal fresco.

" . . . In the present day one of the most fatal things to your artistic improvement is the hurry to work for exhibitions; yet it is hardly an enviable distinction to add an indifferent picture

PORTRAIT OF SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

Size of the original print, 8½ by 6¼ inches.

From the dry-point by Alphonse Legros. This fine portrait, so full of character, is one of Legros' finest plates, and, together with the portrait of Dalou, the sculptor, ranks among the masterpieces of nineteenth-century prints.



PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR, DALOU

Size of the original print, 8¾ by 6 inches.
From the dry-point by Alphonse Legros. In this portrait again, "style" is evident in every line. The means are so simple, the result so satisfactory!

to the already too great number of bad ones. Better, by good and patient work and prolonged study, to get a power which will enable you to come well armed for the fray.

" . . . You need not fear the loss of your individuality, which, after all, will be worth nothing unless you have the knowledge and observation to bring it out.

" . . . The man who can *draw* may undertake anything in art. . . . To long to do really *good* work, to delight in attacking and triumphing over difficulties, is one of the greatest secrets of success.

"The more you study the great masters, the more you will see that with them there was no hurry; there was but the patient and steady aim at good work — the earnest striving after perfection."

EVERT VAN MUYDEN

PAINTER-ETCHER

THE sincere artist soon discovers the medium through which he can best express himself. If his feeling for form predominates he will be a sculptor; if his sense of color is strongest he will be a painter, and if a general and rapid realization of the *ensemble* of a scene or object is what impresses itself upon him most vividly he will best express this predominant impression through etching.

It is an unusual thing to find a painter-etcher of genuine talent who is almost unknown to the art-loving public of the United States. Americans cannot justly be accused of neglect toward this very interesting and essentially artistic branch of the graphic arts.

The genius of our national character and the genius of painter-etching have this in common — that both are practical, rapid, and direct, disliking and avoiding all that is tedious and superfluous, and desiring above all to arrive at the essential core of things.

This being so it is not surprising that in no city in the world are there so many really good private collections of etchings as in New York, and this is proportionately true of several other cities in the United States.

The renowned French painter Meissonier used to say that when he sold a painting to an American he considered his picture to be as totally lost as if it had been sunk in the sea. The great man took our money in enormous sums, but — right or wrong — he had a very poor opinion of our knowledge and taste.

On the other hand the English artist Sir Seymour Haden frankly declares that he would rather see his works go to the United States than to any other country in the world; his reason being that here they are better understood and appreciated than anywhere else. Sir Seymour Haden has recently made the interesting remark that among the great numbers of letters which he has received on the subject of etching, both in his private capacity and as president of the British Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, the most intelligent of all have come to him from distant Oregon.

When we remember that of all the different forms of the graphic art, painter-etching is the least showy and ostentatious, it is gratifying to receive such testimony as Sir Seymour Haden's on the genuine taste and knowledge that exist in America; and it is all the more remarkable that a painter-etcher of Van Muyden's ability should hitherto be almost unknown here, notwithstanding the fact that his etchings won a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1899 and that he has also won distinction at the Paris Salon.

If he were called upon to account for this lack of popularity in America he could only urge in

extenuation what William Pitt once urged on a famous occasion: — "The atrocious crime of being a young man." But his work is so genuinely good that notwithstanding his modesty regarding it, he must soon become well known — just as surely as that Time will silently and gradually remove from us all the drawback of being "young."

Van Muyden's nationality is a somewhat complicated matter. Born near Rome of Swiss parentage, he is legally a citizen of Geneva; in appearance he is quite Italian, and yet both his Christian name and surname are pure Holland Dutch; but he resides in Paris and speaks French like a Parisian.

Notwithstanding this rather intricate extraction, there is nothing indefinite or scattered in his art. Although his portrait, etched by himself, is evidence of his power in that direction, and although the accessory landscapes in several of his plates show that he understands landscape thoroughly, yet he has devoted himself definitely to the career of "Un Animalier" — as he calls himself, and among the animals his preference is for the savage wild carnivora.

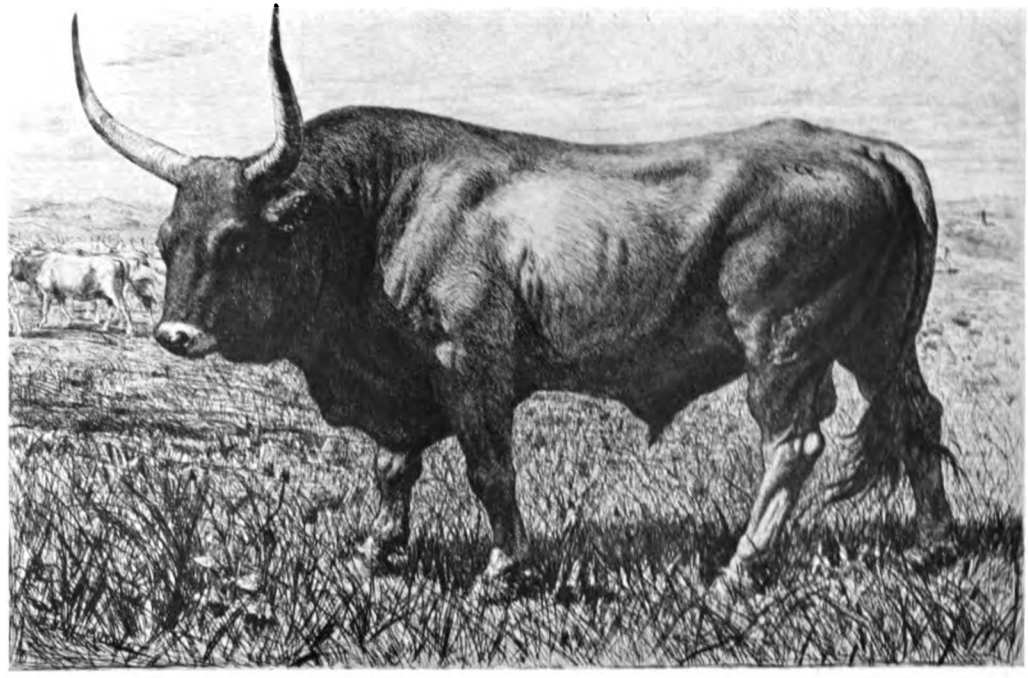
His immediate predecessor in this particular line of art was the late August Lançon, who, like Van Muyden, found that he could best express himself through etching.

Lançon was an able man, but there is a certain mannerism in all his wild animals which makes them resemble each other unduly, although in nature this resemblance does not exist.

EVERT VAN MUYDEN, AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SEVEN

Size of the original print, 6 by 4¼ inches.

From the etching by Evert van Muyden. It is interesting to contrast this portrait with that of Félix Buhot — the one quiet, direct, reserved, the other restless and "tormented."



BULL OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

Size of the original print, 12¼ by 16½ inches.

From the etching by Evert van Muyden. Van Muyden etched several plates of these superb animals, of which this one is usually accounted the finest. The beauty of the animal and the curve of its graceful horns are admirably rendered. This plate is one of the best examples of the artist's masterly draughtsmanship.

Charles Jacque confined himself to such tame or gentle creatures as horses, sheep, and swine, and the English master, Sir Edwin Landseer, who deservedly enjoyed a great reputation, yet had the fault of imparting human facial expressions to his animals. This probably had much to do toward Landseer's great popularity and success; nevertheless it was false to nature.

It is high praise to compare Van Muyden's animals to those of two great French masters of the preceding generation; but while it would be absurd to claim for this artist that he is already a second Barye or a second Eugène Delacroix, yet in examining his works one is often reminded of the great sculptor and the great modern master of color — not because Van Muyden has copied them, but because all three artists went straight to nature for their models.

Those who know Barye's bronzes will bear witness to this resemblance between him and Van Muyden; and although Eugène Delacroix never could manage the technical processes of etching successfully, yet he has done some lithographs of wild animals which hold equal rank with his magnificent paintings.

Van Muyden is a studious, quiet and contented man, modest in his estimate of his own powers and very unlike the regulation type of the Paris "rapin." The witty Parisians have a nickname for everything, and very pungent slang expressions come in and go out from year to year; but the word *rapin* continues to describe the tribe of

alleged "artists" whose genius is loudly advertised by the wild eye, the long and untidy hair, and the general eccentricity of their attire. These gentry are very voluble and often even eloquent, but their nerves are generally in such a condition of tension and exaltation that it is a wonder they live and retain their faculties even for as long as they do.

The "rapin" has been introduced for purposes of contrast with Evert Van Muyden. It is in part the difference between the placid serious man who smokes an honest pipe (as Carlyle and as Tennyson did) and the high-strung creature who keeps himself up on cigarettes, absinthe, and black coffee. Our artist does not spend long hours daily and nightly at the Chat Noir, the Moulin Rouge, and similar nocturnal resorts where "rapins" most do congregate; but he is often to be seen in the quiet early mornings at the Jardin des Plantes or the Jardin d'Acclimatation absorbed in sketching or else in contemplating the fierce carnivora behind the bars, as they skulk from end to end of their prison or as they lie down with a far-away glare in their baleful eyes. He has even found out that these morose creatures soon learn to become attached to any one who brings them a handful of fresh grass as a sort of salad to their daily meal of horseflesh.

Van Muyden's concentration and his sureness of hand are such that some of his finest plates have been etched from these original studies after nature with very little subsequent addition or

alteration. This same sureness of mind and hand relieve him of the necessity of printing a series of different tentative "states" of his plate before he considers it finished. Instances have occurred in which plates of his did not please him, but in such cases instead of laboriously trying to get them right he has destroyed them and begun others.

When his plate is finished he prints a small edition of proofs with scrupulous care. One of these is always reserved for the Art Museum of Geneva, which is making a systematic collection of his works. Other proofs are reserved for "mes amateurs" — as he calls his private patrons in Europe, and what remain are placed in the hands of his publishers.

But his facility of production is so great that instead of exploiting the same plate year after year he prefers to limit the number of proofs of each to about twenty-five, and when his limit is reached he destroys his plate and makes a new one of some other subject. This, from the connoisseur's point of view, is a refreshing system at a time when the London Printsellers' Association will stamp and guarantee three, four, or five hundred "artist's proofs" of a plate, and when the distinguished architectural etcher, Haig, will sign and publish as many artist's proofs of one of his.

The characteristic of spontaneity, so essential to the painter-etcher, is equally essential to the production of good drawings in water color. A

true water color, far from being a feeble and diluted imitation of a painting, in oil, has a character, a refinement and a beauty all its own; and in water color painting as in etching, the picture will never "come right" at all unless it comes right from the first. And so it happens that the endowments which have made Van Muyden a notable etcher have made him an admirable aquarellist as well. In his water colors we have all his quality of fine design and masterly drawing with the charm of rich and harmonious color superadded.

Besides his etchings, water colors, detached drawings and some paintings in oil, there exist in the cabinets of a few tasteful and wealthy book-lovers certain volumes whose value Van Muyden has increased a hundred-fold by the numerous illustrations which he has sketched with the pen, India-ink, or aquarelle on the broad margins of the pages, and he has done it with a fertility of invention, a refinement and a delicacy that would delight the fastidious soul of a member of the Grolier Club — or any other "soul" that takes delight in what is beautiful, artistic and rare.

Each of these volumes is unique. The artist never illustrates more than one of a kind; and when we consider that the failure of even one such illustration, among fifty or more, would ruin the whole volume (remembering that these illustrations are not drawn on blank sheets of paper, but upon the blank margin of the printed

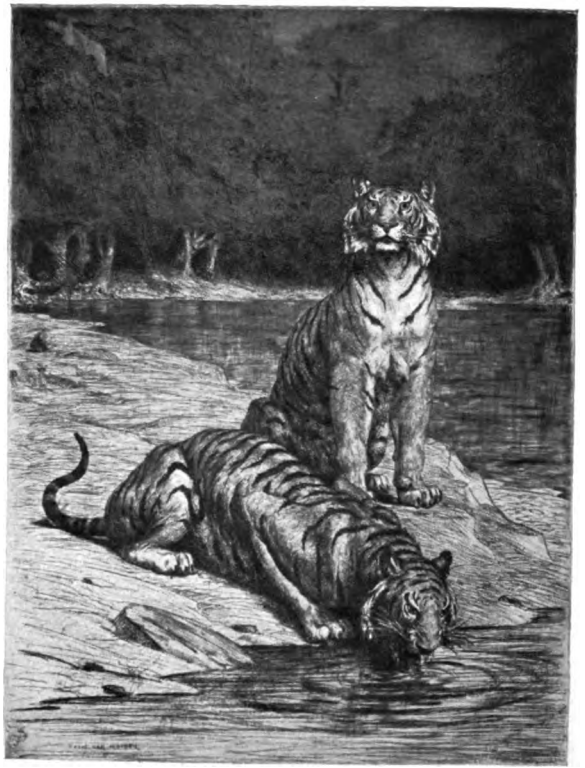
LION ON A ROCK

Size of the original print, 6½ by 4⅜ inches.

From the etching by Evert van Muyden. The artist has given us, with a singular "economy of means," the very spirit of the scene. Every line is full of purpose, and not a line too many.

THE KING OF THE DESERT

Size of the original print, 15 by 12½ inches.



BENGAL TIGERS

Size of the original print, 16¾ by 12½ inches.

From the etchings by Evert van Muyden. Nothing finer has been done in black and white since the time of Delacroix. In "Bengal Tigers" the drawing is masterly, the gloomy background is full of color, while the drinking tiger is simply wonderful, actually alive.

page itself) we have a supreme illustration of Van Muyden's sureness of hand.

The researches of Francis Galton and his followers have demonstrated the importance of heredity; not only are general physical and mental characteristics transmitted from ancestors to their descendants but special aptitudes also.

It may be sound doctrine, in a republic, to insist that any one man is the equal of any other man — but it's not true! And there are "thoroughbreds" among men as surely as there are among horses, cattle or dogs. Moreover, it is certain that a large part of our endowment of character, taste, opinions, and aptitudes has been indelibly acquired before the age of ten years, and that, as Wordsworth says, the child really is "father of the man," so that both through heredity and early associations some men have an unusually good start in life. Thus both Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth were descended from a race of actors; Henry Ward Beecher was the son of a preacher, and Adelina Patti's father and mother gained their livelihood through the opera.

Similarly, Van Muyden has had the great advantage of having been cradled in art. His father is an able and erudite artist in Geneva, where another of his sons follows the same profession, and our artist himself spends much of his time at his father's home. But whether in Paris or Geneva he seems to be utterly devoid of the arts and tricks of the self-advertiser.

Quiet, retired, and industrious, his wants are few and what fame has come to him has come without his seeking.

Among his works we see the royal dignity of the great lion as he reclines on a ledge of rock among the desolate mountains, — monarch of all he surveys.

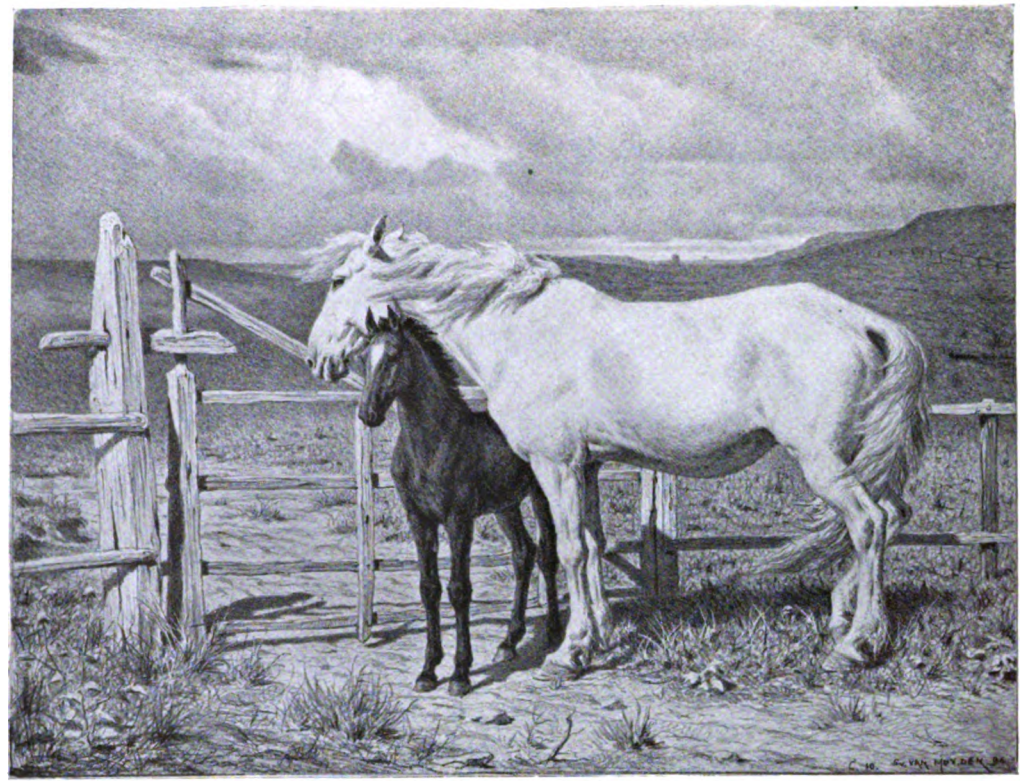
Again we see two great tigers outside a mysterious tropical forest. One mounts guard, alert and fierce, while the other drinks. The composition and drawing of this picture may be called masterly; the gloomy background is full of character, while the drawing of the drinking tiger is simply wonderful; the lithe and powerful beast is actually alive.

We do not know if that strange, weird poet and painter, William Blake, ever painted a tiger — but he could have done it grandly or he never could have written that poem commencing:

> Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
> In the forests of the night:
> What immortal hand or eye
> Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In the drawing representing a mounted Arab attacked by a lioness both the horse and his rider are mad with terror; and so is the buffalo upon which a lion has sprung.

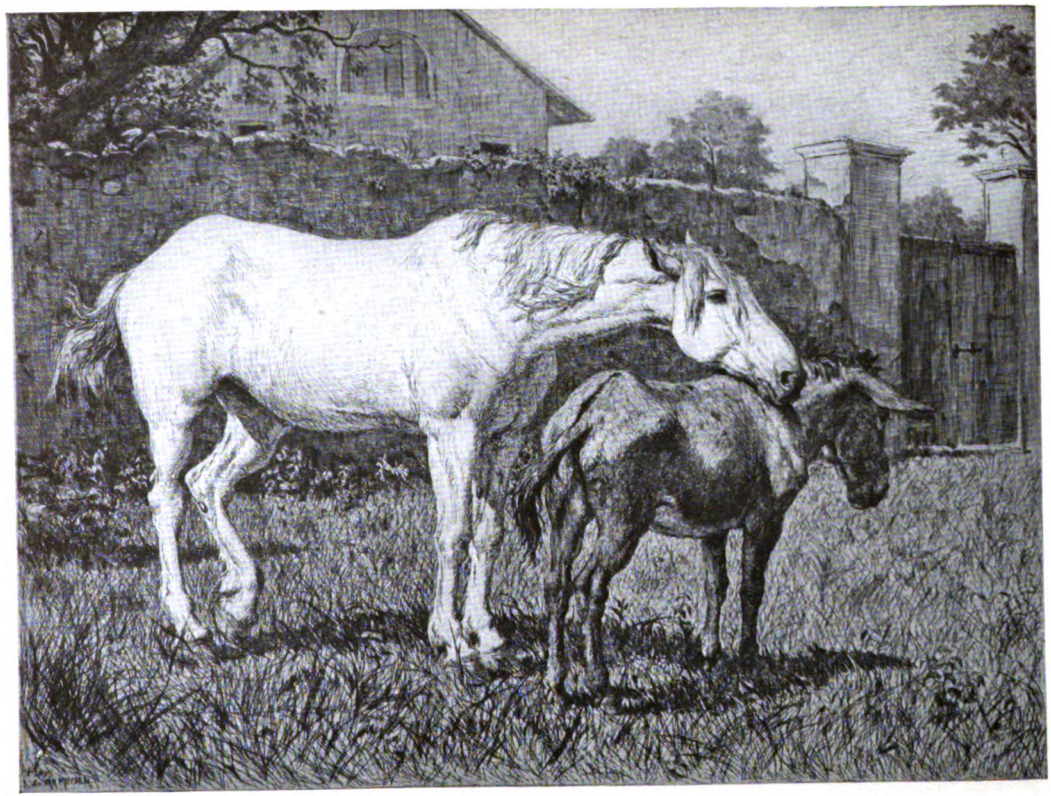
But we turn from these dreadful scenes to the touching maternal solicitude of the lioness who watches over her sleeping cubs and to the kittenish gravity of the two larger cubs who have as



WHITE MARE AND BLACK COLT (LITHOGRAPH)

Size of the original print, 13¼ by 17⅞ inches.

From the original lithograph by Evert van Muyden. Working in various processes van Muyden never forgets their limitations or their possibilities. In etching he thinks in line; when he makes a finished lithograph like this one he avails himself, to the full, of the resources of that art. The gradation of tones could hardly be bettered, while the drawing is superb.



OLD SERVANTS PENSIONED OFF

Size of the original print, 10½ by 14 inches.

We feel grateful to van Muyden that he has given us this picture of the peace and comfort of these two meritorious, though now ugly and useless, animals.

yet done no harm to any living thing. All young animals are pretty and interesting — although most unfledged young birds are eminently ugly and repulsive.

Let us conclude by noticing the etching of a subject that is full of kindliness and good feeling. The artist calls his picture "Old Servants, Pensioned Off." In a comfortable paddock near the farm-house, an old white horse and an old gray donkey, worn and broken, with time and faithful labor, are restfully passing away the evening of their days, at peace with each other and with all the world. Many and many a poor faithful worn-out "hack" has been mercilessly driven to the bone-yard just as soon as it was found that he could work no longer, — and we feel grateful to Van Muyden that he has given us this picture of the peace and comfort of these two meritorious though now ugly and useless animals.

JOSEPH PENNELL

ETCHER, ILLUSTRATOR, AUTHOR

Reprinted, by permission, from "The Outlook"

Behind his back men call him Joe,
But Joseph Pennell is his name;
A loyal friend, — he's always so,
An Artist winning honest fame:
That he's perverse, alas! is true,
Yet he's himself — *que voulez vous?*

F. K.

AMONG producers of fine pictures of various kinds it is the able and original illustrator who most quickly wins recognition and fame, and of all artists it is he who is the most necessary and beneficial to civilization. Literature (including the daily press) is certainly the most enormous power for good that we know, but many books and periodicals would be maimed and incomplete if unaided by an illustrator of the right sort. For example, what a loss it would have been if that familiar little masterpiece, Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* had been originally printed and published without the admirable illustrations of Sir John Tenniel.

Unfortunately, this happy unity between author and artist is none too general, and many contemporary illustrations, although not necessarily bad as pictures, are nevertheless "*from* the purpose,"

To F. Keppel Esqr
this photo of W. Strang's
drawing of me
Joseph Pennell
Sept 10. 1908

An excellent likeness of Joseph Pennell

12 Noon at 14 Buckingham St. Strand 9:2:6: Finished!

And now, my Dear Chief, what do you think of the latest masterpieces + they are masterpieces, though no one, Save the Family – has seen them yet? And what do you – the all-knowing one – think of their prospects ? in the EXPOSITION PENNELL in February next? And there are about as many more to follow; if I don't die of printing or biting – or rages at the Briton – who is just mad, mad on my nerves. Yours JP Pennell

Reproduction, in reduced size, of a letter from Joseph Pennell, who writes announcing the fact that he has finished the printing of his etchings of London. Through the window is seen a view of London, with St. Paul's in the distance. It will be seen by this sketch that the printing-press, as well as the artist himself, are dreadfully fatigued. Wet proofs of the etchings are spread all over the floor.

as Hamlet says, and actually fight against and weaken the text which they attempt to elucidate and emphasize.

Next after the illustrator it is probably the really able original etcher to whom fame comes quickly; and after him, in a descending scale, come the portrait-painter, then the painter of other subjects, and, last of all in order of quick promotion, the scupltor. His statue or group cannot easily be multiplied, is difficult to move from place to place, and for these reasons must long remain comparatively unknown, while, on the contrary, the picture of the illustrator is examined by thousands of people in thousands of different places from the very day of its birth.

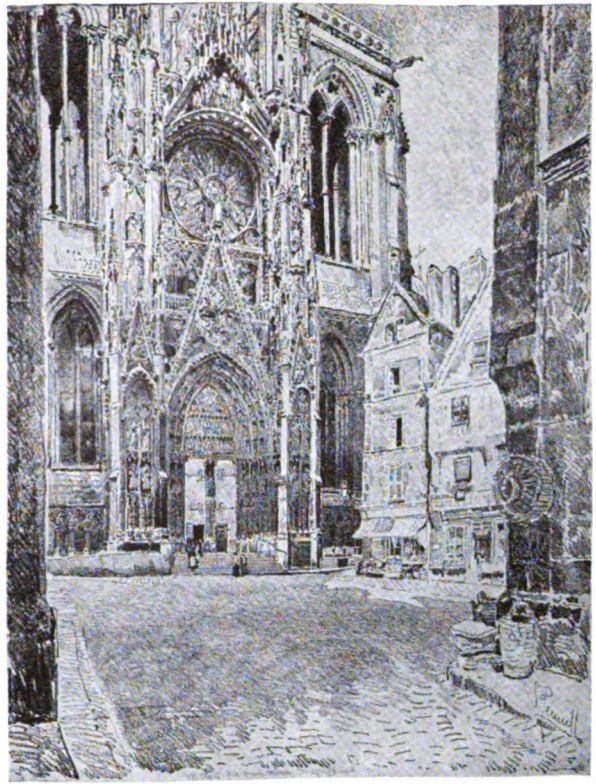
Of the many famous painters who thus won early recognition by means of etching or illustrating, or through both, I may mention Whistler, Sir John Everett Millais (late President of the Royal Academy, London), the Frenchmen Meissonier and Charles Jacque, and one of our famous Philadelphians, Edwin A. Abbey, R. A. In company with these eminent names we may place the name of Mr. Pennell. If, unlike the others, he is not yet famous as a painter, it is solely because the publishers and the public have not hitherto allowed him the time necessary for the making of oil paintings, water colors, and pastels; but he has produced a few beautiful pictures in these mediums, although he has not yet exhibited them.

Joseph Pennell — like Whistler, Abbey, and

other famous artists of American birth—has won name and fame in Europe before American recognition came to him. He comes of good old Quaker stock, and was born at Philadelphia on the fourth of July, 1860. He is the son of the late Larkin Pennell, who was an eminent member of the Society of Friends, and whose first American ancestor came to our shores in company with William Penn when the latter made his second voyage from England to the province of Pennsylvania.

I think that pictorial art — like music, rich dress, and certain other artistic but worldly vanities — was disallowed by the sternly conscientious first followers of George Fox; but, be that as it may, Joseph Pennell from his early boyhood was resolved to become an artist, and that indomitable "backbone" which distinguishes him as a man must have made difficult things easy for him as a boy.

His training began at the Philadelphia Industrial Art School, and was continued and completed at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. This was during the years when that admirable man, the late James L. Claghorn, was its President. Mr. Claghorn belonged to the very best type of American citizenship; one of those essentially "big" and forceful men — president of this, chairman of that, trustee of the other public institution, but withal thoroughly democratic and quite devoid of all pretense or self-importance. This was the man who first made me acquainted with the work of Joseph Pennell,



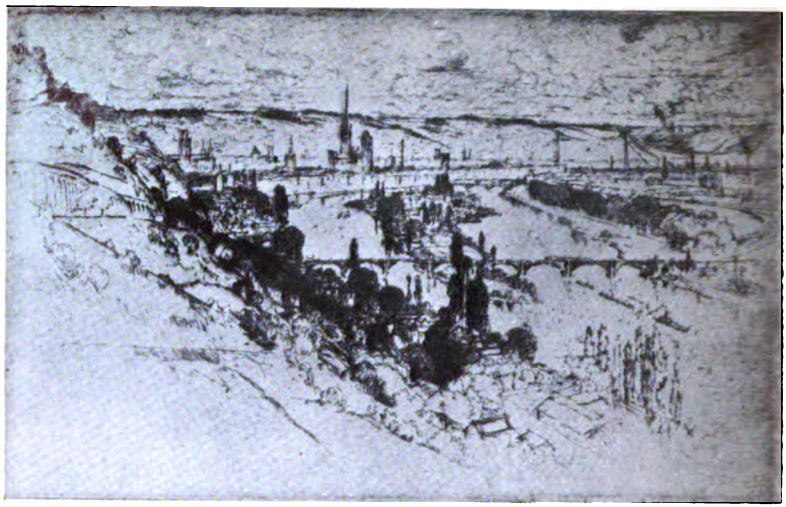
ROUEN CATHEDRAL (LITHOGRAPH)

Size of the original print, 20 by 14½ inches.

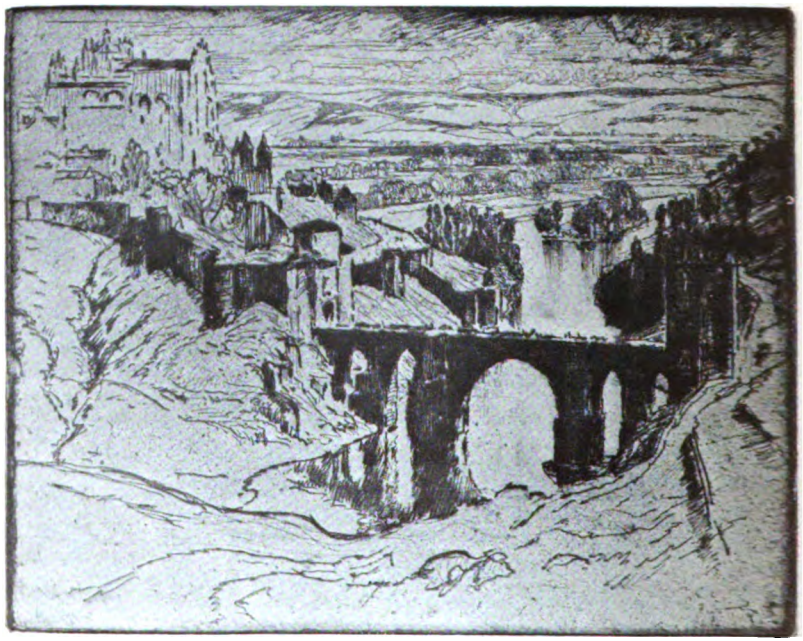
ROUEN (LITHOGRAPH)

Size of the original print, 19½ by 13 inches.

From the original lithographs by Joseph Pennell. Whistler, who rarely praised the work of his fellow-artists, wrote of Mr. Pennell's lithographs, when they were shown at The Gallery of The Fine Art Society, London: "There is a crispness in their execution and a lightness and gaiety in their arrangement as pictures, that belong to the artist alone."



ROUEN: FROM BON SECOURS
Size of the original print, $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



ST. MARTIN'S BRIDGE, TOLEDO
Size of the original print, $7\frac{7}{8}$ by 10 inches.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

who was not then twenty years old, and I well remember the glow of pride on Mr. Claghorn's handsome face as he showed me certain etchings representing street scenes in Philadelphia, and his remark, "This is original work by one of our own boys; now what do you say to *that!*"

These first essays of the "'prentice hand" were little more than the prophecy of what the master hand was to do later, and yet they were full of good augury. Some of the essential qualities were already manifest — such as the unerring eye for the picturesque, and also that instinct for good drawing which we may compare to the delicate natural ear for music which renders it almost impossible for its happy possessor to sing a note out of tune. In both cases competent instructors can — and indeed must — develop and educate the gift which is inborn in a true artist, but if this gift is not there, the teachers can never create it.

In the vital quality of appropriateness as contrasted with irrelevancy, Mr. Pennell's illustrations are certainly unsurpassed; and it would be as difficult to find among them a picture which does not materially aid the text as it would be to find one which, in itself, is not a veritable work of art. But besides his acknowledged power as a draughtsman for illustration, his technical knowledge of reproductive processes gives him a distinct advantage over most of his *confrères*, so that his drawing is pretty sure to "print" well in the page of a magazine or a book, because he

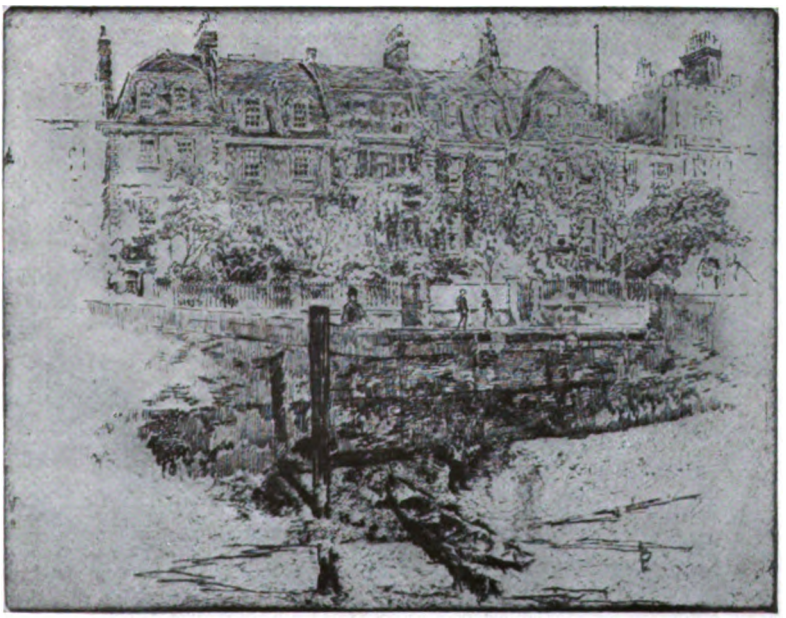
knows so well how to make his picture with that particular end in view.

Another rare endowment is his peculiar faculty for giving to each one of his pictures its own true local aspect, so that there is no mistaking an American for an English scene or a Spanish for an Italian view. Very few artists possess this faculty of discarding their own particular national point of view and of absorbing the changed character of different foreign countries—no two of which are alike. The opposite condition is strongly felt in the case of the portraits of Americans whom we know, and which are painted here by visiting foreign artists of considerable reputation; such pictures may display all the brilliant cleverness of the modern French school, and may even be good as likenesses, yet we are sure to suffer from the "Frenchy" flavor which the foreign artist has unconsciously superadded.

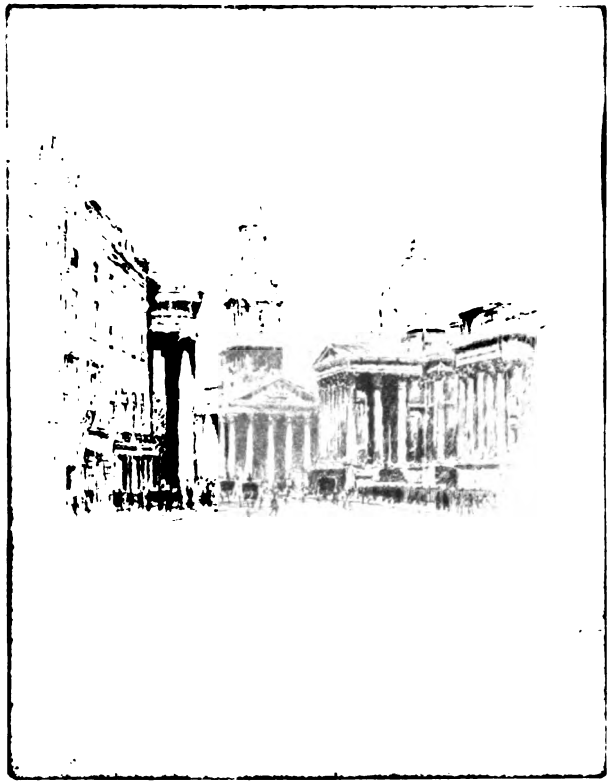
But all this while we are leaving Joseph Pennell as a promising young art student in peaceful Philadelphia, whereas his fame was to be won a thousand leagues from his native city. We must follow him to Europe, whither he went in the year 1884; but, if we let him go there alone, this chronicle would be so incomplete as to be quite worthless. Another good Philadelphian must go with him, so inseparable for the last twenty years is the work of the two, although the one never does the particular work of the other.

I well remember hearing that man of genius, Henry Ward Beecher, say in a sermon, "When

GREENWICH PARK, NUMBER TWO
Size of the original print, $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



LINDSAY ROW, CHELSEA
Size of the original print, $8\frac{3}{4}$ by 11 inches.
This etching shows the house in which Whistler painted the portrait of his mother.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.



CLASSIC LONDON: ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS
Size of the original print, 11 by 8½ inches.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY LE STRAND
Size of the original print, 10 by 8 inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

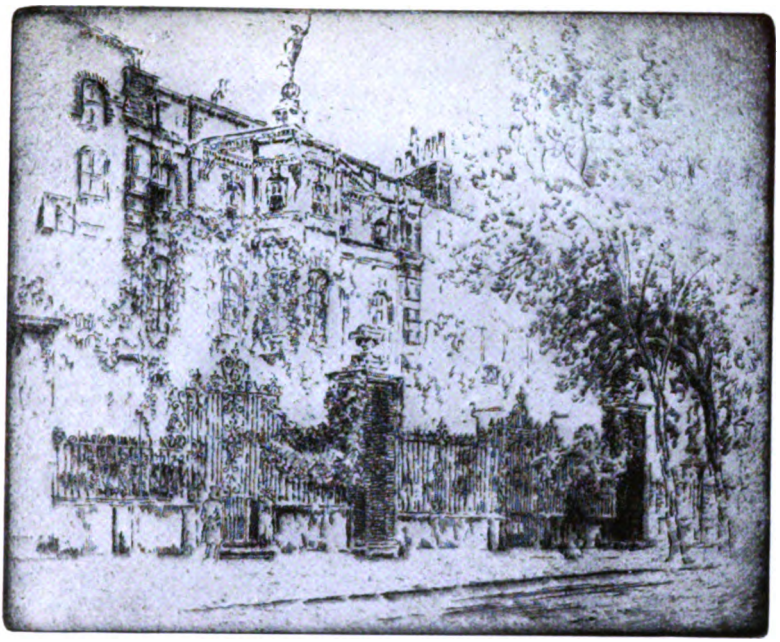
God gives a man a good wife, that man will thereafter have little need to pray to his Creator for other blessings." We all know of the beautiful union between Robert Browning and his wife Elizabeth; but this historic intellectual partnership was not more complete than that between Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

The parallel is not without divergences. As poets the Brownings were (in a noble way) "two of a trade," while Mrs. Pennell never makes a picture — although she understands pictures so well; but, on the other hand, Mr. Pennell sometimes writes a book or a detached article, and this is the particular province of his wife. Another divergence from the parallel is that, while Mrs. Browning was strong in her intellect, her physical health was wretchedly feeble, whereas I verily believe that Mrs. Pennell hardly knows what it is to be tired either in mind or body, or, if she does, she never shows it.

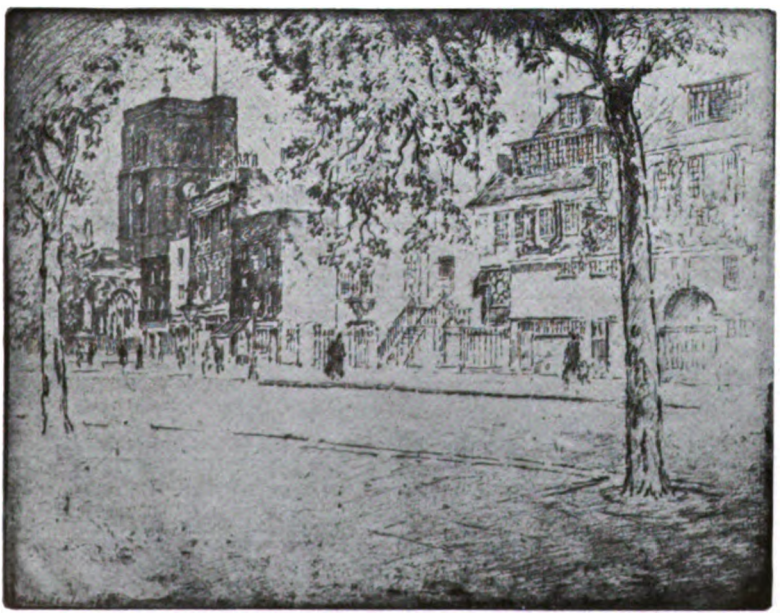
The many Americans who have experienced her charming and simple hospitality in London would, I am sure, like to have me go on and on with this part of my subject, and it is with an effort that I "keep my mouth as with a bit and bridle," and shorten all that I would like to say in my enthusiasm for Mrs. Pennell. We all know her books and magazine articles, but it is not so generally known that she is the writer of the widely read London letters of art criticisms, signed "N. N.," which for years have regularly appeared in the New York "Evening

Post" and in the "Nation." To me these articles are the best of their kind; at least, I have learned more from them than from the writings of any other of the excellent writers of contemporary art criticism, for not only is their author endowed with "the pen of the ready writer," and thoroughly equipped with knowledge and understanding of her subject, but she also takes the pains to gather and then distribute definite, timely, and accurate information concerning art and artists. One of her books is the biography of her own uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, whose *Hans Breitmann Ballads* made him famous a generation ago, and whose books on the Gypsies are so well known. A much thinner disguise than Mrs. Pennell's "N. N." — which is simply two letters taken from the middle of her surname — is in the case of the ubiquitous "J——," a gentleman who figures so interestingly in her books of travel; but intelligent readers will have small difficulty in guessing the identity of this mysterious "J——"! Her *magnum opus* is unquestionably the *Life of Whistler*, a monumental work in the writing of which her husband collaborated.

Thus it was that this bright and enthusiastic young couple left Philadelphia and settled in London; and thus began their notable artistic and literary work of the last twenty-five years. To illustrate their position, let us consider the familiar case of new and intelligent tenants taking possession of an old house. The former tenants may have been intelligent also, but they



ROSSETTI'S HOUSE, CHELSEA
Size of the original print, 8⅝ by 10½ inches.



THE HOUSE WHERE WHISTLER DIED
Size of the original print, 8½ by 11 inches.
Whistler's house — No. 74 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea — is the one to the immediate left of the tree which stands to the right in the etching.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

THE THAMES. FROM RICHMOND HILL
Size of the original print, $8\frac{3}{4}$ by 11 inches.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS
Size of the original print, $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $11\frac{1}{8}$ inches.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

had grown so used to their surroundings that they never once thought of the many improvements which were obvious enough to the newcomers. It was with the spirit of these new tenants, then, that Mr. and Mrs. Pennell came to "discover" Europe in the year 1884. Things and scenes which were ordinary matters of course to the native Londoners, or the natives of other parts of Europe, were to the young American couple intensely interesting novelties; and it was thus that they saw and felt them, and thus that they described them in picture and book. Some of the earlier books or single articles which Mr. Pennell illustrated in Europe were written by his wife. The first of these books was *Our Canterbury Pilgrimage*, published in 1885. Then followed *Two Pilgrims' Progress* (1886), and *Our Sentimental Journey* (1887). Later came Mrs. Pennell's charming book *In Gypsy-land*, which leads the reader through untrodden ways in southeastern Europe. In 1889 appeared *Our Journey to the Hebrides*, and in 1890 *The Stream of Pleasure*, which was jointly written by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, as was also that important book, *Lithography and Lithographers* (1898).

Of books written entirely by Joseph Pennell we have *Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen* (to which I shall devote a separate paragraph later on); *Modern Illustration* (1895); *The Illustration of Books* (1896), being the course of lectures delivered by him at the Slade Art School; and *The Work of Charles Keene* (1897).

He has also edited *Pablo de Ségovie* — the edition containing the beautiful illustrations by Daniel Vierge — and *Some Poems by Tennyson*, which was done for the sake of the Pre-Raphaelite illustrations which appeared in Moxon's edition about fifty years ago.

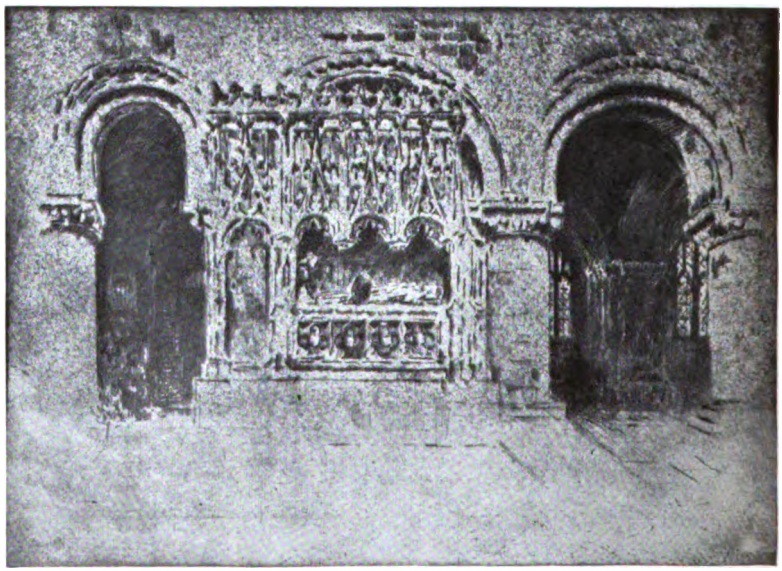
Next comes the list of Mr. Pennell's illustrations to the writings of various other eminent authors. In 1884 was published *Tuscan Cities*, by W. D. Howells; the notable series of illustrations to the *English Cathedrals* of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer appeared from 1887 to 1890; *The Saône*, by P. G. Hamerton (1888); the reprint of Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, with an introduction by Mrs. Pennell (1897); *A Little Tour in France*, by Henry James (1899); *Italian Journeys*, by W. D. Howells (1901); *East London*, by Sir Walter Besant (1901); *Castilian Days* (1903), by John Hay; Andrew Lang's *Edinburgh;* S. R. Crockett's book on his own Scottish country; several books of the *Highways and Byways* series; Maurice Hewlett's *Road in Tuscany* (1904); and *English Hours*, by Henry James (1905). Mr. Pennell also directed the illustrating of John Morley's *Life of Cromwell* besides contributing to it many illustrations of his own.

Truly this is an honorable record. But in addition to Mr. Pennell's illustrations for books by these distinguished authors he has found time to write at least one book of prime importance—seeing that it was the first book on a

THE TOWER BRIDGE
Size of the original print, 8½ by 11 inches.

THE DOCK HEAD
Size of the original print, 8½ by 11 inches.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

HEMPSTEAD PONDS
Size of the original print, 6⅞ by 11 inches.



SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S. THE FOUNDER'S TOMB.
Size of the original print, 8 by 10⅞ inches.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

new and significant subject, *Pen Drawings and Pen Draughtsmen* (1889), a large and costly work which has already gone through three editions. Thirty years ago there would have been no need for such a book, for before that period the illustrator drew his design upon a piece of boxwood and handed it over to the tender mercies of the wood-engraver; often the engraver spoiled the beauty of the artist's design, but whether he spoiled it or not he always, in engraving it, had to annihilate the actual picture which the artist had drawn. But with the invention of what is vaguely called "process" reproduction of a drawing all this is changed, and to-day the first-class illustrator is in a position to belie the old adage that "you can't eat your cake and have it too"; these artists can eat their cake but still have it. What they do is to sell to the publisher, not their drawing, but only the right to reproduce it. When this is done, by means of photography and "process" work, the original drawing is handed back, intact, to the artist, and he has then the right to dispose of it as he pleases.

This revolution in reproductive methods for the illustrating of books and periodicals had caused (as all revolutions are sure to cause) wide-spread suffering to innocent persons. The wood-engraver for about four centuries had been indispensable, because his was the only kind of picture which could be rapidly printed on a machine press along with the type which printed the pages of the

book; and it may here be added that the American school of engravers on wood had become the most artistic and expert in the world. Then it was that the new "process" method was perfected, and thereafter wood-engraving was killed. The new method was found to yield an unerring reproduction of the artist's picture just as he had drawn it, and so it came to pass that engraving on wood got its death-blow, and the world got one more demonstration of "the survival of the fittest."

Besides his writings on art subjects, there are others which record the prowess of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell as bicyclists throughout the Continent of Europe and even over the Alps. Mrs. Pennell's book, *Bicycling*, appeared in 1885, and recently Mr. Pennell revisited the Alps on a motor cycle and made the record of being the first man thus to traverse eleven of the difficult passes in a single week. Still another of his activities is represented by the public lectures which he has delivered before certain art societies in England.

Let us now consider Mr. Pennell as an original painter-etcher; for it is etching that he is perhaps at his best. A French writer has wisely said that while artists work daily at painting, it is only on their *good* days that they etch. Another French authority tells us that no one can do a thing thoroughly well unless he can do it with ease. Both of these conditions apply to Mr. Pennell as an etcher. The quality and volume of his work as an illustrator we know; but

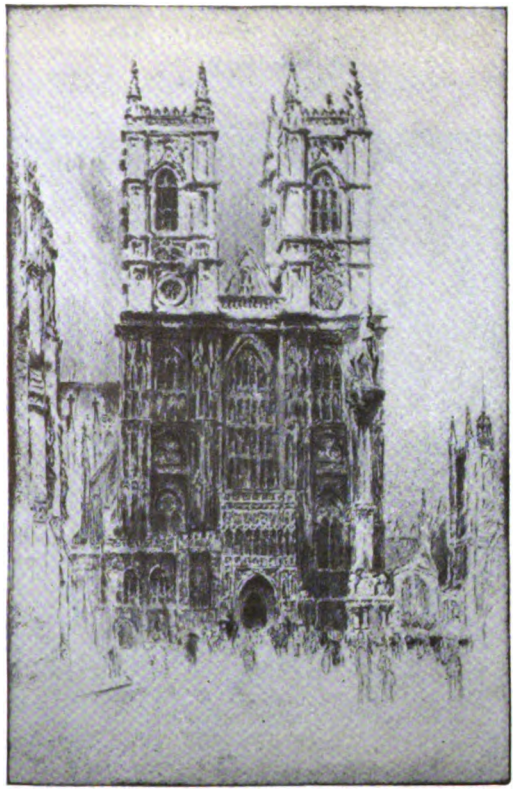
ENTRANCE TO HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL
WESTMINSTER

Size of the original print, 11 by 8½ inches.

ST. PAUL'S, THE WEST DOOR

Size of the original print, 11 by 8¾ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Size of the original print, 12⅞ by 8½ inches.

ST. PAUL'S, LONDON
Size of the original print, 11 by 8 inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

yet, throughout these busy twenty-five years and more, it is evident that when an extra "good" day came to him he was pretty sure to make an etching, and that etching was pretty sure to be full of the painter-etcher's prime quality, namely, spontaneity and freshness. Speaking on this subject, the great landscape etcher, Sir Seymour Haden, has said to me: "An etching which occupies the artist for, say, three days, is in fact the work of three different men; the artist's mood is one thing on Monday, another on Tuesday, and still another on Wednesday; but the freshness and unity of an etching cannot be maintained unless the artist knows exactly what he intends to do and then does it at once." And in Sir Seymour's pamphlet, *About Etching*, he writes: "The painter, by overlaying his work, may modify and correct it as he goes on. Not so the etcher. Every stroke he makes must tell strongly against him if it be bad, or prove him a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for a rigid selection is therefore constantly present in his mind. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than one in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the ten by which he would have arrived at his end." "The faculty of doing such work supposes a concentration and a reticence requisite in no other art."

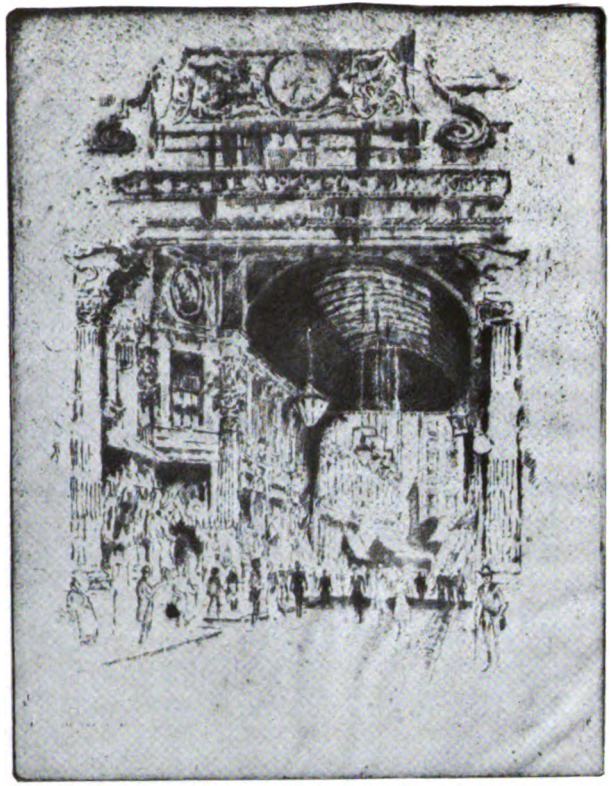
Whistler was of the same opinion, and although it was not his habit to praise the work of his

brother artists, yet in London, when Mr. Pennell made an exhibition of his own lithographs, Whistler contributed to the catalogue the following characteristic little note of introduction: "There is a crispness in their execution, and a lightness and gaiety in their arrangement as pictures, that belong to the artist alone." I may add that Mr. Pennell's work in lithography well deserves to be treated in a separate article.

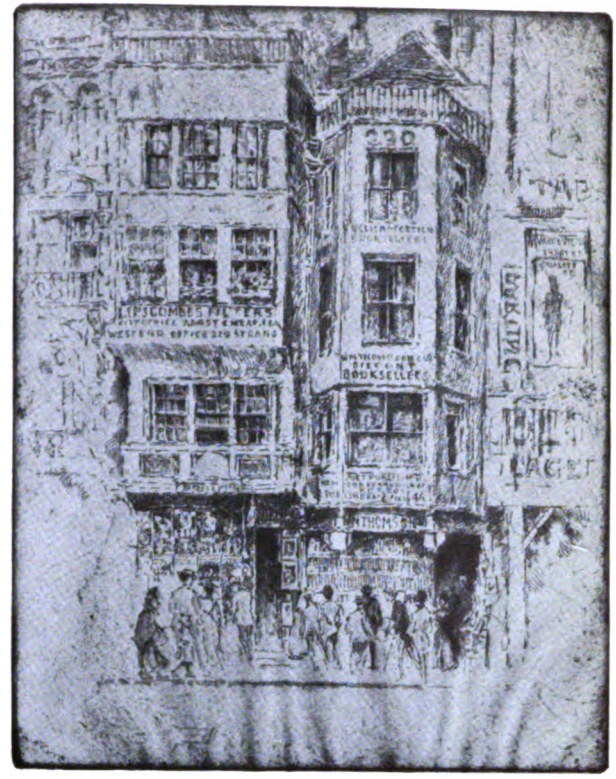
As a writer, Mr. Pennell's latest work—which was written in collaboration with his wife—is perhaps the most important among their notable writings. It is their "Life of Whistler."

The greater part of the two large volumes is the work of Mrs. Pennell, and it was a very difficult biography to write worthily; but if ever such a book came straight from the heart—as well as from the intellect of its authors—this one did. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell knew Whistler long and intimately; better, perhaps, than he was known to any of his other friends.

To have seen Mr. Pennell at work etching a plate is a thing to remember. He loves to depict the towering buildings of crowded city streets. Most etchers of such subjects would make a preliminary sketch on the spot and afterwards toil laboriously over the copper plate in the retirement of their studios; but Mr. Pennell takes a far more direct course, and one which would disconcert almost any other artist. He chooses his place in the crowded street, and stands there quite undisturbed by the rush of passers-by, or

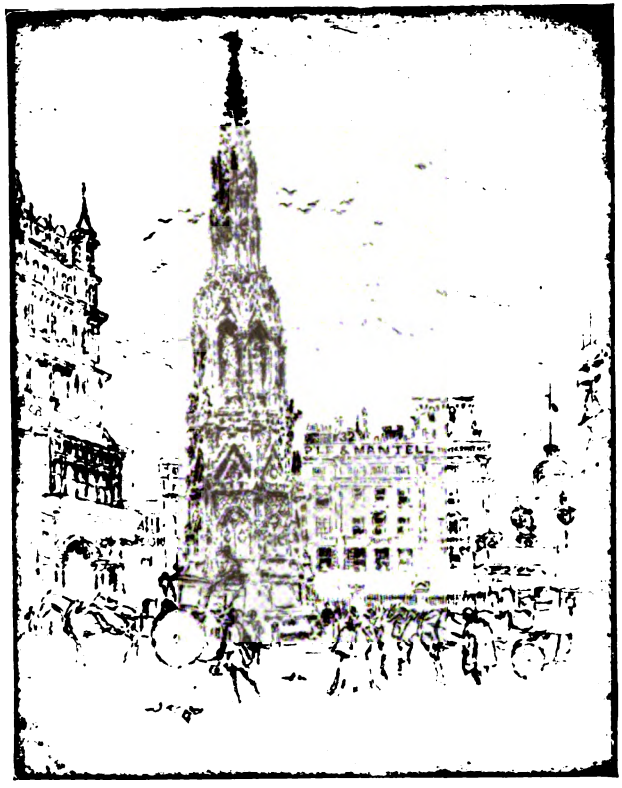


LEADENHALL MARKET
Size of the original print, 11 by 8½ inches.



NO. 230 STRAND, LONDON
Size of the original print, 11 by 8½ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.



THE GOTHIC CROSS

Standing in front of the Charing Cross railway station, London.
Size of the original print, 11 by 8¾ inches.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, LONDON

Size of the original print, 11 by 7⅞ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

by the idlers who stand and stare at him or at his work. Taking rapid glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching-needle upon the copper plate which he holds in his other hand, and, what to me seems an astonishing *tour de force*, he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where he is about to draw some vital line of the picture, each line of it being a "learned stroke" such as Seymour Haden insists upon.

Of late he has become the printer of his own plates. The fastidious Whistler was forced to do the same. It is a troublesome operation, but when an etcher prints his own proofs (provided that he knows how to do it) we have the satisfaction of knowing that each proof is exactly what the artist intended it to be. With regard to Mr. Pennell's etched copper plates, it is not generally known that he has already destroyed most of them, including all the earlier ones. This is a wise thing for an etcher to do just as soon as his plate shows the first signs of deterioration from the wear and tear of the printing-press.

As a controversialist in matters concerning art and artists Mr. Pennell's earlier years in London were stormy ones, and he certainly succeeded in making several more or less sleepy critical dignitaires "sit up" in amazement and indignation at his audacity. One of them, a really eminent critic, said to me on this subject: "How dare this rash young American upset

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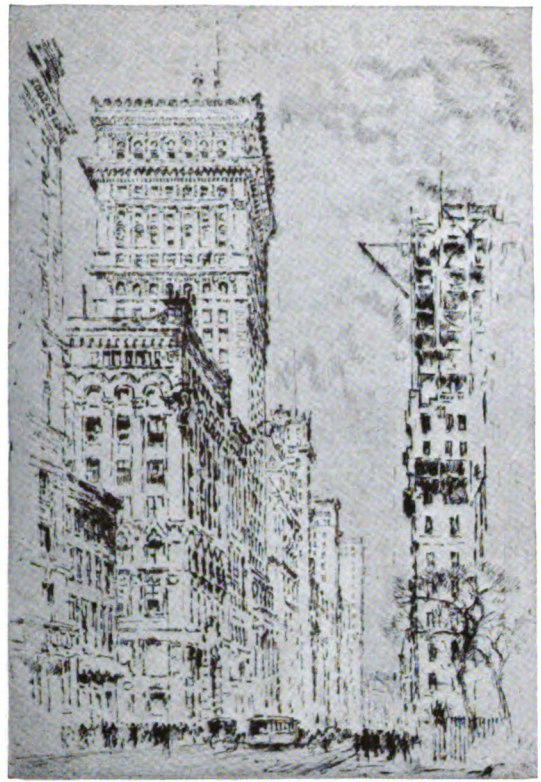
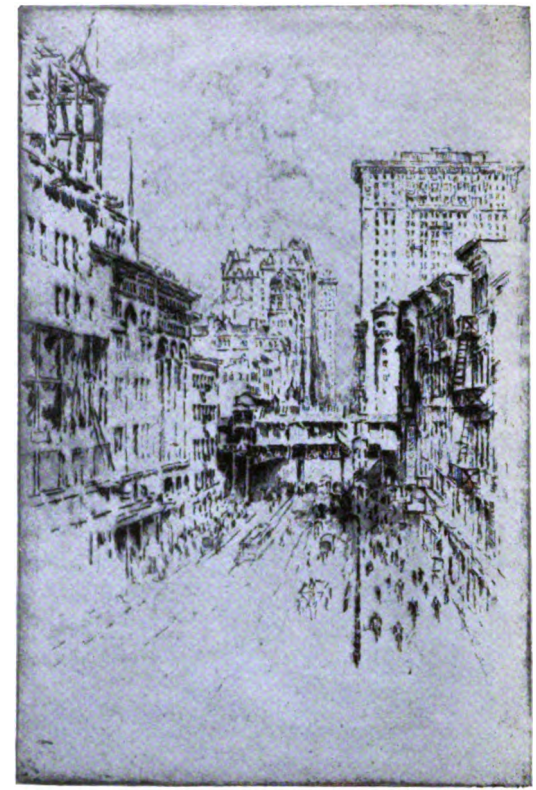
our accepted theories, and attack men of established reputation!" But, little by little, a change came about, and these solemn conservative folk awoke to the discovery that when Joseph Pennell published some revolutionary opinion, he was very apt to be in the right! The truth is that to his stern Quaker conscience there is only one law — Right is right, and must be upheld; wrong is wrong, and must be denounced, no matter who may be hurt or who may be offended. Moreover, his criticisms can be constructive as well as destructive. It was he who discovered and first proclaimed the extraordinary talent of Aubrey Beardsley, and it was he who recalled from partial neglect the merit of the illustrations of such great artists as Charles Keene and Daniel Vierge.

Mr. Pennell's attitude in his controversies gave him a great advantage as compared with the attitude of his own divinity and intimate friend, the great Whistler. In Whistler's controversies the unpardonable sin of his opponent was always committed against the personality of the great man himself, whereas Mr. Pennell, though hating the sin, continued to love the sinner. I remember a quaint demonstration of this, at the time when controversies were being waged rather furiously. Being at his house, I quoted to him the remark of Lady Teazle to her husband, Sir Peter, in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, "I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse!" "No more do I," was Mr.

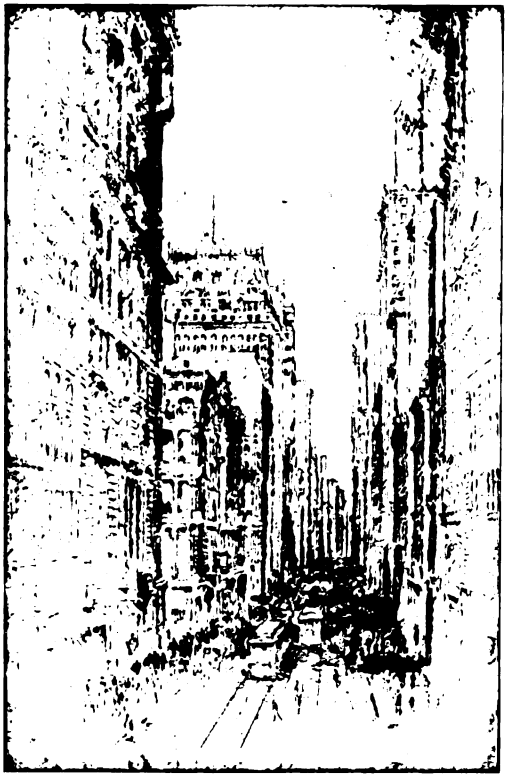


"THE GOLDEN CORNICE," NEW YORK
Size of the original print, $10\frac{7}{8}$ by 8 inches.

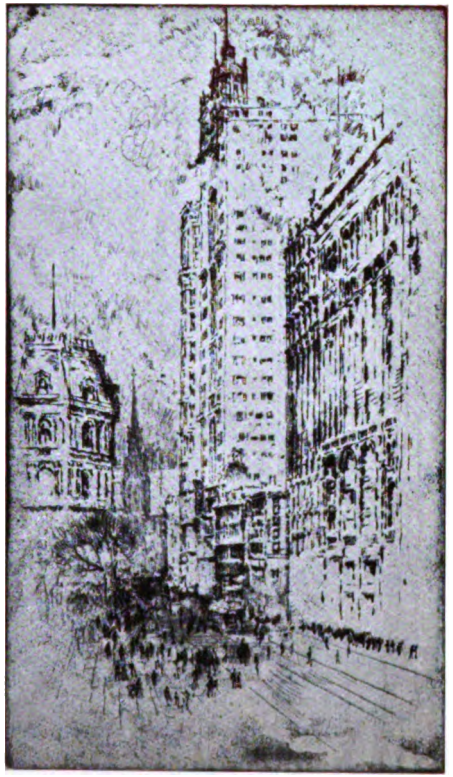


FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK
Size of the original print, $11\frac{7}{8}$ by $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.



LOWER BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Size of the original print, 10⅞ by 8 inches.



PARK ROW, NEW YORK
Size of the original print, 12 by 6¾ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

Pennell's rejoinder; "personally they are very decent fellows."

Apart from the steady improvement in the quality of his pictures (and that he is thirty years older than when I knew him first), I can perceive no change in Joseph Pennell. A positive personality, he was *himself* from the beginning, and he will remain so to the end. His long intercourse with many distinguished people in London has not imparted to his speech even a trace of the London accent, nor have the more ornate and ceremonious manners of his British and Continental friends changed him in the least from the simple and kindly young Philadelphian whom I first knew. As I write I can almost see him in his London home, taking his ease in his library and comfortably "dumped" down in his low-seated wicker armchair. It was in this unceremonious, but characteristic pose, that Whistler made his portrait — knees and elbows being well in evidence. An outsider seeing him thus would think (begging his pardon) that he was a very lazy man. Joseph Pennell a *lazy* man! Any one who thinks so still has evidently not read the preceding pages.

MR. PENNELL AS A PRINTER

New York has had several exhibitions of Mr. Pennell's works — because we "believe in" them, and because we are sure that etchings of such fine quality should be recommended as being,

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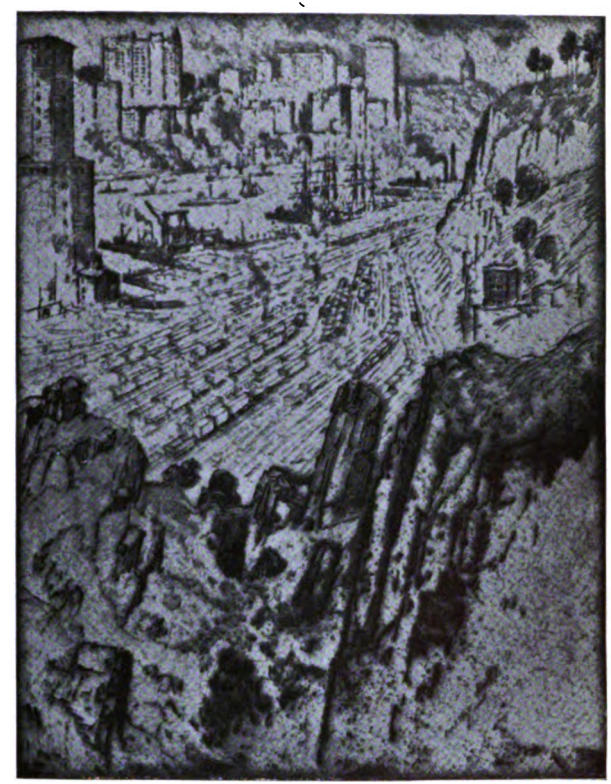
perhaps, the very best works of the kind which are available to art-lovers at a price which has not yet become excessive.

This article specially considers Mr. Pennell as the *printer* as well as the etcher of his own plates. No printer can print a good proof from a bad plate, but, *per contra*, a maladroit printer would surely spoil the effect of the finest etched plate in the world. Admitting this, it is certain that no man can know so well what the printed proof should be as does the artist himself. Every line of his picture was drawn with an artistic purpose — a purpose of which only he himself has the secret; so that when we see a proof which has been printed by the hands of the original creative artist, whether we personally like it or not, we at least know that it is exactly what its maker had intended it to be.

Nine-tenths of all the famous engravings and etchings in existence have not been printed by the artist who made the plate, but by some professional printer. Such an intermediary must have great skill, but no matter how skilful he may be he can never enter into the exact purpose and intent of the artist who conceived and etched the original plate. The skilled mechanic can print ten or twenty proofs exactly alike in quality, a thing which the original artist cannot do. Every proof which the artist prints is, in a way, a new problem to him, and hence it is that such wide differences of effect and of quality are found in different proofs of the same plate

THE WEST STREET BUILDING FROM THE SINGER BUILDING

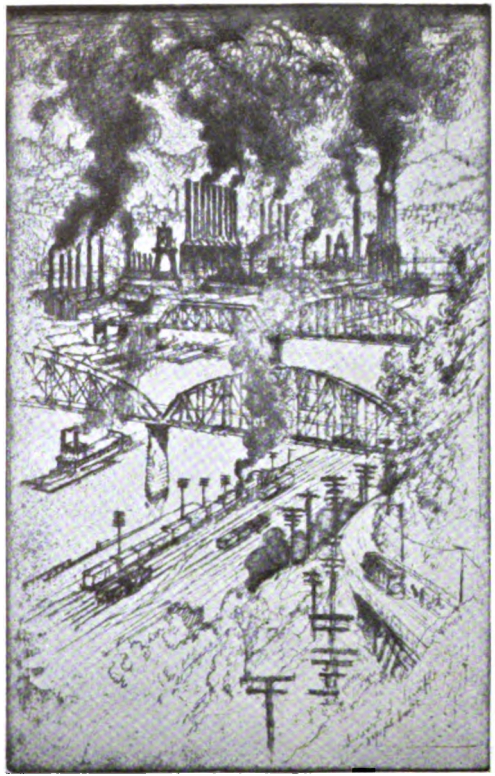
Size of the original print, 10⅞ by 8¼ inches.



NEW YORK: PALISADES AND PALACES

Size of the original print, 11 by 8⅜ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.



ON THE WAY TO BESSEMER
Size of the original print, 11 by 7 inches.

NEW YORK: THE BRIDGES
Size of the original print, 10⅞ by 8½ inches.

From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

when they are printed by the artist himself. For this reason we see the importance to the intelligent collector of selecting just the proof which entirely satisfies him.

Three centuries ago Rembrandt was forced to become his own printer (and he never could suffer any one to witness the printing). Whistler, also, through his extreme fastidiousness, became his own printer; and the great tradition is carried on by Mr. Pennell. Some etchers — and good ones — must remain at the mercy of the professional printer, because they themselves can never acquire the handicraft skill to print their own plates. The printer's proofs may be excellent, but they can never equal in originality the proofs printed by the original artist, provided that he *knows how* to print.

No modern paper yields so good a proof as does fine hand-made paper, which has been mellowed in tone and texture by one or two centuries of age, and Mr. Pennell (who is a great traveler throughout Europe) has been most fortunate in accumulating a supply of the finest old paper.

To pass from the printing to the more important subject of the result of the printing, namely, the pictures themselves, it will be seen that inexhaustible London furnishes the subjects of most of the etchings. No sensitive person can live in London for long years without acquiring a real love for the greatest of all cities. Even its very uglinesses have their charm!

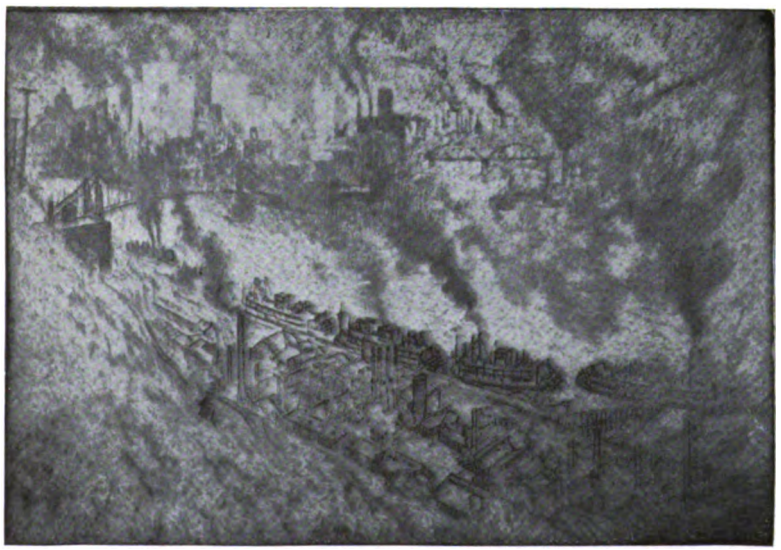
MR. PENNELL'S ETCHINGS OF NEW YORK "SKY-SCRAPERS"

Perhaps no artist now living and working has less need of an introduction to the American public than Mr. Joseph Pennell. His age is now only fifty, and yet it would be difficult to name any other man who has given us so many enjoyable pictures of such fine artistic quality.

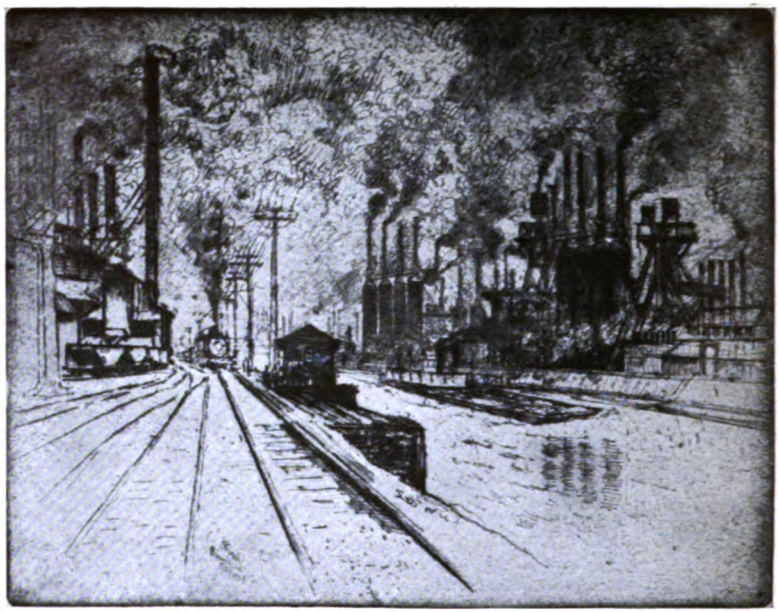
At the invitation of the authorities at the St. Louis Exposition, Mr. Pennell went from London to St. Louis, where he served as Chairman of the Jury on Illustration and Engraving, and returning eastward by way of Philadelphia — his native city — he came on to us here in New York. His stay with us was brief, because, as usual, he was wanted in Europe, where important commissions awaited him.

Arrived in New York, Mr. Pennell's experience has been similar to what it was in the many European countries whose scenes he has depicted. He cares as little as ever for the recognized "show-pieces,"—just as little as Whistler himself cared, — and says of our Old City Hall, and Grace Church, and the Central Park that they are all very well in their way, but that the same things, or things very similar, may be seen in almost any other civilized capital; but the towering piles of the New York "sky-scrapers" — each one of them like a whole street set on end — have impressed Mr. Pennell very strongly, and these absolute novelties in etched pictures

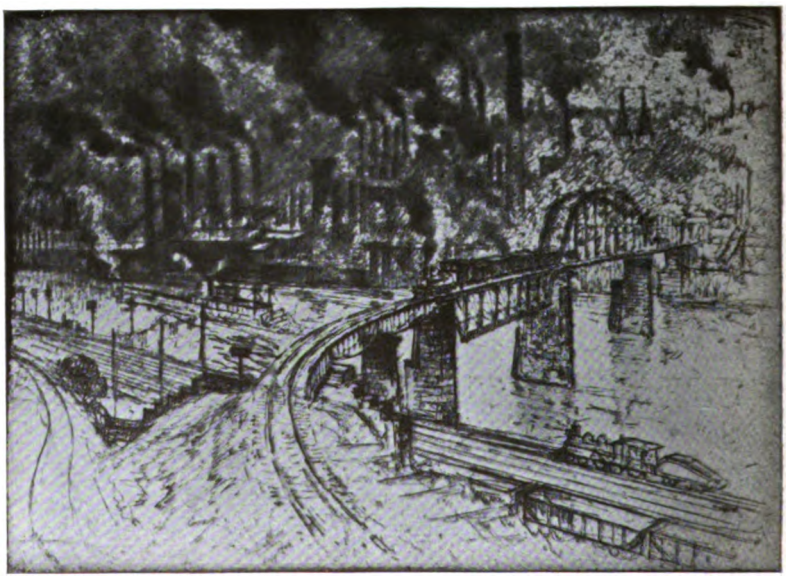
NEW YORK: THE UNBELIEVABLE CITY
Size of the original print, 8½ by 11 inches.



PITTSBURGH, NUMBER TWO
Size of the original print, 8½ by 12 inches.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.



IN THE WORKS, HOMESTEAD, PENNSYLVANIA
Size of the original print, 8 by 10 inches.



THE CURVING BRIDGE, PITTSBURGH
Size of the original print, 8 by 11 inches.
From the etchings by Joseph Pennell.

made a great impression. Their collective title may seem to lack the dignity of prim formality, but yet a recent writer in Paris has issued a treatise which it pleases him to entitle *Les Sky*-scratchers *de New York.*

This impromptu spontaneity of Mr. Pennell's method carries with it one little drawback — if it be a drawback at all. It is, that in his architectural scenes what the French call the *orientation* is reversed: west is east and east is west. In this he follows the precedent of both Rembrandt and Whistler. The sole preoccupation of these masters was to produce a *picture*, and they cared not at all to provide a topographical plan of some stated locality. The artist etches his subject on the copper-plate just as he sees it, and in the printing of the proofs the *orientation* is, of course, reversed. But if any over-scrupulous person wishes to see one of Whistler's Venice etchings, or one of Pennell's New York plates, exactly as the original buildings represented stand, he has only to hold the etching before a mirror and look at the reflection.

John Ruskin, when once invited to visit the United States, declared that he could not exist in a country which contained no ancient castles; but with us in America, where "the greatest good to the greatest number" is the wholesome rule, such sentimentality is generally swept aside: down comes the inconvenient old building and up goes a much better one in its place. But it must not be supposed for these reasons that our

contemporary architects are not genuine artists also. Mr. Pennell certainly has discerned art in their "sky-scrapers," and so competent a judge as the late F. Marion Crawford, on seeing these etchings, made the pithy remark, "I see that you have made Architecture of the New York buildings." He *has*, and yet he has depicted them truly.

Still another authority of high repute has given his opinion thus: "In whatever he does he is always the *artist;* and now that Whistler is dead and Seymour Haden no longer etching, I consider that the ablest painter-etcher now living and working is unquestionably Joseph Pennell."

D. Y. CAMERON

PAINTER-ETCHER

BESIDES the few recognized modern masters of the art, whose work is of permanent value, it is certain that by far too many men of respectable but not remarkable talent have been producing etchings within the last thirty years. Such etchings, while they cannot really be called bad, yet contain nothing new that is good; nothing that had not already been quite as well done by others.

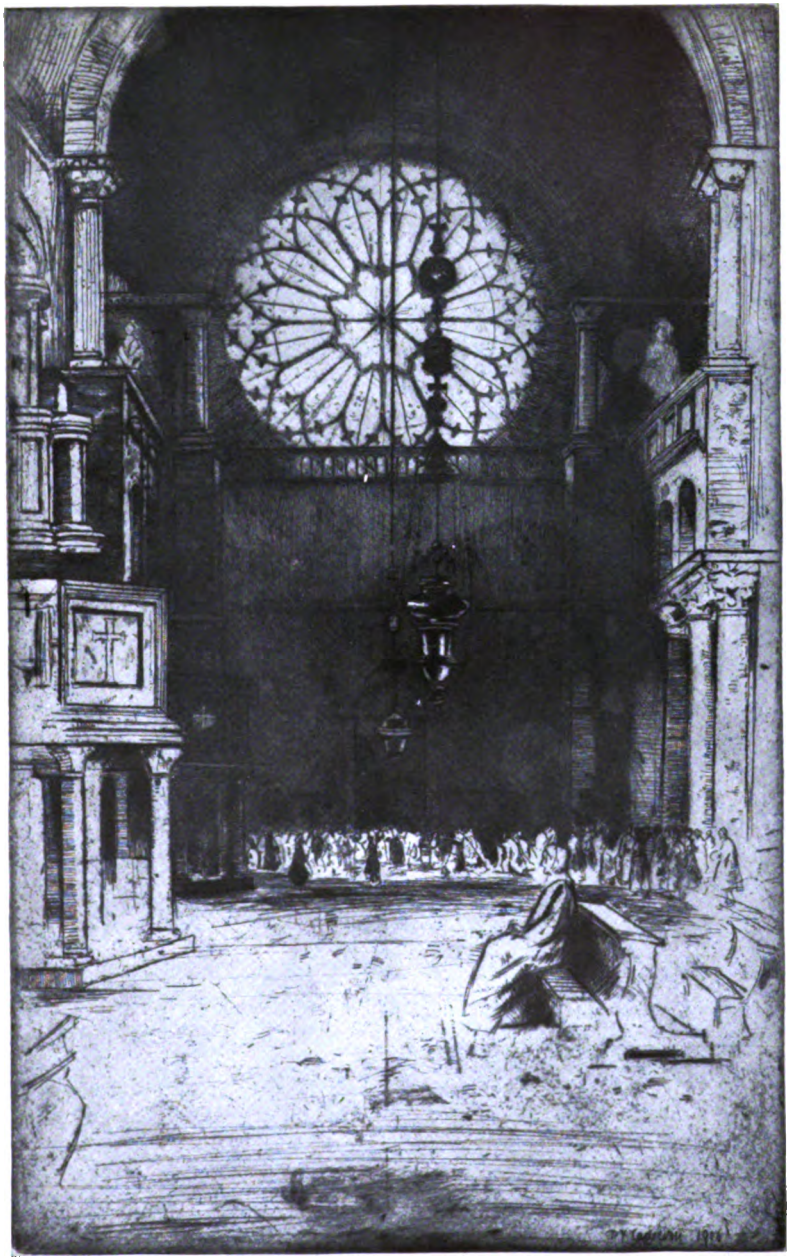
Twenty years ago such mediocre works were accepted without question. An "etching" (regardless of its quality) was a choice possession and an indication of refined taste on the part of its possessor. But times have changed. The taste, knowledge, and discrimination of the public have greatly advanced, and what passed as being remarkably good then will not be accepted now.

These things being so, our only warrant in writing of the works of this younger painter-etcher is the conviction that we have in Mr. D. Y. Cameron an artist of genuine originality and power; a man who is in no sense an echo of somebody else, but one who sees nature in a way of his own and who has abundant technical skill to express what he sees and feels.

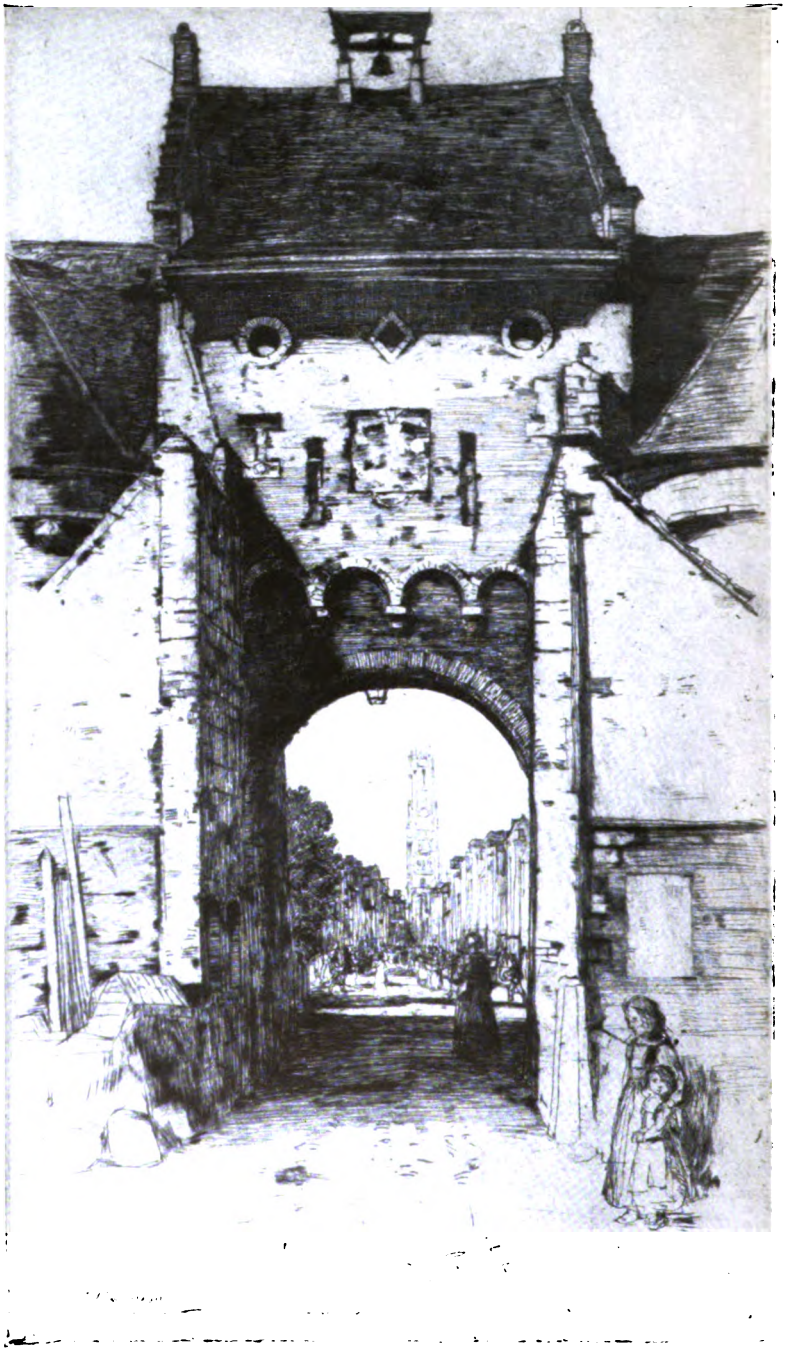
Mr. Cameron is the son of a Scottish clergyman. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and probably the youngest member of that distinguished body. Sir Francis Seymour Haden, its president, writes of Mr. Cameron with an enthusiasm which is unusual with him — hailing him as a hopeful successor to the masters of the previous generation, and cordially recognizing in his work that precious gift of personality without which all mere technical skill is in vain.

Of his etchings some wise connoisseurs declare that they have never seen and never had enough. There is a good reason for this. It is that Mr. Cameron is, before all, a painter, and that his paintings are highly esteemed; and whenever such a painter spends his time in etching a plate he always makes a pecuniary sacrifice in doing so.

In examining these etchings of his it is not easy to designate his forte. Meryon etched picturesque buildings magnificently, but his portraits are simply bad. Whistler has triumphed in a wider field, but he seems to care nothing for the restful charms of rural landscape — where Seymour Haden is supreme. Mr. Cameron (though we hope his best work is still to be done) already shows himself equally at home when delineating pure landscape, views of buildings and shipping, interiors or portraits. Believing, with Whistler, that "the huge plate is an offense," he confines his work within the modest dimensions so dear to the heart of the collector, and, like Whistler



SAINT MARK'S, VENICE, NUMBER TWO
Size of the original print, $11\frac{7}{8}$ by $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches.
From the etching by D. Y. Cameron.



THE GATEWAY, BRUGES
Size of the original print, 13 by 7½ inches.
From the etching by D. Y. Cameron.

again, he is, of late, his own printer. The great majority of good etchers do well to have their proofs taken by some good professional printer, simply because such artists do not possess and, never could acquire, the handicraft skill necessary to "pull" a good proof; but on the other hand no etcher who is not able to print his own plates can have his proofs exactly as he wants them and, in consequence, exactly as they should be. Happily for Mr. Cameron, he is endowed with wonderful skill in printing his own works. In the case of a few of them a professional printer would probably say that the shadows are a little too black; but even in such cases we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are exactly as the artist meant them to be. He is fortunate again in having found (we wonder where) a stock of very fine and rare old Dutch paper. Such paper not only takes a finer impression than any other, but it imparts to the proof a tender mellowness of tone that none of modern manufacture can imitate.

It may be that Mr. Cameron may never become a "popular" etcher, and we greatly doubt that his desires run in that direction — although he has the example before him of popular etchers who do not scruple to print as many as five hundred "proofs" from a plate. To print such an enormous edition the copper-plate must of course be steel-faced, and Mr. Cameron's artistic conscience disapproves of this steel-facing. He believes that from the bare and perishable copper-

plate alone can a veritable "artist's proof" be printed. For this reason he never prints more than thirty-five impressions of any plate — and seldom so many. Then he destroys the copper, so that we may consider any proof of his to be a choice rarity from the very day of its birth. For this reason his work appeals to the true connoisseurs — a very restricted class.

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR

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DURING his yearly visits to Paris, it was the good fortune of the writer to be party to a peculiar bargain or stipulation made between himself and the eminent Dutch painter and etcher, the Jonkheer Charles Storm van's Gravesande. This agreement was, that neither of the two should make his first visit to the yearly Salon unless accompanied by the other. To spend a whole day among the new pictures with this Dutch nobleman as guide and mentor might almost be called a liberal education. He is endowed with the faculty (rare among artists) of discerning what is good in the works of his contemporaries, and he has a catholicity of taste which enables him to enjoy good pictures of widely different kinds. During these visits he was always willing to be led here or there, so as to give his opinion on this or that picture; but on one point he was immovable. "First," he would say, "I must see what Fantin-Latour exhibits; after that you may take me where you please."

On the occasion of one of these visits M. Fantin's contribution was his now famous painting

entitled "Around the Piano." Some five or six of the great musicians of Paris are seen grouped about a piano. They have not the slightest air of posing for their portraits, but are all intently listening to the music which one of them is playing. Some years ago the authorities of the Paris École des Beaux-Arts organized a memorable Retrospective Exhibition of French Portraits, and there the place of honor was accorded to a large picture by Fantin-Latour. It represents an admirably composed group of eminent persons, mostly artists. In this painting the more distant figures are partly concealed by those in front of them, and in the nearest foreground is seen the full-length figure of Whistler, which dominates the whole picture.

It is strange that so distinguished a painter, pastelist, and designer of lithographs as Fantin-Latour should be still comparatively unknown in the United States, for in Europe he ranks as a master; and it does not often happen that Americans are slow in discerning original work of genuine power. Our early recognition of such painters as Millet and Corot, and such writers as Carlyle and Herbert Spencer, may demonstrate this. Yet, all the world over, the great original artist or writer finds himself at a temporary disadvantage as compared with what may be called the first-rate second-rate man.

In Paris Fantin-Latour lived and worked quietly, and for long years in the small Rue des Beaux-Arts, on "the other side" of the river

SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS

Size of the original print, 18⅜ by 14¾ inches.
From the lithograph by Henri Fantin-Latour. This beautiful lithograph was suggested by Wagner's music-drama of "The Nieblung Ring."

THE EVOCATION OF KUNDRY

Size of the original print, 19 by 13⅝ inches.
From the lithograph by Henri Fantin-Latour. The subject is taken from Wagner's "Parsifal."

Seine — a locality neither fashionable nor well known, notwithstanding its high-sounding name. He always avoided taking part in the intrigues of the Paris Salon, and even declined to act as one of the jury for the selection of the pictures to be there exhibited. This, for a Paris artist, is most unusual. To hear many of these gentlemen talk (and how they *can* talk!) one would suppose that a painter could do nothing good until he had been *médaillé* at the Salon — and nothing bad ever after.

Fantin-Latour was one of the most absorbed of artists and one of the most disinterested of men. Some time ago an agent in Paris was instructed to offer him a commission of such importance that it would have been gladly accepted by almost any artist living; but in response M. Fantin quietly said that, while the proposed order would be both flattering and profitable to him, yet he could not accept it because he was just then at work on a picture, and that for some time to come he could not turn his mind to anything else.

M. Fantin never exhibited what is called "the picture of the year," and it is probable that he never had the least ambition to do so. His work is eminently reserved and sober, while the picture of the year must, in some way, be of a loud or a sensational character. And yet this quiet man and quiet artist always had a following. If at first this following was small in number, it never was small in quality; for it was of the kind which

Hamlet had in mind when, in admonishing the players, he says of "the judicious," whose good opinion is to be coveted, "The censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others."

Thus the first man who ever spoke to me of Fantin-Latour was Sir Seymour Haden, President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. In his earlier days Sir Seymour resided for some time in France and held the post of *prosecteur* at the Military Hospital at Grenoble, and at Grenoble Fantin-Latour was born in the year 1836. Later we find the young French artist residing in London, where he was the intimate friend of the Haden family. Lady Haden (who was a half-sister of Whistler) related that M. Fantin was one of the most interesting young men she had ever known. She remembered that in those days he was almost a pessimist in his fastidious rejecting of everything connected with art which was not to him noble, satisfying, and perfect.

If M. Fantin never sought the official recompenses which are so dear to the heart of the average French artist, these same medals and decorations sought him. Besides many distinctions received from other countries, the French authorities honored him signally. In 1870 he won a third-class medal at the Salon, and in 1875 one of the second class. In 1879 he was made a *chevalier* of the Legion of Honor and was constituted *hors concours* at the Salon, and in 1889 at the Exposition Universelle. This last-named high

SARA LA BAIGNEUSE

Size of the original print, $13\frac{5}{8}$ by $9\frac{5}{8}$ inches.
From the lithograph by Henri Fantin-Latour. A very beautiful and characteristic example of the artist's idealistic treatment of the female form.

MANFRED AND THE FAIRY OF THE ALPS

Size of the original print, 12⅞ by 10¼ inches.

From the lithograph by Henri Fantin-Latour. The subject is taken from Robert Schumann's opera "Manfred."

distinction is a most convenient one to an artist, because it entitles him thereafter to exhibit whatever he pleases, without having first to submit his work to the scrutiny of the jury of admission.

Unlike some masters, such as Turner, or Ruskin in his writings, Fantin-Latour seems never to have gone through more or less contradictory "periods" in the course of his career, nor to have been impeded (or stampeded) by any of the ephemeral fads of the day. Roger Marx writes of him: "He remains always and inalterably himself." Allowing for the development which time and experience afford to any serious worker, what he was at first he remained to the last — an idealist, an imaginative dreamer; in a word, a poet. Apart from his own art, his lifelong dominating passion was classical music; and here a very curious detail may be mentioned: it is that Fantin-Latour did not know how to play any instrument. His most poetical pictures were inspired by the instrumental music of such masters as Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, and Brahms, and in these pictures he never followed the stage directions of any composer, but idealized the sound of the music itself into dreamy, beautiful, human forms.

While engaged in making portraits in oils or pastel the artist is of necessity tied down to hard actualities. But when Fantin-Latour, saturated with noble music, undertook a lithograph, the whole poetry of the man's nature had unimpeded liberty. In the case of his lithographs M. Fantin's unworldliness is almost provoking. He would

create a masterpiece on the lithographic stone, print at the most some twenty proofs from it, and then destroy the original, while this same stone could have printed ten times the number of good proofs. For this reason full collections of the lithographs are very difficult to form. Two of the best collections in existence are those of the late Samuel P. Avery of New York and Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit.

The whole subject of lithography, as a vehicle for multiplying the autographic design of the creative artist, is now receiving serious attention. In original etching the technical difficulties of the "biting-in" and of printing from the plate are very great; but the lithographic stone faithfully yields back exactly what the artist has drawn upon it.

M. Fantin never achieved a great outside popularity; but neither did that old master in music, Johann Sebastian Bach: yet after the lapse of more than a century Bach still remains the musicians' musician, and similarly, though of course in a lesser degree, few competent authorities will demur if we venture to call Fantin-Latour an artists' artist.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF "PUNCH"

IF the illustrators of *Punch* should be named in the order of their comparative importance, and not in the order of chronology, such a list would probably read — Charles Keene, Phil May, John Leech, and George du Maurier.

Taking them, however, in chronological sequence, we commence with John Leech, who in the year 1841 became the "bright particular star" of *Punch*, and so remained until his death in 1864. He was born in London in 1817, of Irish parentage, and was a pupil at Charterhouse school along with Thackeray. Leech was educated as a surgeon (as was the great etcher Sir Seymour Haden), but his unconquerable bent towards art in its gayer phases led him, at the age of twenty-four, to join the staff of *Punch*.

In this connection it is interesting to note that at a later date Sir Seymour Haden published a treatise to demonstrate that every surgeon should be a practical draughtsman, and that the habit of close and accurate observation, so necessary to the surgeon, was in itself almost a training in the art of good drawing.

Leech's designs possess the quality of gaiety in a high degree. Even when he was satirical this expression of genuine fun is generally the dominant

note. And it must not be forgotten that not one of the famous *Punch* artists expressed himself through *caricature*. They all were *satirists* of a refined and intellectual, but not of an exaggerated type.

Nearly all of their drawings are more or less slight and summary in execution. There is good reason for this — or rather, a sad one: until quite recently every such design which was published as a woodcut was inevitably annihilated by the engraver in the process of engraving it. The artist drew his picture directly on the wood block, and when the wood-engraver had (more or less faithfully) done his work, the precious design of the creative artist had disappeared in the process. All that now remain to us of these men's work are the preliminary studies which the artist sketched on paper — as a guide for his definitive picture drawn on the engraver's block of boxwood. But still, these first studies possess the prime merit of spontaneity, — and an artist seldom does better through subsequent elaboration of his picture.

Happily for art, the illustrators of our own time can belie the old proverb; they can now "eat their cake and have it too." Thus, when an artist of the high rank of Mr. Phil May supplies a drawing to *Punch* he does not *sell* it, he only sells the use of it, and after such drawing has been photographed for reproduction the original is handed back to the artist intact, as being his own property, which he can dispose of as he pleases — except

MRS. WELLINGTON AND THE MILITARY NURSERY
Size of the original drawing, $5\frac{7}{8}$ by $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches.
By John Leech.

"OPERA SERIA"

The Wigginses were giving their First Garden Party, and Young Frisker, who had just taken the studio next door, had one too, when suddenly a Ponderous Missile came hurtling through the Air (narrowly missing several of the Guests), and buried itself with a tremendous "Thud" in the Turf of Wiggins's Lawn.

Tenor Voice (Dolce, from the top of the Wall). "I Beg your Pardon, — But have you seen a Quoit?"! !

Wiggins, Sen. (Solo Bass, of an objurgatory character.) "Have I Seen a Quoit?"! ! etc.

And Chorus ff. "Have We, etc., etc.?"! ! by the Whole Strength of the Company. Finale (Agitato).

From the drawing in pen and ink by Charles Keene, size 4½ by 7 inches. This drawing was elaborated later, and appeared as an illustration in "Punch."

that he cannot allow it to be reproduced by some other publisher.

Charles Keene was of Scottish parentage, but was born at Hornsey, now a part of London, in 1823. He never married, but kept house with an elder sister who, as well as Keene himself, very often figures in his pictures. His ever-growing fame has been slow in obtaining its just due of recognition here. This is partly because of his innate modesty as man and as artist; but mainly because his work was so intensely British. Dürer was not more thoroughly German in his art, Rembrandt more Dutch, or Velasquez more Spanish — than Keene was English.

In *Harper's Magazine* of November, 1901, Mr. Harry Furniss (still another of the famous men of *Punch*) gives an intimate and spirited account of Keene. It was on the occasion of a dinner of the editorial staff, given to celebrate the installation in 1881 of Mr. Burnand as editor. He writes: "On this particular occasion it was my *vis-à-vis*, Charles Keene, who interested me more than any other person present. He wore black kid gloves, and never removed them at all during dinner. That puzzled me. Why he wore them I cannot say. I never saw him wearing gloves at table again, or even out of doors. Then he was in trouble with his cigar, and finally I noticed that he threw it under the table and stamped upon it, and produced his dirty Charles the First pipe, the diminutive bowl of which he filled continually with what smokers call 'dottles.'"

Having quoted Mr. Furniss's lively paragraph, it may be added that this same ugly little pipe of Keene's, which never cost him more than a ha'penny when it was new, is now in an American collection — although no man would be so rash as to call it a work of art!

The Century Magazine of October, 1897, contained an excellent illustrated article by Mr. Joseph Pennell, entitled "The Art of Charles Keene." Here we have one master of pen-drawing expounding the genius of another. Mr. Pennell concludes his article with these words: "He was just 'C. K.,' the greatest English artist since Hogarth." This strong assertion is borne out by that of another authority, Mr. George Somes Layard (himself the biographer of Keene), who declares of him in *Scribner's Magazine:* "He was the greatest of all English artists in black and white, and this superlative is used here without hesitation."

George du Maurier is the most widely known of the four artists here considered. Let any man write a very popular book and he soon becomes known to millions of intelligent people. Such wide popularity came to du Maurier through his novel "Trilby" (the pictures as well as the text), although he was already very well known through his pictures in *Punch.*

It was the *pose* of a few critics to maintain that he was not a great draughtsman, that his work lacked variety and was full of mannerisms; but these same objectors would doubtless admit

Phil May
1900

SUNDAY AT THE ZOO

Mr. Murphy. "Excuse me, Sorr, but cud ye direct me to the goin' out intrance?"

Size of the original drawing, 7½ by 5 inches.
Drawn by Phil May.

Voice of amateur Photographer: 'What an idiotic guy you've made your papa look'
Amateur Photographer: 'Yes mama dear. But <u>isn't</u> it <u>like</u> him?'

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

Size of the original drawing, 7½ by 5½ inches.
Drawn by Phil May. The writing below is that of the artist.

that they never saw a picture of his which did not, at least, compel their attention. He possessed in a high degree that rare and intangible gift of personality—or what the French call *tempérament.*

Du Maurier's notorious quarrel with Whistler (or rather Whistler's quarrel with *him*) grew out of a witty, and not unkindly, page in the novel "Trilby." All the same, Whistler compelled the publishers to suppress it. As for du Maurier, he was by no means one of those geniuses who feel it incumbent upon them to attack and abuse their friends and acquaintances. The present writer knew him as a modest, reasonable, well-bred man, and in social intercourse he was a delightful companion by reason of his French brightness and vivacity. He was born at Paris in 1834, but removing to London at the age of seventeen, he died there in 1896.

In considering Phil May in company with his three famous predecessors we must put the clock of Time forward about a third of a century. Phil May was born in 1864 and died in 1903. He was one of the most highly paid illustrators in the world. Like every master in art, his style was all his own. His pictures are free and dashing, he never wastes a line and he never misplaces a line. As a draughtsman he is so unerring that he reminds one of the great singer who, when accused of having sung a note out of tune, calmly answered that the thing was impossible—for the good reason that he *never* sang out of tune!

He was known to the writer as one of the most amiable and interesting men in London, and he was quite unspoiled by his brilliant success.

The art of such a master in painting as G. F. Watts is evidently removed from the art of Phil May "as far as the east is from the west," and yet that illustrious painter declared: "Other men may have great talent, but to me Phil May was simply a genius."

CHARLES KEENE

THE artistic and literary relations of England and the United States are now become so intimate that famous British writers or illustrators no longer need any detailed introduction to people of taste in America.

But the late Charles Keene was one of the exceptions. His ever-growing fame has been slow in obtaining its just due of recognition here. This is partly because of his innate modesty as man and as artist, but mainly because his work was so intensely British. Dürer was not more thoroughly German in his art, Rembrandt more Dutch, or Velasquez more Spanish than Keene was English; and where is the artist so likely to find subjects of real value as in his own country, where he "lives and moves and has his being"?

The depicting of ancient classical scenes by David and his school, or of ancient Roman episodes by Alma Tadema, are all very well; but really vital art is the product of the artist's own times, his own country, and his intimate surroundings.

It is by no means essential that the man whom posterity delights to honor as a great original artist should have been the producer of ambitious and immense paintings — such as those of Rubens.

In Paris, where art really *is* held in reverence, the subject of their latest public canonization was the modest lithographer Raffet, a man who had lived and died poor and obscure, probably having never in his life earned such "big wages" as are paid in New York to a plumber or a bricklayer; but to-day, in the garden of the Louvre, Raffet's monument confronts that of Meissonier.

Similarly, during the long years when Charles Keene was producing masterpieces in black and white, his very name was hardly known — although from the very first, certain artists throughout Europe had a way of buying and preserving periodicals containing pictures which bore the modest signature "C. K."

Not many days after his death in 1891, I took occasion to make the following mention of him in a lecture delivered before the Grolier Club on the subject of some famous etchers whom I had known: "Keene was a good etcher, but was pre-eminent as a designer of comic and satirical subjects. For the past thirty years his spirited and thoroughly artistic sketches have appeared almost continuously in the columns of the London *Punch*. He had not the dainty and elegant touch of du Maurier nor the severe distinction of style of Sir John Tenniel — but he will be missed more than either of these able men would be. No other hand can ever draw as he has done — the farmer, the Scotchman, the Irishman, the 'cabby,' the policeman, the waiter, the landlady, the maid-servant, and the common little boy and girl. In

"CUT SHORT"

"How would you like your hair cut, Sir?"
"In silence!"

Size of the original drawing, 4¼ by 4¼ inches.

From the drawing in pen and ink by Charles Keene. This subject was redrawn in an elaborated form and was published in "Punch"

"LINGUA EAST ANGLICA"

Size of the original drawings, 3⅝ by 2¼ inches.
From the drawings in pen and ink by Charles Keene.

First Angler (to Country Boy). "I say, my lad, just go to my friend on the bridge there and say I should be much obliged if he'd send me some bait."

Country Boy (to second angler, in the Eastern Counties language). "'Tha' there Bo' shay he want a Warrum!"

an article published after his death the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, 'Painters and draughtsmen alike place Charles Keene at the head of all the artists who have ever drawn for *Punch*.'"

What has become of the original drawings which masters like Keene have executed for reproduction through wood-engraving up to ten or fifteen years ago? Nearly all of the precious originals which were thus published have been annihilated in the process of reproduction. The artist made his drawing on the wood-block direct, and the engraver in cutting the block (more or less faithfully) of necessity destroyed the artist's original design. Thus it happens that very few of the earlier published designs of Keene and his contemporaries remain in existence — and the loss is irreparable. Fortunately for art in the present day, what is vaguely termed "process" work gives us not only a tolerably faithful copy of the artist's drawing, but also allows the drawing itself to remain intact.

But most happily for the memory of Charles Keene it happens that his very best original works are still available. These are the intimate little studies and sketches which he did solely for himself, and which have been piously preserved by his family. When he worked for publication he was bound to subordinate his own artistic convictions to the requirements of his editor — who in turn was tied down to the taste of the "big public"; and no artistic creator is at his best unless when he works to please himself alone.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

ARTIST, HUMORIST, NOVELIST

IN this strange world of ours it certainly is "the unexpected which happens." Within the past week the greatest of living Englishmen, Gladstone, now eighty-six years old, has been thrilling the civilized world with his unimpaired eloquence in the cause of justice and mercy, while the same newspapers that reported his great appeal also contained the news that George du Maurier — young enough to be Gladstone's son — was "slightly indisposed." Later we read that he was "resting quietly"; and by Thursday last he was resting quietly indeed — for he was dead.

I have sometimes expressed the hope that du Maurier's life would outlast my own, and now that he is gone I am one of the many who will miss him sadly. When, during my yearly sojourn in London, I would visit some reading-room where all the best periodicals were at hand, some dominating impulse always led me to do the same thing. I would first get hold of the latest number of *Punch*, and next I would seek out in it the picture by du Maurier. But I had not done with him when I had done with his picture, for the printed legend below — often brilliantly witty and always of delicious literary quality — was his work as well.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
Size of the original drawing, 4⅛ by 3⅝ inches.
From the drawing by George du Maurier

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."
Size of the original drawing, 4⅞ by 6⅞ inches.
From the drawing by George du Maurier.

Punch's salutary rule used to be that the artists should confine themselves to illustrating the subjects furnished them by the literary staff, but du Maurier was too big a man to be trammeled by an editor's rule; and it was this very practise of his which made a trained writer of him, so that when, at the age of nearly sixty, he produced his first novel, his book bore no trace of the "'prentice hand," and he at once took rank with the eminent veterans of contemporary literature.

Nobody will feel disposed to contradict me when I say that it is not in me to make so good an editor as Mr. Alden of *Harper's Magazine!* It is certain that he was right and I was wrong in our first estimate of du Maurier as a novelist. When I read "Peter Ibbetson," though I found the earlier chapters charming, yet the rest of the book seemed to me to be unreal and almost tiresome; and so, when a second story, entitled "Trilby," was announced as forthcoming, I was tempted to think that the editor had made a mistake. Well, "Trilby" proved to be a delight to the whole English-speaking world; but unless a man has lived among the artists of the Latin Quarter in Paris he cannot know how entirely good the book is. Was there ever so good a novel so well illustrated by its author? I think not. Thackeray's text of "Vanity Fair" outweighs that of "Trilby," but du Maurier's illustrations are incomparably better than Thackeray's.

And yet it was the custom of a few critics to maintain that du Maurier was not a great

draughtsman, that his work was full of mannerisms and lacked variety. But these same objectors would doubtless admit that they never saw a picture of his which did not at least compel their attention. There is imperfect and even incorrect drawing which is noble and great because it is full of character and of the personality of the artist — and there is faultless drawing which is banal and commonplace, and consequently worthless.

Du Maurier possessed in an eminent degree this intangible and rare gift of personality. There was no mistaking his work for that of another. He never tried to be a caricaturist, but he was a satirist of refinement and elegance. He could at will make gentlemen of his men and ladies of his women, and as for his pictures of children, "we shall not look upon their like again."

Incidentally, ladies and gentlemen dress well, and (likewise incidentally) du Maurier never failed to present his personages in the most tasteful and fashionable attire, so that many ladies rejected the hideous images which they found in the fashion papers and adopted du Maurier's costumes from the pages of *Punch*.

What a glorious group of illustrators were du Maurier and his confrères! The veteran Sir John Tenniel, whose work possesses the "grand style" even when he illustrates a child's book, such as "Alice in Wonderland"; the late Charles Keene, who was, in the judgment of artists, the ablest of the band — and yet he never succeeded

in drawing a lady or a gentleman. Linley Sambourne's work has always interested me greatly; that of Harry Furniss much less; but du Maurier's work most of all.

My own personal acquaintance with him need not be detailed. He was not one of those geniuses who feel it incumbent upon them to attack or abuse all their friends and acquaintances, but was a modest, reasonable, well-bred man.

His successor on the staff of *Punch* is Phil May, a young artist of great promise and one whom nobody can accuse of being an indifferent draughtsman. Mr. May has made a great name for himself as an illustrator — but can he fill du Maurier's place? Nobody can ever do that.

October 15, 1896.

WHAT ETCHINGS ARE

INTRODUCTION

THE following notes were originally written for two young people who love pictures, but who as yet have everything to learn about them. They are therefore addressed to the young, and to any others who may not have already made themselves familiar with the subject. Most of the existing books on etching very properly assume a certain amount of elementary knowledge on the part of the reader, but the aim of these notes is to begin at the very beginning, seeing that they are addressed, not to those who know, but to those who do not.

There is no surer safeguard toward keeping our children in the right way than by giving them such intellectual resources within themselves as are afforded by refining and ennobling pursuits, such as the love of nature, or of good books, good music, or good pictures.

"For Satan finds some mischief still, for idle *heads* to do."

WHAT AN ETCHING IS

An etching is an impression printed from an etched metal plate — and not a pen-and-ink drawing, as is sometimes supposed.

Few people, comparatively, have ever examined one of these plates from which etchings are printed, but almost every one has seen the engraved copper-plate which prints a visiting card.

In examining such a card-plate it will be seen that the name it bears is *cut into* the copper, and cut in reverse or backward. To print a card from this plate a thick oily ink is rubbed into these engraved lines — where it remains while the surface of the copper is wiped clean; a blank card is then laid over the plate, and both are passed through a roller press. The result is that the ink is transferred from the engraved lines in the copper-plate to the cardboard; each card printed requires a separate inking and wiping of the copper-plate. The printing process reverses the direction of the engraved inscription, so that what is seen to the right on the copper-plate is seen to the left in the proof printed from it.

Now the principle is the same in printing an etching, and when it is once clearly understood how an etching is printed it will be easy to learn how the etched plate, which prints these impressions, is made.

HOW AN ETCHING IS MADE

An etched plate is usually of copper (though both steel and zinc are sometimes used). The plate is coated with a sort of varnish composed of wax and other ingredients, and upon this

"ground" the artist draws his design with an etching-needle. Each line so drawn displaces the coating or ground and leaves the copper bare. The plate is then immersed in a preparation of aqua-fortis, and wherever a line has been drawn, the powerful acid corrodes or "bites" a corresponding line or channel into the copper, while at the same time it does not reach those parts of the plate which remain protected by the varnish. It is in this way that aqua-fortis does the actual *engraving* of an etched plate; while in engraving proper, the lines which form the composition are cut into the copper by means of a tool.

When the plate has lain in the "bath" until all the lines of the design have been "bitten in" by the acid, it is taken out, and if it were then cleaned, it could be printed from in the manner already described. By remembering how the card-plate is printed from, we will readily understand that the *black parts* of the printed etching will correspond to the lines bitten into the copper, while the *white parts* will correspond to those spaces of the copper surface which have been protected from the acid by the "ground" or varnish.

But our plate is not yet finished; for if a trial proof were now printed it would be seen that all the lines of the composition were of an equal strength, and we know that in any picture the nearest objects must be drawn with the strongest lines, and that the lines must diminish in force to express comparative distances. To effect this,

all the lightest lines of the etched plate are filled in, or "stopped out" with the varnish, so that when it is immersed in the bath a second time the acid no longer reaches them, while this second biting adds strength to the other lines. Further "stoppings out" with varnish and "rebitings" with the acid are necessary before the various lines of the plate have their proportionate gradations of force and tone.

WHAT A DRY-POINT IS

Although most etchers occasionally produce plates by the dry-point process, yet the two arts are distinct, and the term "a dry-point etching" is a misnomer. The word *etching* means corrosion (with aqua-fortis), while in dry-point no acid is applied to the plate, but the lines are cut directly into the *dry* copper by means of the *point* or needle. Dry-point is really a sort of freehand engraving, but the result is widely different in effect from the formal exactitude of line engraving. The rich and velvety effect of a dry-point is owing to the "burr," or rough edge of the copper, which the "point" throws up as it cuts the plate; this "burr" is purposely left in certain parts of the plate, because as it projects above the surface it can retain more of the ink than any other sort of line, and this rich supply of ink is transferred to the paper in printing. A dry-point will not yield nearly so many good proofs as an etched plate, but the early impressions are very soft

and beautiful. Many etched plates are afterward finished and enriched with dry-point.

HOW ETCHINGS ARE PRINTED

There is one radical difference between the printing of etched or engraved plates on the one hand, and the printing of wood-cuts, lithographs, music, and letter-press on the other. This difference is, that in the latter case it is the *surface* which leaves its impression in ink upon the paper, while the case is reversed with engraved or etched plates, for it is the surface which prints white and the *cut in* lines which print black. To print the pages of a book or the wood-cuts that are inserted with the type, an inked roller is rapidly passed over the surface, and this surface imprints its inked impression on the paper. This is done so rapidly that a large edition of a book or a newspaper can be printed by machinery in a few hours — and the special value of the wood-cut or the "process" plate is that it can be thus printed rapidly and cheaply along with the letter-press.

But when we come to the printing of an etched plate, the conditions are changed. The work which, in the case of the wood-cut or the letter-press, literally "went by steam," now requires great deliberateness and great knowledge, for the printing of etchings is a fine art, and the man who can print them worthily must himself have the spirit of an artist — just as the man who would perform a composition by Beethoven must himself be a musician.

For this reason some etchers print their own plates; but very few of them possess the manual skill of a trained printer; and hence, the more usual way is for the artist to superintend and direct the printing of the first trial proofs, and when the printer succeeds in producing one that is entirely satisfactory, this proof is given him to serve as the model which he must follow in printing the remainder of the edition.

The printing of engravings is a mechanical process, in comparison; after the lines are charged with ink, the surface of the plate is wiped quite clean, and that is all. But, with etchings, the infinite variety of effect is partly owing to the manipulation of the printer. To exemplify this, an extreme case may be mentioned: A French etcher — the Count Lepic — published a set of etchings, representing, respectively, morning, noon, evening, night, sunshine, rain, fair weather, and storm — and yet all of these proofs were printed from one and the same etched plate! It was simply the variety of treatment in printing that made different pictures of them.

To see an accomplished printer about to print an etching one would almost think that he was the artist, and that he was then making the picture.

After covering the whole plate with thick, oily ink, so as to fill the lines, he wipes away the superfluous ink from the surface. In a part of the composition, where the effect should be gloomy and mysterious, he allows a thin film of the ink

to remain on the surface of the plate; in another part, where the light should be vivid and brilliant, he wipes away the surface ink until the plate shines; again, where the lines should be soft and rich, instead of harsh and wiry, he draws the ink out of these lines and over their edges by means of a soft muslin rag. At this stage the whole picture is seen in ink on the copper-plate. Now the supreme moment has come. The printer lays his plate on the platform of the press and lays the sheet of dampened paper over it; the press is slowly set in motion, and the plate, covered by the sheet of paper, passes under the heavy roller. The pressure transfers the ink from the plate to the paper, and the proof thus printed is carefully removed and set aside to dry, while the printer proceeds to print other proofs in the same manner.

But this "artistic" printing should always be controlled and directed by the artist himself; for it is in the power of the printer to make the result a different thing altogether from what the artist had intended, and the mere printer should never "take the law into his own hands."

Some eminent etchers insist upon having their plates wiped perfectly clean, so that no shade or tone can appear in the proof that is not already etched into the plate. This does well for minutely etched plates of small size; but a large etching, destined for framing, would certainly look meagre and cold, if printed with the "clean wipe."

WHAT ETCHINGS ARE PRINTED UPON

Both the paper and the ink play an important part in the effect of an etching.

Formerly, all were printed with black ink, on white paper. The etchings of Rembrandt and other old masters were so printed, but the mellowing effects of time have undoubtedly improved these old prints, since both the paper and the ink have assumed a harmonious brownish tone, which is much more agreeable to the eye than crude black and white.

For this reason a warm-toned brownish ink is often used, the tone being varied according to the effect desired. Old paper, of good quality, is eagerly sought for by the artists; and "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore" would sell to-day for many times its actual value, if only the "lore" had been omitted and the pages had remained blank.

As old paper of good quality is becoming more and more difficult to procure, its place is supplied by the next best substitutes.

Japanese paper yields beautiful proofs, by reason of its warm, mellow tone and fine surface; but, if Japan proofs are left exposed and unprotected, the surface soon becomes rough and "woolly." It is also impossible to efface anything like a pencil-mark from Japan paper without leaving an incurable blemish on the surface. Of course, when such proofs are framed, or protected, with "mats," there is no longer any danger of injury to them.

Good substantial Holland paper is probably the best for general use. Its tone is agreeable and its material is strong and durable; and if (as is very likely) some of our contemporary etchings will be valuable in centuries to come, the amateurs of the future will bless those etchers who have printed their works on honest Holland paper, while they will be tempted to curse those who were so foolish as to print theirs on flimsy and perishable stuff.

What is called India paper (it is really Chinese) is more used for engravings than for etchings. It is a thin, yellowish paper, and is nearly always pasted on to a thick, white backing.

Vellum and parchment — which are prepared calfskin and sheepskin respectively — take very delicate and luminous impressions, and the choicest proofs of many of the finest modern etchings are printed on these materials. Such proofs are very difficult to print and are also difficult to frame properly, but their effect is very beautiful.

Proofs on satin have a good effect in a few cases, but they do not suit every etching.

WHAT "PROOFS" ARE

There is a good deal of confusion in the designation of the various proofs or "states" of a plate, and it should be remembered that there is *no* fixed and inalterable rule to regulate the order in which different proof-states are issued, or the number of impressions taken in each state.

A proof may be broadly defined as an impression which bears intrinsic evidence that it is one of the earliest (and consequently finest) which the plate has yielded.

We have all heard that a "new broom sweeps clean" — similarly, a new plate *prints* clean and prints well. Every impression taken wears out the plate somewhat, and therefore a worn plate can only yield inferior impressions.

The term "proof" retains its original meaning when applied to the experimental impression which a letter-press printer takes when he has set up his type, and which he submits to the writer of the article for correction.

Two centuries ago an engraved plate was not supposed to be finished or ready for publication until after the title, the artist's name, and other lettering had been engraved into the lower margin. But it often happened that the artist — after he had finished the pictorial part of his plate, but before he had added these inscriptions — took a "proof" to satisfy himself that his work thus far was perfect. Such an impression would be without any lettering; that is, a veritable "proof before letters." The connoisseurs of those days knew quite well that an early impression was best, and when they found one of these experimental proofs lacking the title, they knew it *must* be a very early one, and they valued it accordingly.

The artists, seeing this, took the hint and printed several such impressions before they added the lettering to their plates; and from this begin-

ning the whole modern system of proofs has grown.

This evolution took the following course:

First. A few impressions were printed without any lettering whatever; these were called the "artist's proofs."

Secondly. The names of the painter and engraver were added, in small letters; this second grade was called the "proofs before letters" — that is, before the title.

Thirdly. The title was added in outline only, and the "open-letter proofs" were taken.

Fourthly. The outline letters of the title were filled in, any further lettering or inscription was added, and in this final state the bulk of the edition was issued, and these impressions were called the "lettered prints."

During all these additions and alterations the plate was gradually wearing out from use, the early proofs were few in number and fine in quality, and in consequence they sold for much higher prices than the lettered prints.

Two other modern refinements are the "Rémarque" proof and the *signed* artist's proof. The French term *une épreuve de rémarque* is simple and intelligible, and any Frenchman will know that it means a proof bearing a special mark; but in English the term becomes unmeaning, for the reason that our word "remark" is not a translation of the French term — and it is much to be desired that some more intelligible English word could be substituted.

The "rémarque" proof, like proofs in general, had a sort of accidental origin. While the plate was in progress the artist sometimes amused himself — or tried the condition of his etching-needle — by scrawling some little sketch on the blank margin of the plate. It was easy to burnish out this sketch before the formal printing of the plate had begun, but occasionally an early proof was taken beforehand. This was a veritable "rémarque" proof, and the informal sketching in the margin was evidence of its earliness.

In the case of some line engravings, the "rémarque" is indicated, not by adding a sketch, but by leaving some trifling detail of the composition unfinished.

According to modern usage, the "rémarque" proof indicates the very choicest condition of the plate and takes precedence of the artist's proof; so that the best possible state of a contemporary reproductive etching would be a "rémarque" proof, printed probably on vellum and signed by the etcher (or by both painter and etcher, if the plate were etched from a picture by another contemporary artist). After a limited number of such proofs are printed, the "rémarque" is effaced from the copper-plate, and then the artist's proofs are taken.

Some distinguished etchers are intolerant of the "rémarque," and insist that it is an interruption to the unity of the main composition. In the etched work of Seymour Haden, for instance, no such thing is to be found.

But a more valuable evidence of high quality than the "rémarque" is the autograph of the artist written on the lower margin of an etching. The etcher, above all others, should be the judge *par excellence* of quality, and no conscientious artist will affix his signature to a proof unless that proof is all that it should be. The artist's signature may thus be compared to the endorsement by a solvent man of a promissory note. Occasionally, when an etching is done from a painting by another artist, both the painter and the etcher will endorse a few selected proofs, by adding their respective signatures.

WHAT "STATES" OF AN ETCHING ARE

"States" and "proofs" signify about the same thing; but the former term is usually applied to the works of artists who etch their own designs, instead of etching copies of pictures done by other men.

Thus, we never hear of an "artist's proof" etched by Rembrandt or Van Dyck or Whistler, but of a "first state," "second state," etc.

Here, again, terms are sometimes misleading; for it must not be supposed that the first state of a painter-etching is invariably the best — though it certainly is the earliest. In many cases such a first state is no more than a meager and unfinished outline of the intended composition.

What is most desirable is the first *finished* state, although (as in the case of Rembrandt)

an impression in the earliest finished condition might figure in the books of reference as a third or fourth state.

A very simple and reasonable method of classification has been adopted in Sir William Drake's *Catalogue of the Etched Work of Seymour Haden.* In this excellent book the first experimental impressions from an unfinished plate (taken by the artist for his own guidance) are designated, not as "first state," but as "*trial proof A.*" When the work in the plate is carried farther, so that a second experimental printing is necessary, these second proofs are catalogued as "*trial proof B,*" and so on, until the plate is finished. Then an edition is printed for publication, and this first *finished* state is very properly designated as the "first state." Later on, if any further additions or alterations are made, all subsequent proofs would be catalogued as "second state."[1]

The number of proofs taken varies so greatly with different plates that it is impossible to lay down any general rule on the subject. In some cases not more than thirty "rémarque" proofs are printed, but in others more than twice that number. A strongly etched plate will yield a greater number of good proofs than one in which

[1] It may interest connoisseurs to note that, contrary to the general usage, Sir Seymour Haden has almost invariably produced his second or third, states, not by adding something to his plate, but by *taking something out.* Thus, in the case of his renowned *Shere Mill-pond,* the lines which appear in the sky of the first state are all taken out in the second, and all good judges must agree with Sir Seymour that this alteration has added greatly to the beauty of the plate.

the lines are fine and delicate. Also, the recently discovered method of "steel-facing" a copper-plate materially increases its lasting powers. This "steel-facing" is an electro-plating process, which lays an extremely thin film of steel over the etched plate.

Sometimes an artist will make his etching artificially rare by destroying his plate after printing a very few impressions; but, in any case, there is a limit to the number of really good proofs which any plate will yield, and, provided that the etching is a fine work of art, these proofs are almost certain to increase in value in proportion as they become scarce and difficult to procure. For this reason a collection of etchings, intelligently purchased, may be regarded rather as a safe investment than as a mere fruitless outlay.

No one can fully appreciate or enjoy what he does not understand; and, when once etchings are thoroughly understood from the technical side, their further study from the artistic point of view will be found both easy and delightful.

Good etchings are veritable works of art; they are accessible to all, and their value is permanent; and if these rudimentary notes should lead some readers to study the subject in its higher aspects, the writer will feel that he has contributed something toward adding a new and very real pleasure to their lives.

PITFALLS FOR TRANSLATORS

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REMEMBERING that there is no danger so much to be feared as an unsuspected one, I venture to make a few suggestions to some of the American and English translators of French books, confining these suggestions to a peculiarly dangerous class of French words; namely, those which are identical, or nearly so, with words in the English, but of which the meanings differ more or less widely. And it is the apparent simplicity of such words which makes them the pitfalls into which unwary or inexperienced translators may fall — to the sad detriment of the French author's meaning.

The following list is the result of years of reading, observation, and note-taking; but I am aware that in publishing it I may be digging another sort of pitfall for myself, and that it might be easy to confute me here and there out of the dictionary. The best dictionaries — such as the Century or Littré's — sometimes bewilder one by their very copiousness, and a simple word may be strained so as to mean almost anything; so that the translator, unless he can supplement his academic knowledge of French with an intimate colloquial knowledge also, is often actually mis-

led by the dictionary or by a blind reliance on the Latin, from which the French is so largely derived.

For these reasons I desire to state that, in the definitions which follow, my endeavor is to confine myself to the *primary* and *generally accepted* meaning of each word; that is, to French "as she is spoke" by the average educated Frenchman of the present day, or "as she is wrote" in the contemporary reviews and journals of Paris.

This being my point of view, I have purposely refrained from consulting any dictionary, either French or English, though I am not so silly as to suppose that I can measure my learning with theirs. All that I attempt is to give some results of my own yearly observation in Paris during the past thirty years.

Accuser (in commerce). To acknowledge receipt of something sent.

Adroit. Dexterous, handy. Seldom means keen or clever.

Agrément. Pleasure, enjoyment. Never means an agreement in the English sense.

Amusant. Interesting. Very often mistranslated "amusing."

Animal. Not necessarily a quadruped. Birds, reptiles, etc., are *des animaux* in French.

Apologie. A vindication, a justification of one's acts. Never means an apology in the modern English sense.

Appointements. The salary of an employé. Never a rendezvous or engagement.

Avis. Not advice, but opinion. Also a public notice or warning, or the prefatory note to a book.

Brave. Honest, worthy, good-hearted. Not necessarily courageous.

Bureau. An office for the transaction of business. Never a chest of drawers. (The English never use the word in the American sense.)

Caractère. One's natural temper or disposition — not one's reputation or moral qualities.

Carcasse. The framework of any construction, not the dead body of an animal.

Caution. A bail bond. Never used to signify circumspection or foresight.

Cité. Not a city as we understand the word, but some central part of one originally fortified. The "City" of London is used in the French sense.

Condition. A person's station in life. Never means the state of preservation or completeness of a thing.

Contrôle. A duplicate record for verification. The verb contrôler means to verify or check a record.

Défense. A formal interdiction or prohibition. Not the defending of a thing.

Défiance. Suspicion. *Défiant.* Suspicious.

Document. Any record. A sketch for some detail of a picture is a *document.*

Éditeur. A publisher. Never an editor in the English sense. The French word for the latter is *Rédacteur.*

Envie. Merely desire. To "feel like doing" anything.

Figure. The face of a person, not the form of the whole body.

Hommage. Very often used to characterize any gift or present given to an equal. It has no suggestion of lord or vassal.

Honnête. Civil, well-mannered. *Malhonnête.* Uncivil, rude. *Probité* is the French equivalent for honesty.

Hôtel. Any important dwelling occupied by only one family; also, a public hostelry. A public institution.

Instruction. Often the legal inquiry into a crime.

Juste. Not so much just as scanty, barely sufficient. It is also the term to describe music which is in tune.

Labour. The act of digging or plowing the earth. Other sorts of heavy manual work are not *labour*, but *travail.*

Large. Broad only, not big in general.

Lecture. The act of reading. Never a lecture in the English sense. The latter would be *une conférence.*

Magasin. A place where goods are sold or stored. Such a periodical as *The Century Magazine* would be called *une revue.*

Malin. Not malign, but sharp and clever.

Maniaque. Not an insane person, but one who is unreasonably particular and "fussy."

Mignonette. Pepper ground coarse; also, a very

fine kind of lace. The odoriferous little flower is in French called *Réséda.*

Misère. Extreme poverty only. The word does not describe other sorts of misery.

Monument. Any notable edifice. A cathedral, palace, or fine bridge is a *monument.*

Nerveux. Muscular, vigorous. Nervous in the English sense would be *énervé.*

Note. A bill, an account to be paid. Never a short letter.

Office (as a masculine noun). A religious ceremony. Never used to designate a place for the transaction of business.

Office (as a feminine noun). A room to contain table utensils and eatables, a pantry, an outhouse.

Offre. A gift, an offering. *Offrir* means to give unconditionally.

Parent. Any blood relation. In France a second cousin is a *parent* just as much as a father or mother.

Particulier. A private person, or (as an adjective) belonging to a private person. Not for public use.

Partition. A full musical score with all the parts. Never a slight division between two spaces.

Plan. Not a scheme or project, but a diagram.

Prétendre. To assert formally. To claim as a right. This word (a specially dangerous one to some translators) never means to simulate.

Romance. A short song set to music. Never a work of fiction, which would be *un roman.*

Sacré. Rarely means sacred, much oftener means cursed.

Sauvage (as an adjective). Not savage, but simply wild, shy, unsociable. Any animal or plant in its wild state.

Sinistre (as a noun). A great disaster, such as a conflagration or an explosion. The word has no suggestion of treachery.

Spirituel (as an adjective). Witty, intellectually delicate and expert. This word can rarely be translated spiritual.

Vacation. The time occupied by some public function. The word never means a holiday.

Vilain (as an adjective). Ugly, unsightly. There is no suggestion of villainy.

Let me conclude by citing one example of how easily such mistakes are made. I was in Paris when the telegram came from New York to the French press announcing the sudden death of the mind reader, Irving Bishop. This item as translated and printed in at least two of the newspapers (which I saw) must have caused unwarranted emotion in ecclesiastical circles, for it gravely announced that the bishop of New York, Monsignor Irving, had died suddenly, the night before, while in a somnambulistic trance!

A CHAPTER OF VERSE

AMONG MY PRINTS

James L. Claghorn, seated in his print-room, speaks, —

I sit among my folios all,
  My friends in black-and-white!
And silent speakers wise as fair
  Surround me as I write.

With pride the favorite prints I see
  That my poor walls adorn,
Symmetric *Line*, and *Etching* free,
  And royal *Proofs* first-born.

How great themes crowd upon me now,
  How History's lamp burns bright,
The lofty scene, the great man's face,
  And Fancy's wayward flight.

Here old Olympus lives again
  Old Grecian tales revive,
And poet, warrior, saint and sage,
  In fadeless beauty live.

Here beams the gentle Mary's face
  (Each painter's highest glory),
And Bethlehem's Holy Child I see,
  And Calvary's sacred story.

No need to sail three thousand miles
To Dresden, Florence, Rome,
Art's greatest master-works to know —
I have them here at home!

Come, Father Dürer! rigid, quaint,
Solve me thy mystery,
What broods that winged woman strange?
That weird Knight, where rides he?

Come, Rembrandt! ha, what forms are these
Clumsy, uncouth, and poor!
This *Virgin*, like a peasant "Frau,"
Saint Joseph like a Boor!

Nay, pardon me, thou artist grand,
'Tis but with *friends* I jest,
Of all the cherished favorites here,
Rembrandt! I love thee best!

We shall not part! my gentle friends,
Time but endears us more,
Still will ye cheer, instruct, refine,
Till here my days are o'er.

Then when ye pass to stranger hands
Good fortune still befall,
"Loved, honored, cherished," may ye be,
For ye are worth it all!

NOTES ON A SERVICE AT OLD TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

BY AN OUTSIDER

"Dirty streets and *proud people,*
High Church and low steeple."
(*Dean Swift.*)

NEARLY forty years ago I was one of the two tenor singers in Trinity Church. Our organist and choirmaster was Dr. Messiter, who occupied the distinguished position for thirty-one years, and who made the Trinity choir the model for choirs throughout the United States.

In those days the rector was Dr. Morgan Dix, and the other chief clergy were Dr. Ogilby and Dr. Vinton — the latter being generally the preacher.

The two organists were Messiter and Morgan. I myself, being brought up a Methodist, had small sympathy with the high-church ritualism of Trinity Church, and so, one Sunday when I could not listen any longer to the sermon of Dr. Vinton, which was all about the authority of "The Church," I wrote, from my stall in the choir, the following wicked rhymes. It must be remembered that Old Trinity, being enormously rich, had none of the kindly sociability of other American churches. My verses, of which there was only one copy, were handed about among the clergy until they reached

the august rector. Dr. Dix sent for me and administered to me a sharp reprimand. He said that he would have "no such goings-on" from any employé of Trinity Church, and he confiscated my manuscript, locking it up in the vestry safe. But he could not confiscate my memory of my own lines, and here they are:

Fugue on great organ, grand hurly-burly!
Nice little boys, Dutch sextons surly,
Great men waited on, small men unheeded,
Bevies of clergy more than are needed;
Candles in daylight wasting their wicks;
Good Doctor Ogilby, learn'd Doctor Dix;
Strains Messiterian and strains Morganic,
(Litany intoned in discord satanic!)
Chords organ-ic and chorales choir-some,
Music ravishing, sermon tiresome,
Platitudes Vintonian, devout congregation,
Service of three mortal hours' duration,
"Pride, pomp and circumstance,"—music again,
And the best part of all is—the *last* amen!

GLUMBY'S CART-HORSE

Reprinted from the "New York Tribune"

(The horse speaks)

Oats in a nosebag, hung about my head,
I'm resting now, they've shut me in my stable.
Till Glumby comes I have no whip to dread,
And now I'll say my say as I am able.

Strange creatures are my masters, weak and frail,
On their hind feet they walk, with heads held high;
And yet they master me and make me quail,
Though I could crush them as I'd crush a fly.

How well I love my friends and dread my foes,
I think of both as I stand here alone;
The kindly errand-boy who pats my nose,
Or cross-ey'd Jim who hits me with a stone.

I'm not a handsome horse, I'm not a pet,
I'm only a poor drudge that draws a cart;
I get more blows than compliments, and yet
Under my lean old ribs there beats a heart.

That good gray mare that draws the dustman's cart,
I love to meet her, joy then fills my cup;
But when about to offer her my heart,
Crack goes the whip and Glumby yells "git up."

The saucy sparrow has his liberty;
Why don't they make *him* work? He has no friends;
The cat and dog are cared for, yet they're free,
But the poor horse's bondage never ends.

I haul my load down Broadway, but I dread
The racket and the roaring and the "ruction."
I think that in their Bible something's said
Of the "broad way that leadeth to destruction."

Is there a Heaven for horses? I don't know,
My masters say they go there when they die.
It's not like Heaven for horses here below, —
It's far more like *the other place*, say I.

I have no hope, I hardly have much dread;
I know the end, it will not vex me sore;
Dragged to the boneyard, knocked upon the head,
And then a painless rest for evermore.

THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR

The lady, having looked under her bed every night, seeking for a burglar, at last finds what she was looking for. She says to him:

Come out here this moment; it's no place for you, *sir*,
You nasty black burglar-man under the "beddy."
I've just caught the sight of your big hobnailed shoe, sir,
Sticking out near the cradle Miss Smith gave to Freddie.

How did you get in here? The doors are shut *tight* now,
You came down the chimney and that's why you're black, sir;

You came uninvited; that was not polite, now;
I wonder you don't get ashamed and sneak back, sir!

Give up that dark-lantern and butcher-knife cruel,
Now come without kicking or bumping your head there —
Or you'll be upsetting the milk jug and gruel,—
For that's where I keep them, just under the bed there.

That's right, come out quietly,—oh, but you're horrid!
Why, I thought every robber was tall and romantic,
Like a darling young preacher with high classic forehead,
But you are so ugly you'd soon drive me frantic.

Sit down in the rocking chair, don't make a noise now,
You'll rouse little Polly or Freddie her brother;
Has your wife any babies? I've two little boys now,
And if you come next year I'll show you another.

Are you there, my dear mother? This murdering villain
I found "lurking privily" under the bed, ma'am;
Keep out of his reach, for his trade is just—killing;
Don't ask him to supper, he might break your head, ma'am.

But he can't find the *bonds* if he looks till he's weary,
And Fred's clothes would not fit such a great, hulking fellow,
So be off, Mister murderer! march, do you hear me?
Pack out in the rain; *I'll not lend the umbrella!*

A PLAIN MAN'S DREAM

Reprinted, by permission, from "An American Anthology," by Edmund Clarence Stedman

Were I transported to some distant star
With fifty little children, girls and boys,
Or to some fabled land unknown, afar,
Where never sound could come of this world's noise;

Our world begun anew, as when of yore
Sad Adam fled from Eden; I alone
The sole custodian of all human lore, —
No books to aid, all rules and records gone, —

What could I teach each tender, untaught child?
How much of this world's wisdom could I give
To raise him from the savage, fierce and wild,
And train each soul a worthy life to live?

Plain human speech, some simple laws of life,
A little tillage, household arts a few;
The law of rectitude o'ercoming strife;
Things clean and sane, the simple and the true.

But of Man's long, slow climb from Error's reach, —
The hard-won, precious wisdom of the ages, —
What (and, alas, how little!) could I teach
Which changes men from savages to sages?

Some things I've learned I never would impart;
Somewhat I'd tell of building, writing, preaching;
Some hints I'd give on healing, science, art;
Love they would learn full soon without my teaching!

VARIATIONS ON A THEME FROM MACBETH

Reprinted, by permission, from "The Critic"

"Curses, not loud, but deep,"
I growl, with anguish bowed,
When "poets" chant, with fearsome sweep —
Verses, not deep, but loud!

Verses, not deep, but loud,
They print, nor silence keep,
And wring from men with sense endowed —
"Curses, not loud, but deep!"

THE LADDER OF FAME

To my friend, FitzRoy Carrington

FitzRoy, in a phitzroyal phrenzy,
(While sneezing with the "influenzy")
Cried out:
"Go to! a Book I'll make
For poky, curious learning's sake;
I'll grub 'mid tomes as dry as dust
And make a good one — though I 'bust'!
All modern verse I shall eschew;
The old is good, but bad the new;
Verse should be queer and all-forgotten, —
I'll resurrect the dead and rotten!
I'll read, I'll delve, I'll grope, I'll mouse —
(Consulting my judicious Spouse);
Fine old engravings brought down small

Shall illustrate the text withal.
I'll wake from sleep 'The spacious times
Of Great Elizabeth'; quaint rhymes
Of petty and pedantic James —
And 'Mistress' Eyes' and 'Lover's Flames';
And if plain folk can't understand 'em
As masterpieces they must brand 'em!
My preface shall be writ so well
That it alone the book must sell!
Quaint type the 'utter' ones shall please —
With clumsy a's and o's and e's.
With antiquarian zeal I 'll 'hustle' —
Then — sell my work to R. H. Russell!

"Such charming books must call for more;
So up I'll rise and high I'll soar,
Till all my humble friends shall joy
That once they knew — the Great FitzRoy!"

A "LIMERICK" IN ITALIAN

My friend Cecchino, of Bergamo, having married a wife and bought a home, is supposed to speak thus:

Ecco la casa Cecchino,
È detta La Bergamolino;
Qui dimor', con la sposa,
(Felicita cosa!)
E, ogn' anno — un bello bambino!

ON A STUBBORN MECHANIC

Plague take the wild Jerseyman, Walter;
Not easy to change or to alter, —
He does his work well,
But one secret I'll tell, —
You can't lead him round with a halter!

ON A WILLING YOUNG SERVITOR

There is a young Chauffeur named Freddie,
To be useful he always is ready;
He's as gay as a lark
And as bright as a spark,
But his conduct is sober and steady.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE

Epitaph on Miss Isabel Hapgood

(Who is still alive and well)

Miss Hapgood's dead, — sad loss to us;
She studied Fungi poisonous,
Investigation filled her:
To prove the Mushroom Book was wrong,
She ate the bad, with courage strong, —
The book was right, — they killed her!

A VALENTINE (1910)

After William Watson's poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue"

She is not old, she is not young, —
The woman with the kindly tongue;
She is not young, she is not old, —
The woman with the heart of gold!
She is not lean, she is not fat, —
She's just exactly *right* in that!
Never insipid, never dull,
Her well-stored mind with "brains" is full;
And if each friend should pile one stone, —
(As Scotsmen did) — just only one —
To what a height that Cairn would swell
From countless friends who love her well!

SEAMEN AND LANDSMEN

Written for a "Poetry Bee" on an Atlantic Steamer

While here we be we're "all at sea";
  We have no work to do, —
The world on land may fall or stand
  Unhelped by me or you.

But when we land (a hopeful band)
  And journey east or west,
The landsman then must "hustle," when
  The sailorman may rest.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH

La vie est brève;
  Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve
  Et puis — bonjour!

Our life is short,
  Love will not stay;
With dreams we sport
  And then, good day!

La vie est vaine;
  Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine
  Et puis — bonsoir!

Our life is vain,
  Hope glimmers bright;
Then strife and pain
  And then — good night!

TRANSLATION OF A FAMOUS FRENCH EPIGRAM

King Louis XIV., being annoyed at seeing numbers of sick people going, or being carried, to a holy well which was in one of his parks, ordered the road to the well to be closed. Under the royal notice some anonymous witty Frenchman wrote:

"C'est par le Roi,—défense à Dieu
  De faire ses miracles en ce lieu."

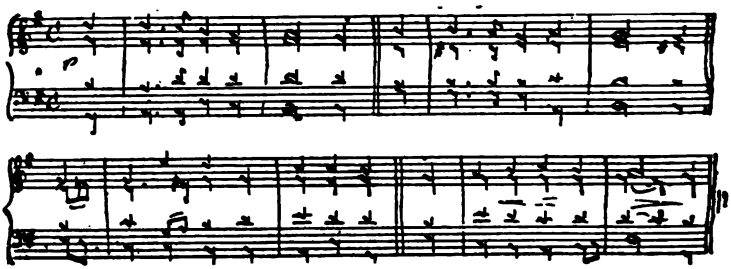
The King forbids the God of grace
To work his miracles in this place.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

WORDS AND TUNE BY FREDERICK KEPPEL. TUNE HARMONIZED BY A. H. MESSITER, MUS. DOC.

Reprinted, by permission of Messrs. Duffield and Co., from the book, "Christmas in Art"

(The music is a facsimile of Dr. Messiter's autograph)



In loving worship bending,
God's angels bright attending,
  The Mother mild
  Adores the Child
Whose kingdom hath no ending.

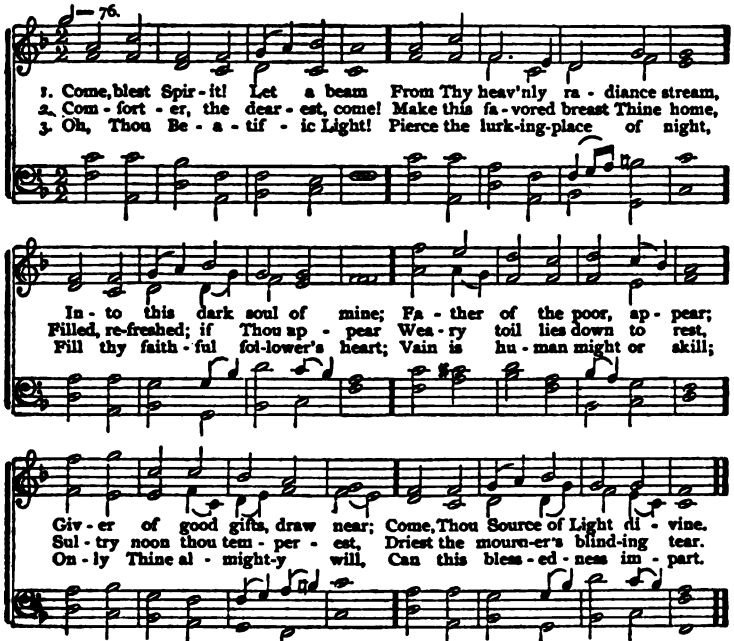
We hail thee, infant stranger,
Asleep in lowly manger,
  The King of kings
  His rescue brings
To human souls in danger.

O Christ, enthroned in glory,
Through ages dim and hoary;
  God's message, then,
  "Good will toward men,"
Is all the world's best story.

Come, Blest Spirit!

Adaptation from the Latin, by
Rev. DAVID KEPPEL, Ph.D.

"Veni Sancte Spiritus"
Music by FREDERICK KEPPEL


♩= 76.
1. Come, blest Spir - it! Let a beam From Thy heav'nly ra - diance stream,
2. Com - fort - er, the dear - est, come! Make this fa - vored breast Thine home,
3. Oh, Thou Be - a - tif - ic Light! Pierce the lurk-ing-place of night,
In - to this dark soul of mine; Fa - ther of the poor, ap - pear;
Filled, re-freshed; if Thou ap - pear Wea - ry toil lies down to rest,
Fill thy faith - ful fol-lower's heart; Vain is hu - man might or skill;
Giv - er of good gifts, draw near; Come, Thou Source of Light di - vine.
Sul - try noon thou tem - per - est, Driest the mourn-er's blind-ing tear.
On - ly Thine al - might-y will, Can this bless - ed - ness im - part.

4 What is sinful, cleanse anew;
Wet the arid waste with dew;
Speak the wounded spirit whole;
Bend the stubborn will to Thine;
Melt this frozen heart of mine;
Every wandering step control.

5 Grant to every faithful one,
Who relies on Thee alone,
Thy best gift, the gift of love;
Grant a holy life to spend;
Grant salvation to the end;
And eternal joys above.

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